THE UNCANNY X-MEN®

MARVEL MASTERWORKS®

BY CHRIS CLAREMONT & DAVE COCKRUM

WITH LEN WEIN

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS

THE UNCANNY X-MEN

VOLUME 1

COLLECTING

GIANT-SIZE X-MEN No. 1

& THE X-MEN Nos. 94-100

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INTRODUCTION
BY CHRIS CLAREMONT

It's always better in memory.

That's the way of it, with the passage of time. The bad sort of slips more and more out of focus, the good becomes richer and more resonant. The realities of the present materially affect perceptions of all that came before. Which is by way of saying that none of what follows is even meant to be objective.

The differences between now and then are, in some ways, too extraordinary to be credible. Now, being the age when the *X-Men*—and the associated books of its canon—bestride the comics publishing world like (dare I say it) a Colossus. When *Uncanny X-Men* is used by one of the major distributors—as it has been for well over a decade—as the benchmark sales level against which all other titles are judged. When the X-titles have been described by Marvel as the equivalent of the third or fourth largest comics publishers in the United States.

Then—in 1974, when all this came together—it was a whole other story. For one thing, a great many of the book's current audience weren't even born. For another, pretty much everyone today responsible for producing the books was still in grade school, if that. A whole generation of creators and readers who've grown up in the shadow of this title's phenomenal success.

Thing is, when the new series was launched, success was defined by those who worked on it as simple survival. *X-Men* in those days was a bimonthly mid-list title, sort of a cult favorite with an extremely checkered career behind it, achieving some heights of critical fame but only marginal sales. Indeed, the series was slated for outright cancellation in the late '60s; however, thanks to the comparative success of the last string of original issues—by Roy Thomas, Neal Adams and Tom Palmer—the decision was made instead to continue the book as a reprint.

Marvel was a whole other place as well, ensconced in a moderate suite of offices on Madison Avenue, struggling to sustain a burgeoning black-and-white magazine line as well as the bread and butter color titles. Today, it's a place of Executive Editors and Managing Editors and Line Editors, with a vast array of associates and assistants and interns, as befits a billion dollar operation. Then, there was Editor-in-Chief Len Wein, Associate Editor Chris Claremont (yup, me), and a literal handful of staff. No less chaotic than now, but a whole lot smaller in scale.

That was one of our advantages, and a phenomenal one in its way. Len, together with Dave Cockrum, created the new X-Men. Marv Wolfman, who succeeded Len as Editor-in-Chief, was one of his best friends. I was second in command to both of them. It allowed for a freewheeling editorial relationship that proved to be as much a collaboration as the one between first Len and Dave and then, almost right off the bat, between myself and Dave. By the same token, because Len and Marv knew my capabilities as a writer, and Dave's as a penciler, we were trusted to do our jobs to the best of our ability. And, because there were no real expectations for the book, we were left alone. Effectively no interference, unless there was a major problem, or we asked for help. The chain of command was short enough, and direct enough, that any glitches could be worked out quickly and informally and with a minimum of hassle, or hard feelings.

Finally, there was the inestimable joy of creating a concept, virtually from scratch. Len and Dave laid the foundation, in a debut issue that remains a marvel (so to speak) of power and storytelling clarity, introducing its characters and situations with an eloquence and economy that many titles today might do well to emulate. Everyone was brought on stage and introduced to the audience; everything else, from that point on, was up for grabs.

How did I feel at the assignment? Excited. Happy. Eager. I was working on characters that looked intensely cool, with an artist whose work I'd admired ever since his stint on DC's *Legion of Super Heroes*. It was my first legitimate super-hero series. And though I didn't realize it until I'd been on the book awhile, we were operating in such a comparative backwater of the Marvel Universe—again, on a title fueled more by hope than true expectations—that no real limitations were placed on our work. In essence, Dave and I could do whatever we wanted.

How long since anyone's had that kind of freedom, anywhere in mainstream comics?

Len set the tone for the series, with what was originally structured as *Giant-Size X-Men* #2, his last as plotter, my first script. (While Dave and I were working on the book, the decision was made to revert the title to the standard 32-page format and a bimonthly schedule, which necessitated some frantic restructuring of plot and layout—another aspect of the series that appears to have lasted to the present day. So *Giant-Size* #2 became *X-Men* #s 94 & 95, picking up the numbering where the reprints left off.) He wanted to show, as dramatically as possible, that this team operated under a deadlier set of realities than their predecessors—or, for that matter, any other super heroes. Thunderbird changed that. It demonstrated to the new X-Men right off the bat that they were vulnerable, and suggested to the audience that this was a book where anything could happen. *X-Men* #s 94 & 95 laid the groundwork for the Phoenix storyline that was to follow—forty odd issues later—but those are anecdotes for another introduction.

My first original issue—where I handled plot and script—was #96: "Night of the Demon." Most notable, in memory, for being the first (of many) stories written on the road, during a sabbatical I was taking in England. It also established, beyond all doubt, probably my most notorious character paradigm: the really handsome woman with the really big gun. I mean, who else but the X-Men would have a housekeeper (Moira MacTaggart) who, on her first day at work, would be attacked by a bloodthirsty demon and respond by grabbing an M-16 from the armory and cutting loose?

At the same time, Dave and I also introduced the Sentinels storyline. You see, we found ourselves in something of a scheduling bind. Tradition—not to mention the practicalities of the marketplace—demanded that we have some Big Event to celebrate the landmark Hundredth issue, even though the new book would be seven issues old at that point. Subtract the first two issues, needed to cover the story of *Giant-Size* #2, and we had only five in which to do the job. So, not only were Dave and I trying to get a solid handle on these (mostly) newborn characters, we were trying to come up with an issue that would knock the readers' proverbial socks off. We wanted the threat to come from within the *X-Men* canon, but we didn't want to use Magneto, the series' premier villain. For one thing, he'd been reduced to infancy by Len in an issue of *Defenders*; for another, both Dave and I wanted to re-intro him in circumstances where we felt we didn't have to rush. The Sentinels were big, classic, easily recognizable and didn't require much explanation.

In #94, Len established that Jean Grey was leaving the team, along with Angel, Beast and Iceman. The pencils were done, there was no time to make changes, I wrote the scene as drawn. But I was also determined to bring her back to the book and the team as quickly as possible. The first book I saw when I first came to work for Marvel in 1969 as a gofer was also Neal Adams' first as *X-Men* penciler, with his breathtaking rendition of all the characters. I was smitten with Jean pretty much from that moment; I wasn't about to lose her. The only thing I asked of Dave was that we reorient her from the Scarsdale Upper Middle Class Republican WASP look she affected in #95 to something a tad more downtown and funky. In *X-Men* #97, he obliged.

By then, the creative elements of the book were starting to fall into place. From the opening scene of "My Brother, My Enemy!" we established that the scope of the title was in no way confined to the Earth. We were also getting into the habit of causing all manner of major property damage, especially at Kennedy Airport (which I'm sure they appreciated). The characters were coming more and more into focus, with elements such as Wolverine idly cutting a tic tac toe grid on an antique table, Nightcrawler's innate Errol Flynn like flamboyance, Colossus's ongoing culture shock and the growing friendship between Jean and Storm. We also established Storm as being the one member of the team who would stand up to Wolverine when his temper was flaring and, through sheer force of personality, get him to back down. There was even one classic coloring goof, long since corrected. In the final panel, we see a villain (presumably the Shi'ar Emperor) watching another villain (Steven Lang) watching the X-Men on video screens. Originally, the X-Men were shown in color, but Lang was shown in black & white, with Emperor delineated in color. Someone belatedly wondered how someone could watch something in color on a black & white screen? Oopsie.

With #98, celebrating the team's first X-Mas together, creators and book hit their stride. The romance between Scott and Jean was established in full flower and the characterizations of the other X-Men grew that much richer in concert. It was also the moment where we established—in a deliberately understated throwaway scene—that Wolverine's claws were a part of him, rather than being a function of the gloves as they'd originally been intended. We took the team to the edge of space, put them into the fight of their young lives and closed on a cliffhanger whose repercussions still form an integral part of the canon to this day, better than fifteen years later.

What defined the *X-Men* when Dave and I began? Passion, mostly. Between Dave and I and the characters, between the characters themselves, ultimately between the book and its readers. This was a series about people who grow into friends, and further into friends who care deeply about each other. All the relationships were interlocking levels of friendship—the X-Men for themselves, Moira MacTaggart and Peter Corbeau for Charles Xavier. The moments where the characters became the most vulnerable were those when they were attacked through affection and love, for those friends, the ultimate expression of this being Jean Grey's decision to sacrifice her life to save the man—and friends—she loves. These were people who believed in each other, which consequently allowed the readers to believe in them.

What makes these issues—sloppy as their construction may be in places and, to my eye that looks at the script from the vantage of twenty years experience, hellaciously overwritten—special is that they were the beginning. Somewhere, Dave and I tapped into the mother lode—and for those readers with us at the same time there was the chance to see all those relationships grow. As Dave and I honed our craft, as individuals and a team, so did the characters make their initially halting and occasionally clumsy steps into becoming a team, and ultimately a family. I think when fans speak of how much more some like those early issues than any of the more recent run, they speak to the establishment of relationships that today are taken as a matter of course. The characters had only just met then, as opposed to having been together for longer than many readers' and some creators' lifetimes. There was the marvel of discovery to every aspect of the book. All in an environment that held precious few restrictions.

Every writer—every creator, I'll wager—has that series which occupies a special place in heart and memory. I grew up professionally with the *X-Men*: it was a significant part of my life for virtually the entire length of my association with Marvel. To paraphrase David Letterman, I would like to think that the work I did—the standards that were set, both creatively and commercially—in association with John Byrne and Louise Simonson, among many others, inspires the same pride in Marvel that it did in me. As I am the better for my seventeen years' tenure on this title, so is Marvel.

Things change, the wheel turns, relationships don't always endure. The *X-Men* are history for me now, the creative responsibilities for these titles passed on to other hands. I'm sure, over time, stories will be crafted that will be equal to the best of what's come before; some may even surpass them, though I hope that'll take some doing. But no matter how good the book gets in the future, or what new and greater benchmarks it achieves, there's one thing that belongs forever to Len Wein and Dave Cockrum and myself, and for which we should be excused some measure of pardonable pride. We were here first. In those moments, for this book, we were the best there were at what we did. And what we did was damn fine.

1993

GIANT-SIZE X-MEN

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68 BIG PAGES

GIANT-SIZE X-MEN

SENSES-SHATTERING 1ST ISSUE!

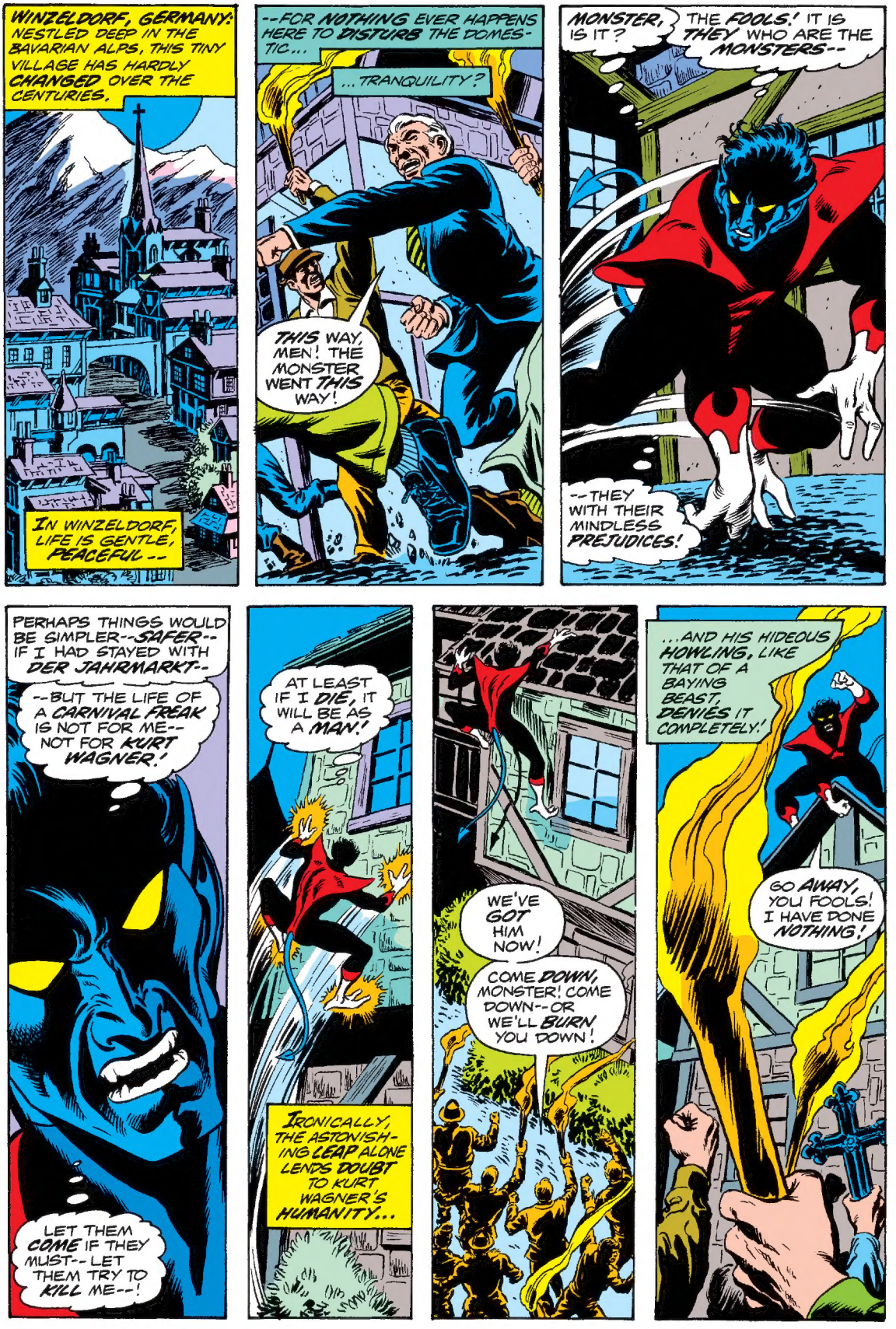
NEW! DEADLY GENESIS!

GK DEC

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

LEN WEIN WRITER EDITOR & DAVE COCKRUM ILLUSTRATOR / GLYNIS WEIN colorist / JOHN COSTANZA letterer

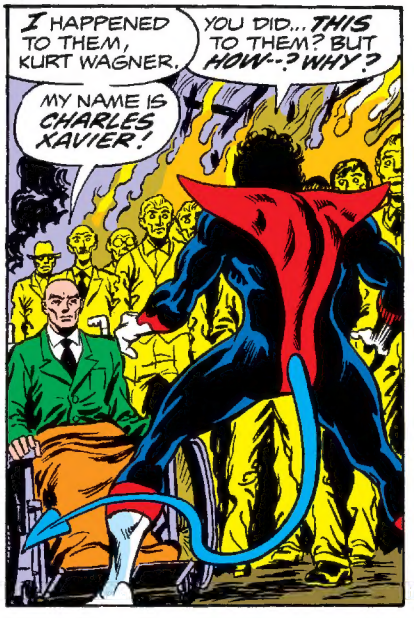
– CO-CREATORS –


WINZELDORF, GERMANY: NESTLED DEEP IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS, THIS TINY VILLAGE HAS HARDLY CHANGED OVER THE CENTURIES.
IN WINZELDORF, LIFE IS GENTLE, PEACEFUL --
--FOR NOTHING EVER HAPPENS HERE TO DISTURB THE DOMESTIC...
...TRANQUILITY?
THIS WAY, MEN! THE MONSTER WENT THIS WAY!
MONSTER, IS IT?
THE FOOLS! IT IS THEY WHO ARE THE MONSTERS--
--THEY WITH THEIR MINDLESS PREJUDICES!
PERHAPS THINGS WOULD BE SIMPLER--SAFER-- IF I HAD STAYED WITH DER JAHRMARKT--
--BUT THE LIFE OF A CARNIVAL FREAK IS NOT FOR ME-- NOT FOR KURT WAGNER!
LET THEM COME IF THEY MUST-- LET THEM TRY TO KILL ME--!
AT LEAST IF I DIE, IT WILL BE AS A MAN!
IRONICALLY, THE ASTONISHING LEAP ALONE LENDS DOUBT TO KURT WAGNER'S HUMANITY...
WE'VE GOT HIM NOW!
COME DOWN, MONSTER! COME DOWN-- OR WE'LL BURN YOU DOWN!
...AND HIS HIDEOUS HOWLING, LIKE THAT OF A BAYING BEAST, DENIES IT COMPLETELY!
GO AWAY, YOU FOOLS! I HAVE DONE NOTHING!

BUT THE ONLY RESPONSE THE CORNERED MISFIT RECEIVES IS ONE HE HAD HARDLY EXPECTED...
THEY'RE UTTERLY MAD! THEIR THREAT WAS SERIOUS!
THEY'LL DESTROY THEIR ENTIRE VILLAGE TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT THEY DESTROY ME!
AND FOR WHAT REASON? I CAME AMONG THEM ONLY TO LEARN--
--YET ALL I'VE LEARNED THUS FAR ARE THE WAYS OF BLIND, UNREASONING VIOLENCE!
WELL, IF THAT IS ALL THAT THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE NORMAL WORLD HAVE TO TEACH ME--
--I WILL SHOW THEM THAT I LEARN MY LESSONS WELL!
THWAMM!
VERY WELL INDEED!
CHOK!
HOWLING WILDLY, KURT WAGNER PLUNGES THRU THE THICK OF THE MOB--
--UNTIL THE SHEER WEIGHT OF ITS NUMBERS CARRIES HIM DOWN!
WE HAVE HIM! WE HAVE HIM!
QUICKLY-- BRING THE STAKE!

NOW, MONSTER-- WE WILL BE RID OF YOU!
NOW WE WILL...
STOP!

AND, REMARKABLY... THEY DO!
VAS--?
TH-THEY'RE NOT MOVING!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THEM?


I HAPPENED TO THEM, KURT WAGNER.
YOU DID... THIS TO THEM? BUT HOW--? WHY?
MY NAME IS CHARLES XAVIER!

I HEARD YOU SAY YOU'D COME HERE TO LEARN, MY FRIEND. I AM A TEACHER. I RUN A SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS SUCH AS YOU.
A SCHOOL FOR MUTANTS!

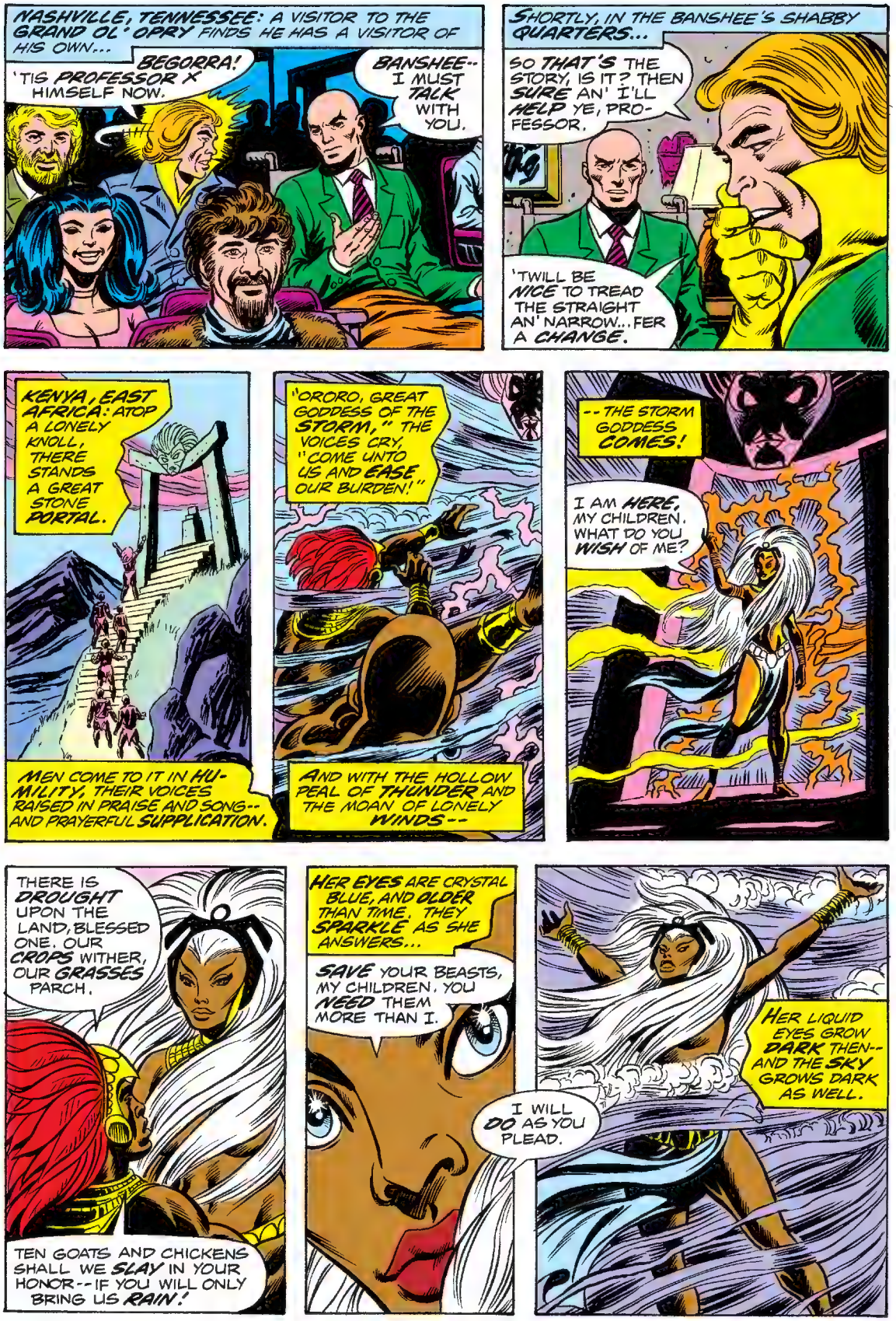
MUTANT? YES... I HAVE HEARD THE WORD.
YOU ARE A MUTANT, KURT.
I CAN HELP YOU FIND YOUR TRUE POTENTIAL.

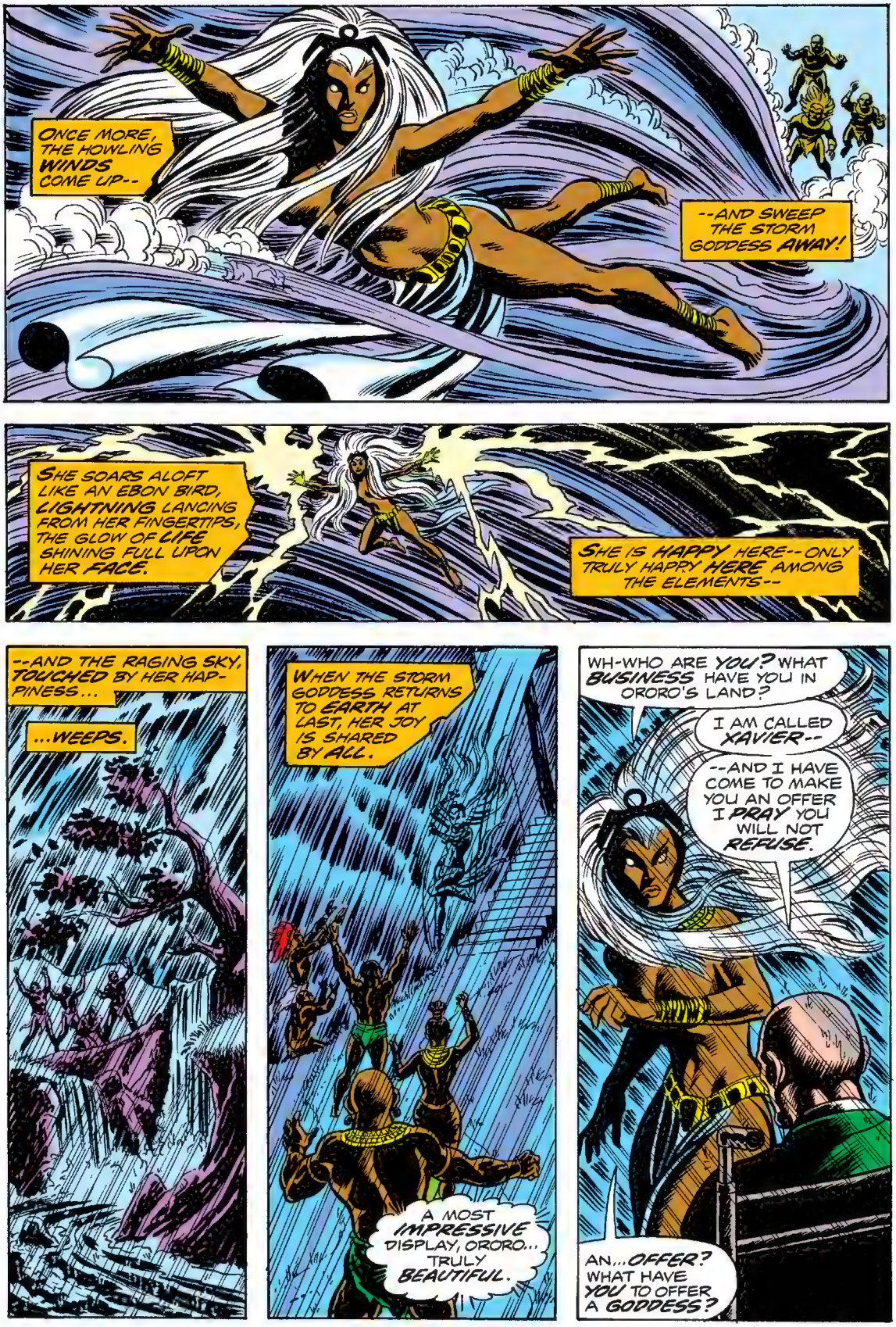
CAN YOU HELP ME TO BE NORMAL?
AFTER TONIGHT'S MISFORTUNE, KURT-- WOULD YOU TRULY WANT TO BE?

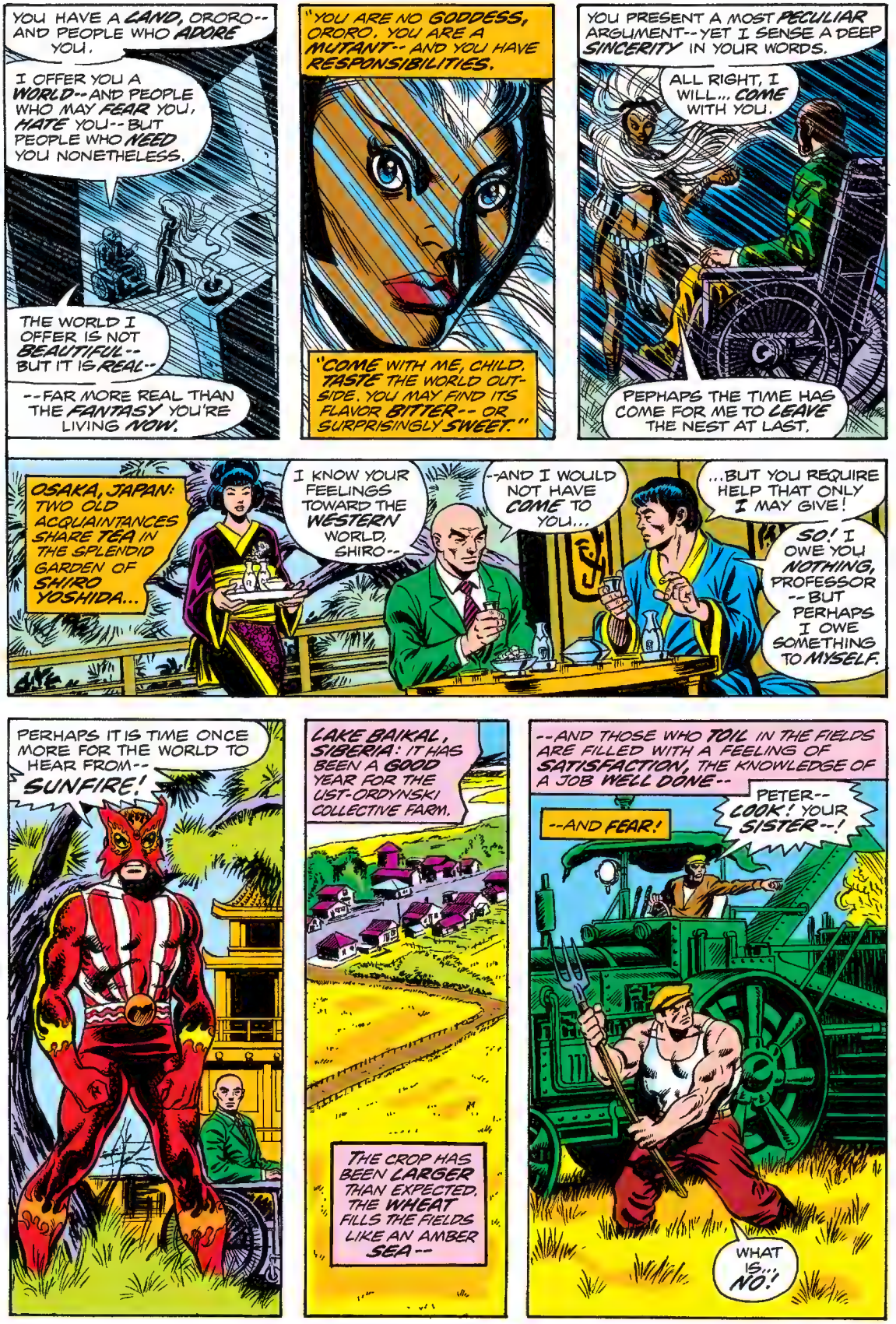
PERHAPS NOT. I WANT ONLY TO BE A WHOLE KURT WAGNER!
IF YOU CAN MAKE ME THAT, TEACHER... I WILL GO WITH YOU.

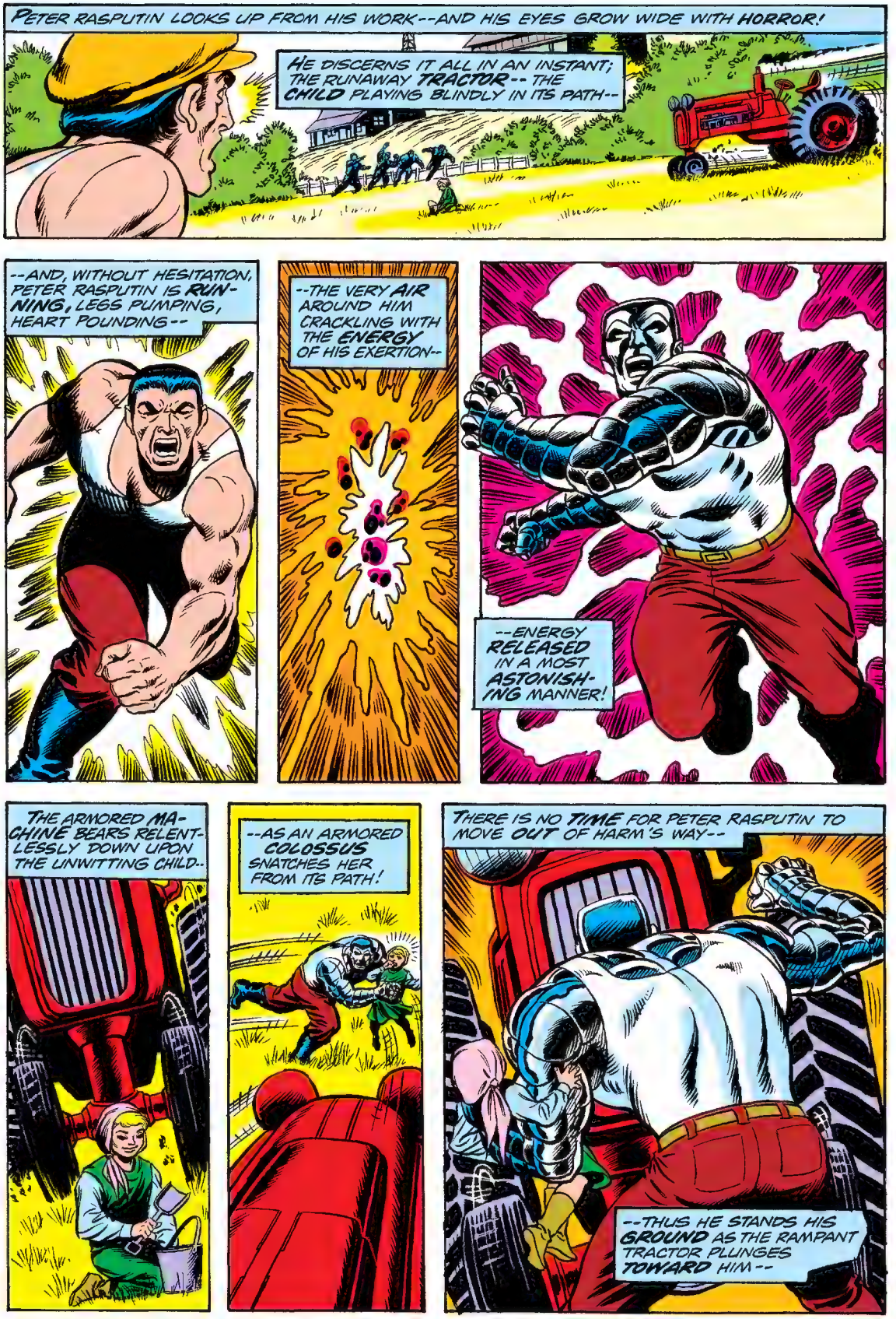
QUEBEC, CANADA: FEW PEOPLE KNOW OF THIS SECLUDED MILITARY INSTALLATION.
FEWER STILL KNOW OF ITS TRUE PURPOSE.
IT IS THE HOME BASE OF A SPECIAL GOVERNMENTAL AGENCY--AND ITS VERY SPECIAL AGENT.
THE AGENT CIPHER-CODED WEAPON X...
THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM, SIR.
LET THEM WAIT. IT'S GOOD FOR THE SOUL.
17467
416
LINE SHACK
MELLOW ME
...BUT BETTER KNOWN TO US AS--THE WOLVERINE!
ALL RIGHT, GENTS--I'M HERE!
NOW WHO'S THIS BIGWIG YOU WANT ME TO MEET?
I AM THE BIGWIG, WOLVERINE. PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER AT YOUR SERVICE.
AM I SUPPOSED TO BE IMPRESSED?
APPARENTLY THE TOP BRASS IS IMPRESSED, WOLVERINE. ALL I KNOW IS THAT THE PROFESSOR IS HERE TO MAKE YOU SOME SORT OF OFFER!
AN OFFER, EH? OKAY, PROF--YOU'VE PIQUED MY CURIOSITY. WHAT'S THE DEAL?
I'LL COME STRAIGHT TO THE POINT THEN.
I KNOW OF YOUR RECENT BATTLE WITH THE HULK*--AND, MOREOVER, I KNOW OF YOUR POWERS.
*IN HULK #181. --LEN.
YOU, MY FRIEND, ARE A MUTANT--AND I HAVE NEED OF MUTANTS--
--DESPERATE NEED!

BUT WHAT ABOUT MY POSITION HERE--?
I'M OFFERING YOU A CHANCE TO BECOME A FREE AGENT--
--A CHANCE TO LEARN TO PUT YOUR POWERS TO THEIR GREATEST USE!
A CHANCE TO GET OUT FROM UNDER THE RED TAPE AND RIGMAROLE, EH?
ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR --YOU'VE FOUND YOUR MAN!
WHAT--?
NOT SO FAST, FELLA!
THE GOVERNMENT HAS INVESTED A GREAT DEAL OF TIME AND MONEY TURNING YOU INTO WHAT YOU ARE NOW!
YOU TRY WALKING OUT ON US--AND I'LL HAVE YOU LOCKED UP!
UH-HUH.
IT SEEMS YOU DIDN'T GET MY MEANING, FRIEND.
THIS IS STILL A FREE COUNTRY, ISN'T IT?
SNIKT!
SO I'M RESIGNING MY COMMISSION--
-- EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY!
KRRIIIIP!
UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU HAVE ANY FURTHER OBJECTIONS?
I DIDN'T THINK SO.
BELIEVE ME, MISTER--YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF THIS!
ANY TIME YOU WANT ME, YOU KNOW WHERE TO COME LOOKING!
COME ON, PROF--LET'S GO!

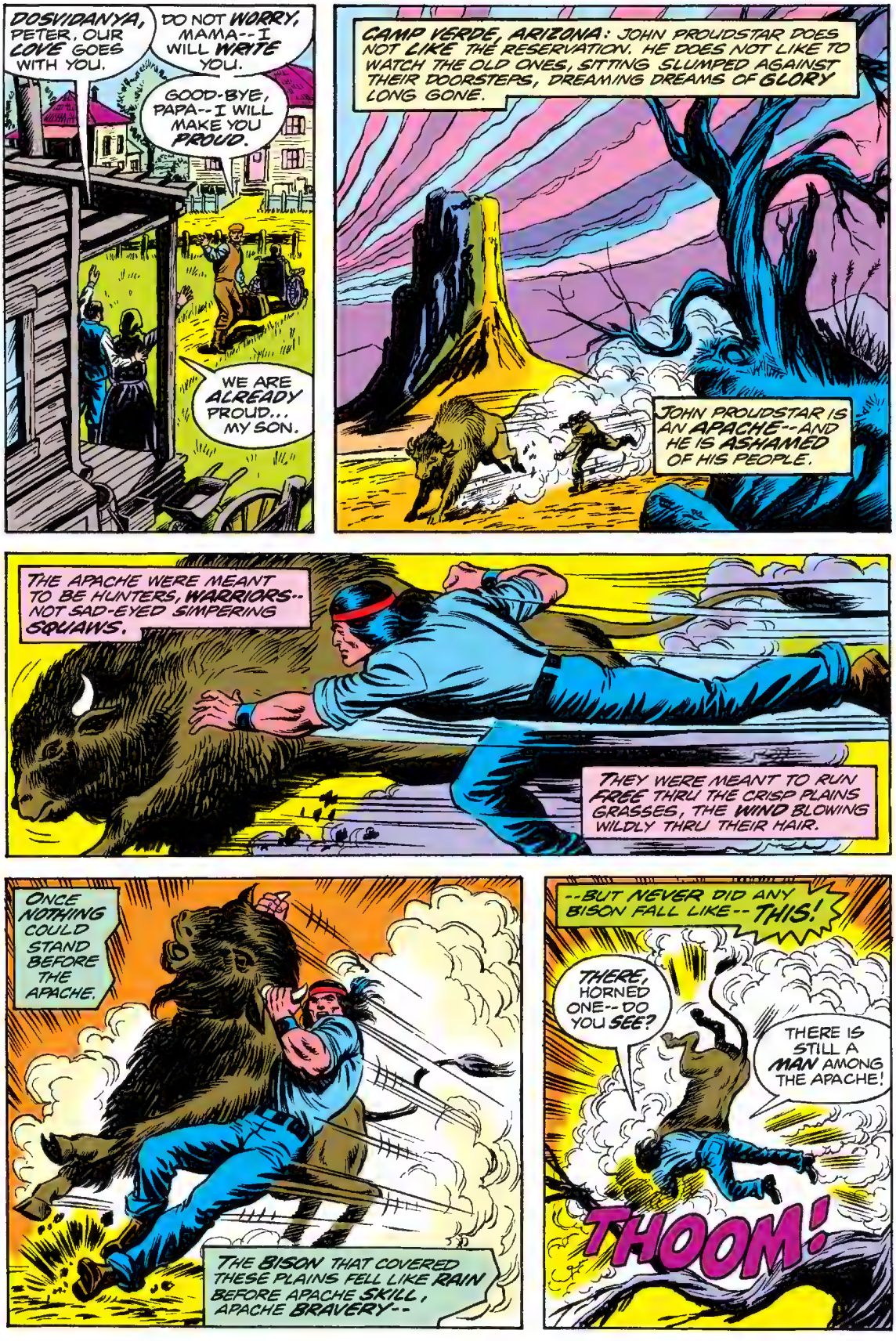

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE: A VISITOR TO THE GRAND OL' OPRY FINDS HE HAS A VISITOR OF HIS OWN...
BEGORRA! 'TIS PROFESSOR X HIMSELF NOW.
BANSHEE-- I MUST TALK WITH YOU.
SHORTLY, IN THE BANSHEE'S SHABBY QUARTERS...
SO THAT'S THE STORY, IS IT? THEN SURE AN' I'LL HELP YE, PROFESSOR.
'TWILL BE NICE TO TREAD THE STRAIGHT AN' NARROW... FER A CHANGE.
KENYA, EAST AFRICA: ATOP A LONELY KNOLL, THERE STANDS A GREAT STONE PORTAL.
MEN COME TO IT IN HUMILITY, THEIR VOICES RAISED IN PRAISE AND SONG-- AND PRAYERFUL SUPPLICATION.
"ORORO, GREAT GODDESS OF THE STORM," THE VOICES CRY, "COME UNTO US AND EASE OUR BURDEN!"
AND WITH THE HOLLOW PEAL OF THUNDER AND THE MOAN OF LONELY WINDS--
--THE STORM GODDESS COMES!
I AM HERE, MY CHILDREN. WHAT DO YOU WISH OF ME?
THERE IS DROUGHT UPON THE LAND, BLESSED ONE. OUR CROPS WITHER, OUR GRASSES PARCH.
TEN GOATS AND CHICKENS SHALL WE SLAY IN YOUR HONOR-- IF YOU WILL ONLY BRING US RAIN!
HER EYES ARE CRYSTAL BLUE, AND OLDER THAN TIME. THEY SPARKLE AS SHE ANSWERS...
SAVE YOUR BEASTS, MY CHILDREN. YOU NEED THEM MORE THAN I.
I WILL DO AS YOU PLEAD.
HER LIQUID EYES GROW DARK THEN-- AND THE SKY GROWS DARK AS WELL.

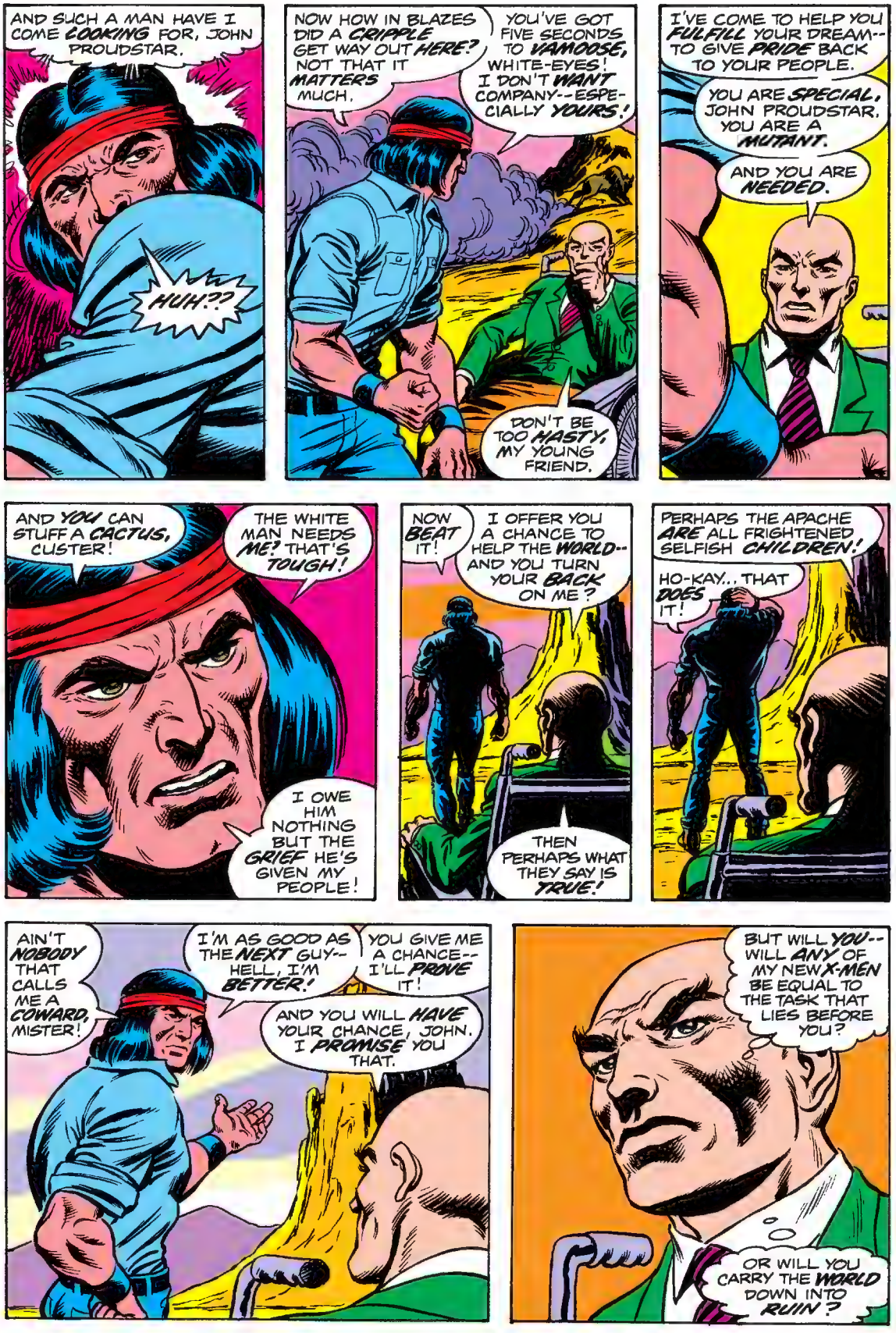

ONCE MORE, THE HOWLING WINDS COME UP--
--AND SWEEP THE STORM GODDESS AWAY!
SHE SOARS ALOFT LIKE AN EBON BIRD, LIGHTNING LANCING FROM HER FINGERTIPS, THE GLOW OF LIFE SHINING FULL UPON HER FACE.
SHE IS HAPPY HERE-- ONLY TRULY HAPPY HERE AMONG THE ELEMENTS--
--AND THE RAGING SKY, TOUCHED BY HER HAPPINESS...
...WEEPS.
WHEN THE STORM GODDESS RETURNS TO EARTH AT LAST, HER JOY IS SHARED BY ALL.
A MOST IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY, ORORO... TRULY BEAUTIFUL.
WH-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU IN ORORO'S LAND?
I AM CALLED XAVIER--
--AND I HAVE COME TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER I PRAY YOU WILL NOT REFUSE.
AN...OFFER? WHAT HAVE YOU TO OFFER A GODDESS?


YOU HAVE A LAND, ORORO-- AND PEOPLE WHO ADORE YOU.
I OFFER YOU A WORLD--AND PEOPLE WHO MAY FEAR YOU, HATE YOU--BUT PEOPLE WHO NEED YOU NONETHELESS.
THE WORLD I OFFER IS NOT BEAUTIFUL-- BUT IT IS REAL--
--FAR MORE REAL THAN THE FANTASY YOU'RE LIVING NOW.
"YOU ARE NO GODDESS, ORORO. YOU ARE A MUTANT-- AND YOU HAVE RESPONSIBILITIES.
"COME WITH ME, CHILD. TASTE THE WORLD OUTSIDE. YOU MAY FIND ITS FLAVOR BITTER-- OR SURPRISINGLY SWEET."
YOU PRESENT A MOST PECULIAR ARGUMENT--YET I SENSE A DEEP SINCERITY IN YOUR WORDS.
ALL RIGHT, I WILL... COME WITH YOU.
PERHAPS THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO LEAVE THE NEST AT LAST.
OSAKA, JAPAN: TWO OLD ACQUAINTANCES SHARE TEA IN THE SPLENDID GARDEN OF SHIRO YOSHIDA...
I KNOW YOUR FEELINGS TOWARD THE WESTERN WORLD, SHIRO--
--AND I WOULD NOT HAVE COME TO YOU...
...BUT YOU REQUIRE HELP THAT ONLY I MAY GIVE!
SO! I OWE YOU NOTHING, PROFESSOR --BUT PERHAPS I OWE SOMETHING TO MYSELF.
PERHAPS IT IS TIME ONCE MORE FOR THE WORLD TO HEAR FROM-- SUNFIRE!
LAKE BAIKAL, SIBERIA: IT HAS BEEN A GOOD YEAR FOR THE UST-ORDYNSKI COLLECTIVE FARM.
THE CROP HAS BEEN LARGER THAN EXPECTED. THE WHEAT FILLS THE FIELDS LIKE AN AMBER SEA--
--AND THOSE WHO TOIL IN THE FIELDS ARE FILLED WITH A FEELING OF SATISFACTION, THE KNOWLEDGE OF A JOB WELL DONE--
--AND FEAR!
PETER-- LOOK! YOUR SISTER--!
WHAT IS...? NO!


PETER RASPUTIN LOOKS UP FROM HIS WORK--AND HIS EYES GROW WIDE WITH HORROR!
HE DISCERNS IT ALL IN AN INSTANT; THE RUNAWAY TRACTOR-- THE CHILD PLAYING BLINDLY IN ITS PATH--
--AND, WITHOUT HESITATION, PETER RASPUTIN IS RUN-NING, LEGS PUMPING, HEART POUNDING--
--THE VERY AIR AROUND HIM CRACKLING WITH THE ENERGY OF HIS EXERTION--
--ENERGY RELEASED IN A MOST ASTONISH-ING MANNER!
THE ARMORED MA-CHINE BEARS RELENT-LESSLY DOWN UPON THE UNWITTING CHILD--
--AS AN ARMORED COLOSSUS SNATCHES HER FROM ITS PATH!
THERE IS NO TIME FOR PETER RASPUTIN TO MOVE OUT OF HARM'S WAY--
--THUS HE STANDS HIS GROUND AS THE RAMPANT TRACTOR PLUNGES TOWARD HIM--

--AND HE WONDERS HOW HIS POOR NEIGHBORS WILL EVER AFFORD TO BUY ANOTHER!
KWA-THOOM!
THAT, THOUGH, IS A WORRY FOR ANOTHER DAY.
THIS DAY WILL BE FILLED WITH PROBLEMS ENOUGH.
PETER RASPUTIN, I WISH TO TALK TO YOU.
THAT VOICE IN MY HEAD--! WHO--?
BY NOW, WE KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION--
--SO MOMENTS LATER...
YOU WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU... TO AMERICA?
BUT IF I POSSESS SUCH POWER AS YOU SAY-- DOES IT NOT BELONG TO THE STATE?
POWER SUCH AS YOURS BELONGS TO THE WORLD, PETER-- TO BE USED FOR THE GOOD OF ALL.
AND BELIEVE ME-- YOUR POWERS ARE NEEDED!
"THEN COME. WE WILL TALK OF THIS WITH MY PARENTS."
...AND SO THIS PROFESSOR WANTS TO TAKE ME WITH HIM-- TO TEACH ME HOW TO DEAL WITH MY...MY MUTANT POWERS.
TH-THERE IS WISDOM IN HIS WORDS, PAPA-- BUT I AM HAPPY HERE.
TELL ME, PAPA-- WHAT SHOULD I DO?
DO AS YOUR HEART TELLS YOU, MY SON. IT WILL NOT BETRAY YOU.
MY HEART TELLS ME TO STAY, PAPA--
--BUT MY CONSCIENCE TELLS ME OTHERWISE.
I MUST GO, PAPA.
THEN IT IS RIGHT THAT YOU DO.

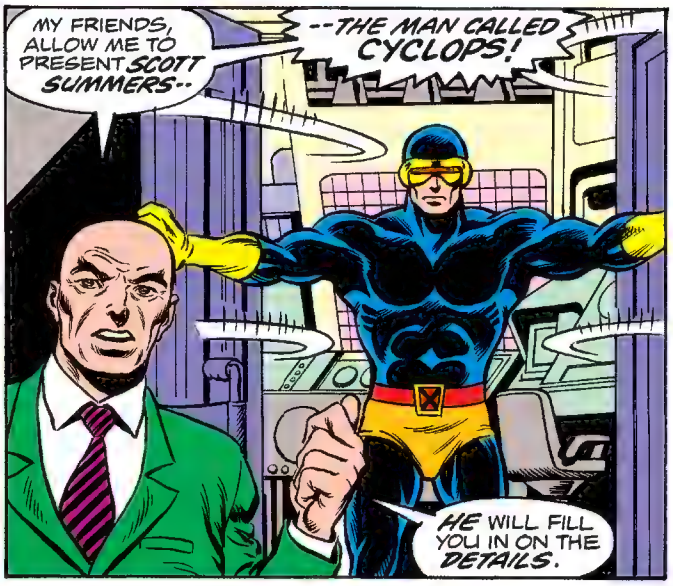

DOSVIDANYA, PETER. OUR LOVE GOES WITH YOU.
DO NOT WORRY, MAMA--I WILL WRITE YOU.
GOOD-BYE, PAPA--I WILL MAKE YOU PROUD.
WE ARE ALREADY PROUD... MY SON.
CAMP VERDE, ARIZONA: JOHN PROUDSTAR DOES NOT LIKE THE RESERVATION. HE DOES NOT LIKE TO WATCH THE OLD ONES, SITTING SLUMPED AGAINST THEIR DOORSTEPS, DREAMING DREAMS OF GLORY LONG GONE.
JOHN PROUDSTAR IS AN APACHE--AND HE IS ASHAMED OF HIS PEOPLE.
THE APACHE WERE MEANT TO BE HUNTERS, WARRIORS--NOT SAD-EYED SIMPERING SQUAWS.
THEY WERE MEANT TO RUN FREE THRU THE CRISP PLAINS GRASSES, THE WIND BLOWING WILDLY THRU THEIR HAIR.
ONCE NOTHING COULD STAND BEFORE THE APACHE.
THE BISON THAT COVERED THESE PLAINS FELL LIKE RAIN BEFORE APACHE SKILL, APACHE BRAVERY--
--BUT NEVER DID ANY BISON FALL LIKE--THIS!
THERE, HORNED ONE--DO YOU SEE?
THERE IS STILL A MAN AMONG THE APACHE!
THOOM!

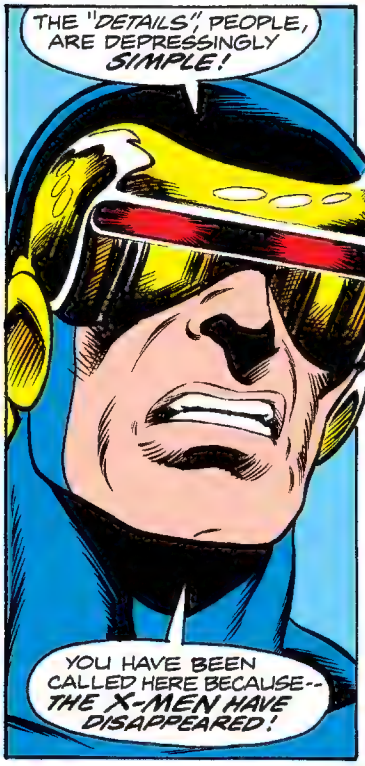

AND SUCH A MAN HAVE I COME COOKING FOR, JOHN PROUDSTAR.
HUH??
NOW HOW IN BLAZES DID A CRIPPLE GET WAY OUT HERE? NOT THAT IT MATTERS MUCH.
YOU'VE GOT FIVE SECONDS TO VAMOOSE, WHITE-EYES! I DON'T WANT COMPANY--ESPECIALLY YOURS!
DON'T BE TOO HASTY, MY YOUNG FRIEND.
I'VE COME TO HELP YOU FULFILL YOUR DREAM--TO GIVE PRIDE BACK TO YOUR PEOPLE.
YOU ARE SPECIAL, JOHN PROUDSTAR. YOU ARE A MUTANT.
AND YOU ARE NEEDED.
AND YOU CAN STUFF A CACTUS, CUSTER!
THE WHITE MAN NEEDS ME? THAT'S TOUGH!
I OWE HIM NOTHING BUT THE GRIEF HE'S GIVEN MY PEOPLE!
NOW BEAT IT!
I OFFER YOU A CHANCE TO HELP THE WORLD--AND YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON ME?
THEN PERHAPS WHAT THEY SAY IS TRUE!
PERHAPS THE APACHE ARE ALL FRIGHTENED SELFISH CHILDREN!
HO-KAY.. THAT DOES IT!
AIN'T NOBODY THAT CALLS ME A COWARD, MISTER!
I'M AS GOOD AS THE NEXT GUY--HELL, I'M BETTER!
YOU GIVE ME A CHANCE--I'LL PROVE IT!
AND YOU WILL HAVE YOUR CHANCE, JOHN. I PROMISE YOU THAT.
BUT WILL YOU--WILL ANY OF MY NEW X-MEN BE EQUAL TO THE TASK THAT LIES BEFORE YOU?
OR WILL YOU CARRY THE WORLD DOWN INTO RUIN?

CHAPTER II
"...AND WHEN THERE WAS ONE!"
WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK: THE SCHOOL HAD SEEMED A LATTER-DAY TOWER OF BABEL AT FIRST-- BUT A TELEPATHIC CRASH COURSE IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE HAD CLOSED THE COMMUNICATION GAP IN MERE MINUTES.
NOW PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER SITS, SOMBERLY STUDYING HIS COLORFULLY-COSTUMED HOUSE-GUESTS--
--AND WHATEVER THOUGHTS HE MIGHT HAVE AT THIS POINT ARE HIS ALONE TO KNOW.
IN ALL MY LIFE, SUCH CLOTHING AS THIS I HAVE NEVER SEEN!
THE COSTUME IS BEAUTIFUL, AND THE FIT--PERFECT! BUT HOW DID YOU...?
THE UNIFORMS ARE CONSTRUCTED FROM UNSTABLE MOLECULES, WHICH ADJUST THEMSELVES WHERE NECESSARY.
I OBTAINED THEM FROM A MAN NAMED REED RICHARDS, AND I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL LEARN MORE OF HIM AND HIS FRIENDS LATER.
BUT RIGHT NOW...

RIGHT NOW YOU WILL TELL US WHY YOU DRAGGED US HERE, PROFESSOR!
I, FOR ONE, AM SWIFTLY LOSING MY PATIENCE!
SUNFIRE, PLEASE--

--IT WAS NOT MY INTENTION TO WASTE YOUR TIME.
I'VE MERELY AWAITED THE ARRIVAL OF ONE WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE SITUATION FAR BETTER THAN I.

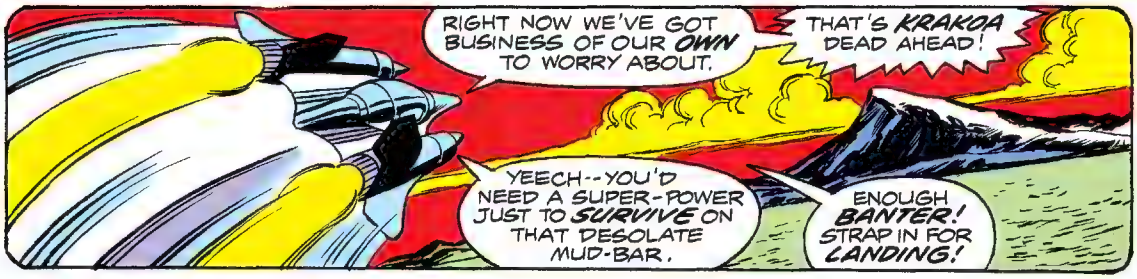

MY FRIENDS, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT SCOTT SUMMERS--
--THE MAN CALLED CYCLOPS!
HE WILL FILL YOU IN ON THE DETAILS.

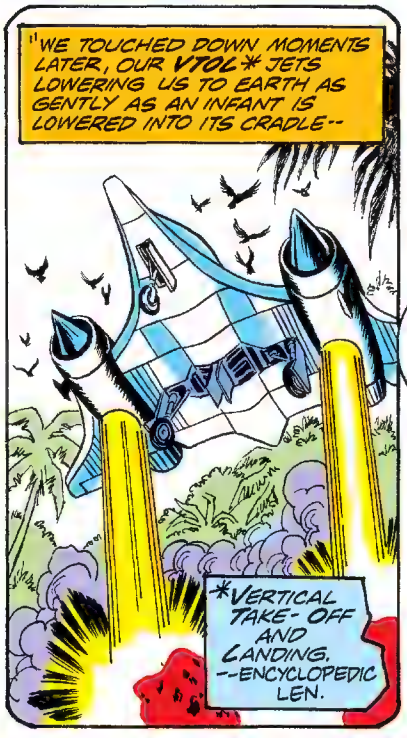

THE "DETAILS", PEOPLE, ARE DEPRESSINGLY SIMPLE!
YOU HAVE BEEN CALLED HERE BECAUSE-- THE X-MEN HAVE DISAPPEARED!

YOU SEVEN ARE OUR ONLY HOPE OF... BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF.
COME ON. I MAY AS WELL SHOW YOU WHERE IT ALL BEGAN!

THIS IS CEREBRO, OUR SPECIALLY-DESIGNED MUTANT-DETECTOR!
IT'S THRU THIS MECHANISM THAT WE DISCOVERED ALL OF YOU--
--AND LOST MY CLOSEST FRIENDS!

WE'D ALL ANSWERED THE SIGNAL-ALARM WITHIN SECONDS: THE PROFESSOR, ANGEL, ICEMAN, MARVEL GIRL, LORNA DANE, MY BROTHER HAVOK, AND MYSELF...
WHAT IS IT, SIR? CEREBRO HAS NEVER REACTED SO VIOLENTLY BEFORE.
WHAT IT IS, SCOTT, IS-- INCREDIBLE!
APPARENTLY, CEREBRO HAS DETECTED A NEW MUTANT ON THE ISLAND OF KRAKOA IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC--
--A MUTANT SO POWERFUL AS TO DEFY CLASSIFICATION!
IT SEEMS YOU ALL HAVE WORK TO DO, SCOTT...
FIND THAT MUTANT-- QUICKLY-- BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE FINDS HIM FIRST!
YOU HEARD THE PROFESSOR, X-MEN-- IT'S TRAVELIN' TIME!
"SHORTLY AFTER, OUR SPECIALLY-DESIGNED STRATO-JET ARCED HIGH OVER THE PATCHWORK COUNTRY-SIDE--
"--STREAKING TOWARDS AN UNKNOWN CONFRONTATION--
"--BUT AT THAT MOMENT, OUR MINDS WERE ON OTHER THINGS.
WISH WE COULD'VE CONTACTED THE BEAST! HANK McCOY'S DEXTEROUS DIGITS MIGHT BE--EH--HANDY ON A JOB LIKE THIS.
HANK GRADUATED THE X-MEN, JEAN. IF HE HASN'T GOT TIME FOR US NOW, THAT'S HIS BUSINESS.

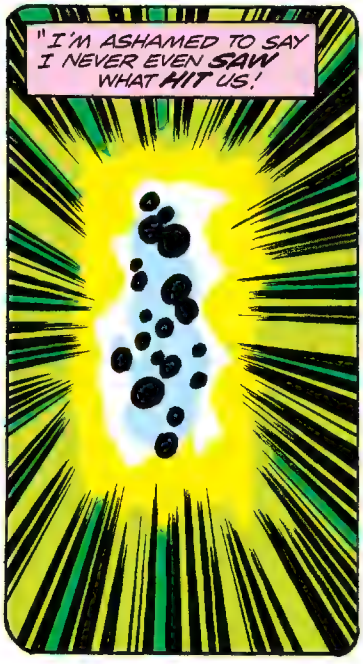

RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT BUSINESS OF OUR OWN TO WORRY ABOUT.
THAT'S KRAKOA DEAD AHEAD!
YEECH--YOU'D NEED A SUPER-POWER JUST TO SURVIVE ON THAT DESOLATE MUD-BAR.
ENOUGH BANTER! STRAP IN FOR LANDING!


"WE TOUCHED DOWN MOMENTS LATER, OUR VTOL* JETS LOWERING US TO EARTH AS GENTLY AS AN INFANT IS LOWERED INTO ITS CRADLE--
*VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING, --ENCYCLOPEDIC LEN.

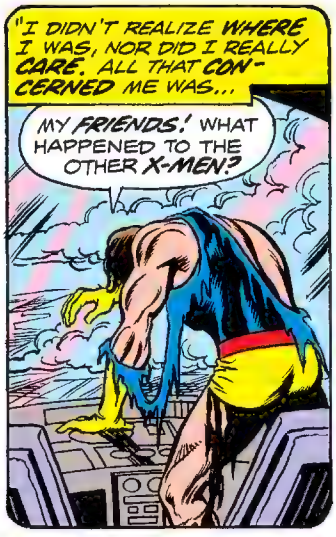
"--BUT WE WERE NOT INFANTS--AND THIS WAS DEFINITELY NO CHILD'S GAME!
I THINK WE TOOK THE WRONG BUS, GANG. THIS PLACE SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE CLEVELAND.
ALL THE INSECTS IN THE AIR--THE OVERGROWN JUNGLE--!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE THIS IS CLEVELAND.

I TOLD YOU BEFORE, ICEMAN--SHELVE THE SNAPPY PATTER!
WE HAVE A DIFFICULT JOB AHEAD OF US, FINDING THAT NEW MUTANT--!
MAYBE AN IMPOSSIBLE ONE, CYKE--WHEN YOU CONSIDER WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

POINT TAKEN, ANGEL. LET'S FAN OUT AND SEE IF...
BEHIND US--L-LOOK! IT'S...IT'S...
QUICK, EVERYBODY--SCATTER!
GET MOVING BEFORE WE...

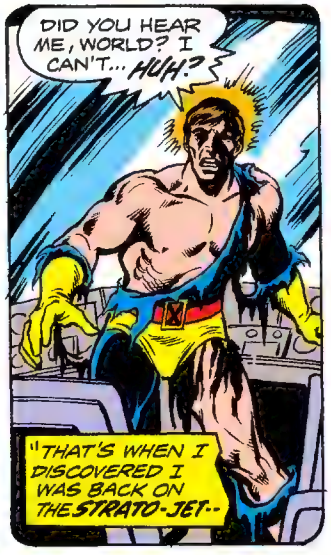

"I'M ASHAMED TO SAY I NEVER EVEN SAW WHAT HIT US!

"MY HEAD WAS A THROBBING MASS OF PAIN AND SCREAMING IMAGES WHEN I STRUGGLED AWAKE LORD KNOWS HOW LONG AFTERWARD.

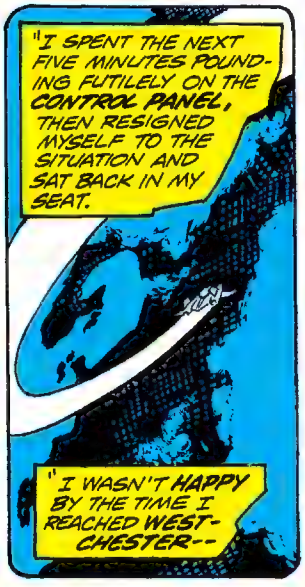

"I DIDN'T REALIZE WHERE I WAS, NOR DID I REALLY CARE. ALL THAT CONCERNED ME WAS...
MY FRIENDS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER X-MEN?

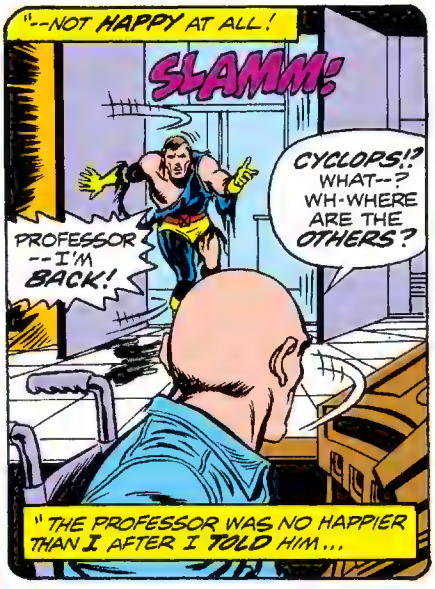
"AND WORSE, WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ME?
MY EYES! DEAR HEAVEN, MY EYES--!!
THEY'RE UNCOVERED! THEY'RE...

THEY'RE... NORMAL... POWERLESS!
HOWEVER HARD I TRY, I CAN'T PROJECT MY OPTIC BLASTS!

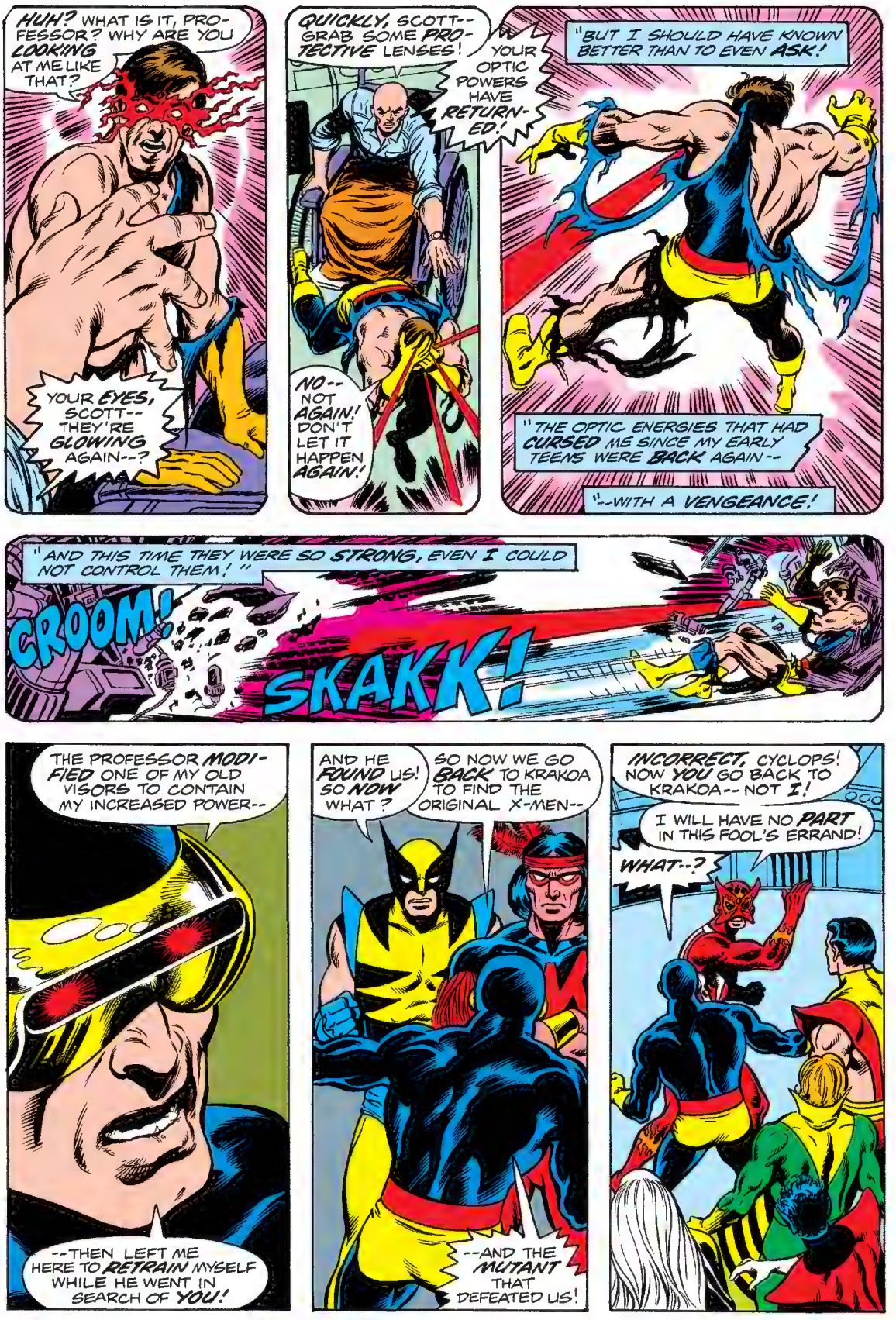

DID YOU HEAR ME, WORLD? I CAN'T... HUH?
"THAT'S WHEN I DISCOVERED I WAS BACK ON THE STRATO-JET--

"--AND I WASN'T IN CONTROL!
AUTOMATIC PILOT IS JAMMED! CAN'T TURN THIS CRATE BACK TO THE ISLAND--!

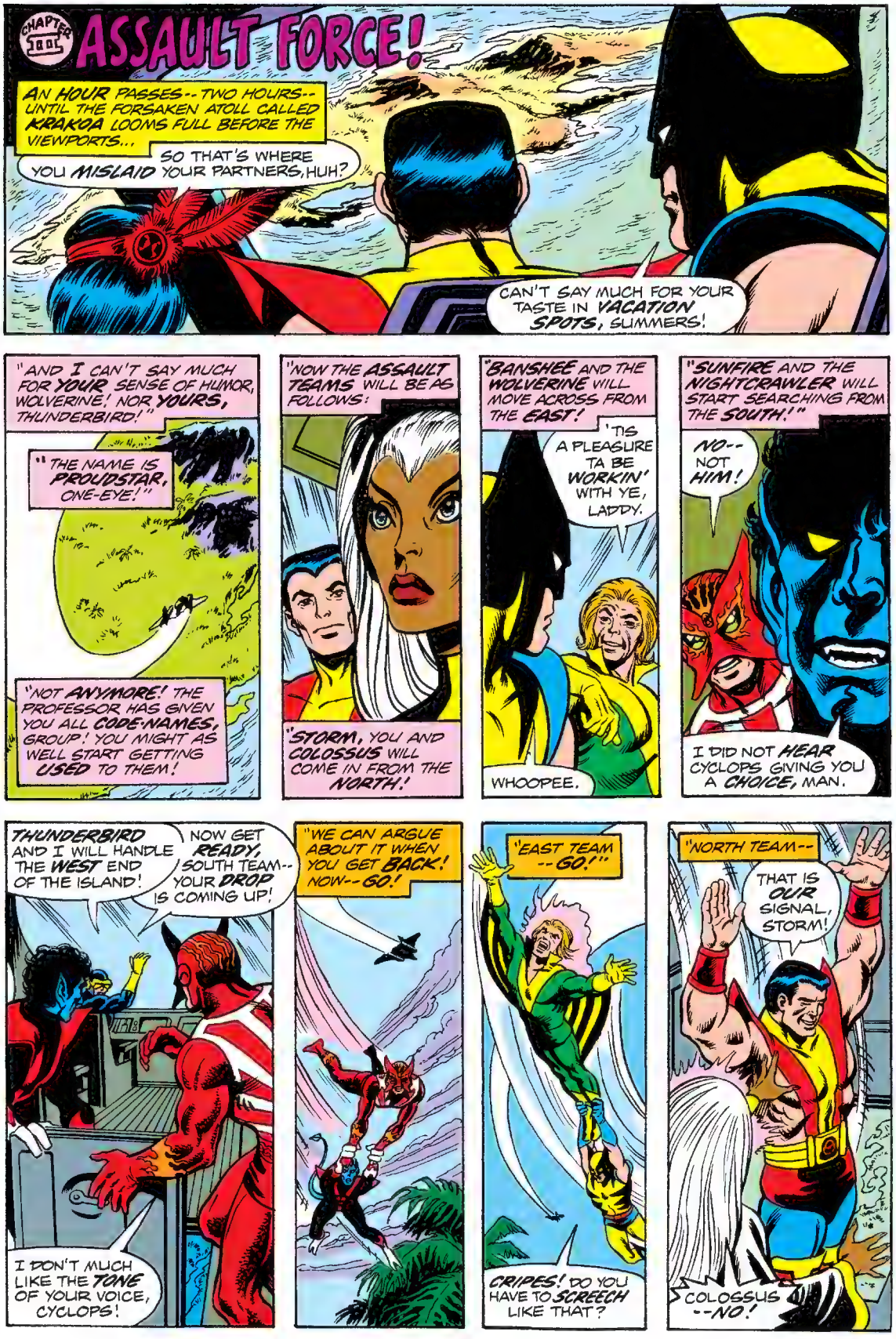

"I SPENT THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES POUNDING FUTILELY ON THE CONTROL PANEL, THEN RESIGNED MYSELF TO THE SITUATION AND SAT BACK IN MY SEAT.
"I WASN'T HAPPY BY THE TIME I REACHED WESTCHESTER--


"--NOT HAPPY AT ALL!
SLAMM!
PROFESSOR --I'M BACK!
CYCLOPS!? WHAT--? WH-WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
"THE PROFESSOR WAS NO HAPPIER THAN I AFTER I TOLD HIM...

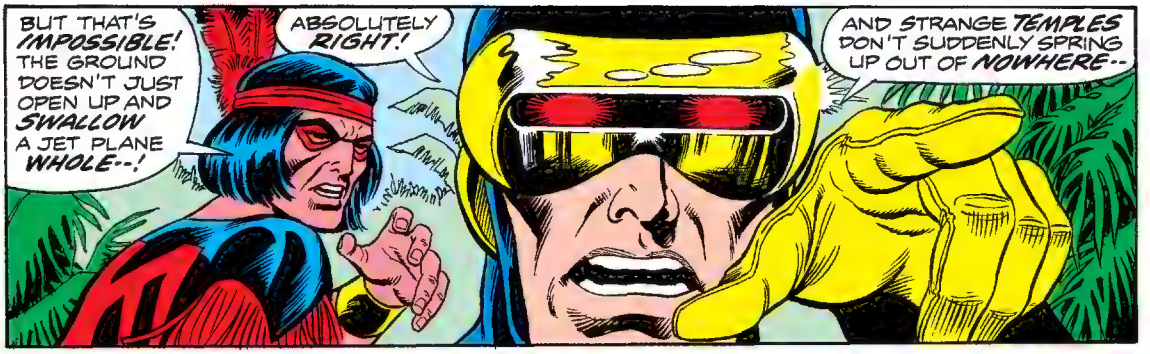
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THE OTHER X-MEN ARE STILL ON THAT ISLAND--
--AND YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THEM ?
I KNOW NOTHING, PROFESSOR--EXCEPT THAT SOMETHING ON KRAKOA CURED MY EYES AND DEPOSITED ME BACK IN THAT...


HUH? WHAT IS IT, PROFESSOR? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT?
YOUR EYES, SCOTT-- THEY'RE GLOWING AGAIN--?
QUICKLY, SCOTT-- GRAB SOME PROTECTIVE LENSES!
YOUR OPTIC POWERS HAVE RETURNED!
NO-- NOT AGAIN! DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!
"BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO EVEN ASK!
"THE OPTIC ENERGIES THAT HAD CURSED ME SINCE MY EARLY TEENS WERE BACK AGAIN--
"--WITH A VENGEANCE!
"AND THIS TIME THEY WERE SO STRONG, EVEN I COULD NOT CONTROL THEM!"
CROOM!
SKAKK!
THE PROFESSOR MODIFIED ONE OF MY OLD VISORS TO CONTAIN MY INCREASED POWER--
--THEN LEFT ME HERE TO RETRAIN MYSELF WHILE HE WENT IN SEARCH OF YOU!
AND HE FOUND US! SO NOW WHAT?
SO NOW WE GO BACK TO KRAKOA TO FIND THE ORIGINAL X-MEN--
--AND THE MUTANT THAT DEFEATED US!
INCORRECT, CYCLOPS! NOW YOU GO BACK TO KRAKOA-- NOT I!
I WILL HAVE NO PART IN THIS FOOL'S ERRAND!
WHAT--?

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SUNFIRE--WE OFFER YOU A CHANCE TO HELP YOUR FELLOW MUTANTS AND...
I DO NOT EVEN LIKE MY FELLOW MUTANTS, CYCLOPS!
I CERTAINLY WILL NOT RISK MY LIFE TO HELP THEM!
I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, SUNFIRE--BUT I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE ARGUING!
THE REST OF US HAVE A JOB TO DO--AND WE'RE GOING TO DO IT!
MOMENTS LATER, THE STRATO-JET STREAKS SKYWARD--AND THERE IS ONLY ONE EMPTY SEAT ON BOARD...
IT SEEMS I HAVE HAD MY FIRST TASTE OF MUTANT CAMARADERIE--AND I MUST SAY, CYCLOPS--
--I DID NOT LIKE IT!
MAYBE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, SISTER--BUT THIS GROUP AIN'T EXACTLY A MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY!
"WE'RE ALL INVOLVED IN THIS FIASCO FOR OUR OWN REASONS, GIRLY--AN' PATTING EACH OTHER ON THE BACK AIN'T ONE OF... HUH?
"HEY, ONE-EYE--THERE'S SOMETHING FOLLOWIN' US!"
"I SEE IT, GERONIMO! IT'S..."
"WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED, ONE-EYE--THE JAP!"
ARE YOU GOING TO OPEN THE HATCH, CYCLOPS--
OR DO YOU EXPECT ME TO FLY ALL THE WAY TO KRAKOA BY MYSELF?
SO--THE PRODIGAL MUTANT RETURNS! WHY DID YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, SUNFIRE--AFRAID TO GO HOME ALONE?
MY REASONS ARE NOBODY'S BUSINESS BUT MY OWN, MISFIT! YOU'D DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT!

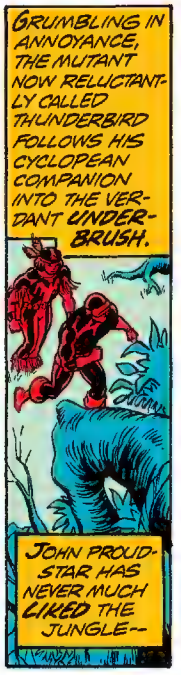

CHAPTER III
ASSAULT FORCE!
AN HOUR PASSES--TWO HOURS--UNTIL THE FORSAKEN ATOLL CALLED KRAKOA LOOMS FULL BEFORE THE VIEWPORTS...
SO THAT'S WHERE YOU MISLAID YOUR PARTNERS, HUH?
CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR YOUR TASTE IN VACATION SPOTS, SUMMERS!
"AND I CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR, WOLVERINE, NOR YOURS, THUNDERBIRD!"
"THE NAME IS PROUDSTAR, ONE-EYE!"
"NOT ANYMORE! THE PROFESSOR HAS GIVEN YOU ALL CODE-NAMES, GROUP! YOU MIGHT AS WELL START GETTING USED TO THEM!
"NOW THE ASSAULT TEAMS WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:
"STORM, YOU AND COLOSSUS WILL COME IN FROM THE NORTH!
"BANSHEE AND THE WOLVERINE WILL MOVE ACROSS FROM THE EAST!
'TIS A PLEASURE TA BE WORKIN' WITH YE, LADDY.
WHOOPEE.
"SUNFIRE AND THE NIGHTCRAWLER WILL START SEARCHING FROM THE SOUTH!"
NO--NOT HIM!
I DID NOT HEAR CYCLOPS GIVING YOU A CHOICE, MAN.
THUNDERBIRD AND I WILL HANDLE THE WEST END OF THE ISLAND!
NOW GET READY, SOUTH TEAM--YOUR DROP IS COMING UP!
I DON'T MUCH LIKE THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE, CYCLOPS!
"WE CAN ARGUE ABOUT IT WHEN YOU GET BACK! NOW--GO!
"EAST TEAM--GO!"
CRIPES! DO YOU HAVE TO SCREECH LIKE THAT?
"NORTH TEAM--
THAT IS OUR SIGNAL, STORM!
COLOSSUS--NO!

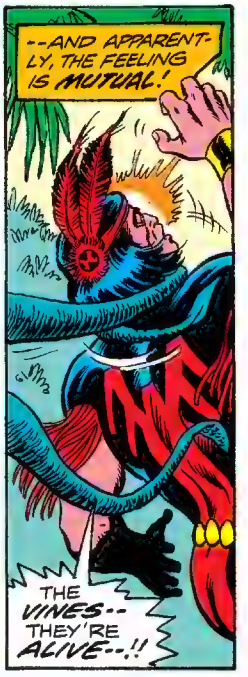
YOU FOOL-- YOU CANNOT FLY!
OF COURSE NOT--BUT I CAN LAND WITH THE BEST OF THEM!
THE CHICK AND THE RUSSKIE HAVE LANDED-- AND IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE ARGUING--
--WHICH IS ABOUT PAR FOR THIS OUTFIT!
WE'RE GOING DOWN NEXT, THUNDERBIRD-- STRAP IN!
ONCE MORE, THE STRATO-JET'S VTOL SYSTEM LOWERS IT TO EARTH-- AND THOUGH HE TRIES, THE MAN CALLED CYCLOPS CANNOT SUPPRESS A SHUDDER.
HOW MANY MORE WILL WE LOSE THIS TIME, HE WONDERS MORBIDLY. WILL I EVEN LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FIND OUT?
BUT HE'S A PROFESSIONAL, THIS STAR-CROSSED MUTANT. THE QUESTIONS FOLLOW HIM AS HE STEPS OUT UPON THE LANDSCAPE--
--BUT HE LEAVES HIS FEAR IN THE SHIP.
EAST IS THAT WAY, THUNDERBIRD-- AND THE SOONER WE GET STARTED, THE SOONER WE'LL GET THERE!
YES SIR, GENERAL ONE-EYE SIR! I JUST HOPE YOU'RE NOT LEADING ME INTO ANOTHER LITTLE BIG HORN!
IT'D BE JUST MY LUCK TO BE THE FIRST INDIAN TO GET MASSACREED BY...
HOLD IT! I LEFT THE MINI-CEREBRO UNIT BACK IN... HUH?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
DON'T BELIEVE WHAT?
THE STRATO-JET--!
IT'S-- GONE!

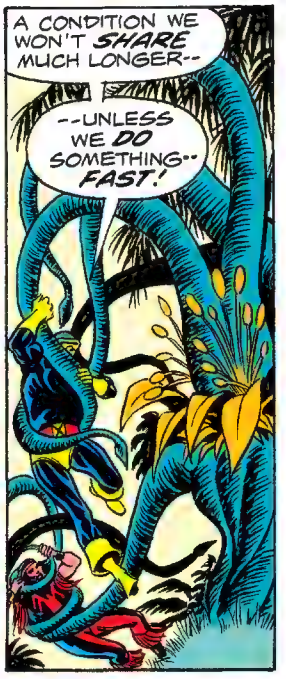

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE GROUND DOESN'T JUST OPEN UP AND SWALLOW A JET PLANE WHOLE--!
ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!
AND STRANGE TEMPLES DON'T SUDDENLY SPRING UP OUT OF NOWHERE--

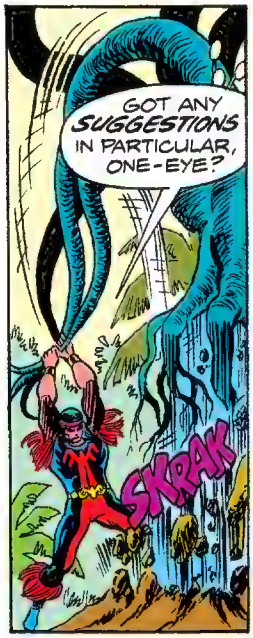
"--BUT ONE HAS!"
HUH? THAT JOINT WASN'T THERE WHEN WE LANDED!

EXACTLY! AND SINCE IT SEEMS AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY TO START SEARCHING--
LET'S GO!


GRUMBLING IN ANNOYANCE, THE MUTANT NOW RELUCTANTLY CALLED THUNDERBIRD FOLLOWS HIS CYCLOPEAN COMPANION INTO THE VERDANT UNDERBRUSH.
JOHN PROUDSTAR HAS NEVER MUCH LIKED THE JUNGLE--


--AND APPARENTLY, THE FEELING IS MUTUAL!
THE VINES-- THEY'RE ALIVE--!!


A CONDITION WE WON'T SHARE MUCH LONGER--
--UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING-- FAST!


GOT ANY SUGGESTIONS IN PARTICULAR, ONE-EYE?
SKRAK

ZZAZZH
NOT REALLY, THUNDERBIRD!
FOR A BEGINNER, YOU'RE DOING PRETTY WELL ON YOUR OWN!

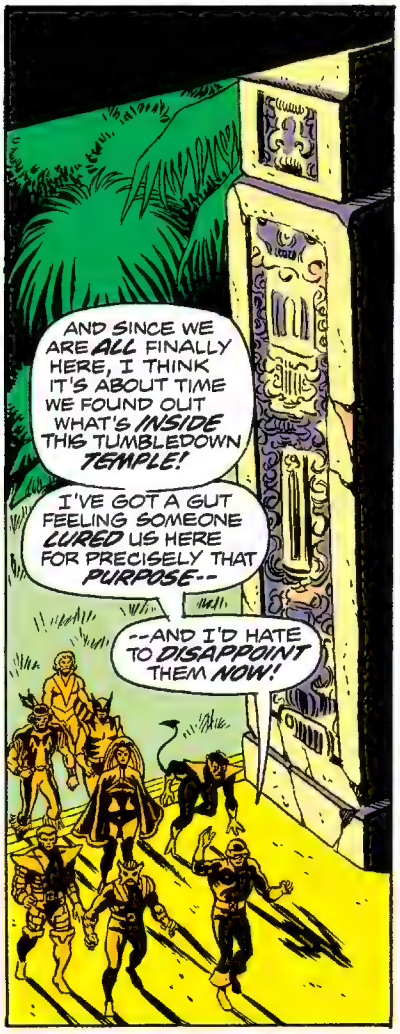
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE TWO YOUNG X-MEN HAVE LEFT THE STRANGLING CREEPER VINES FAR BEHIND THEM--
--AND IT IS NOT TERRIBLY DIFFICULT TO DETERMINE WHICH WAY THEY HAVE GONE.

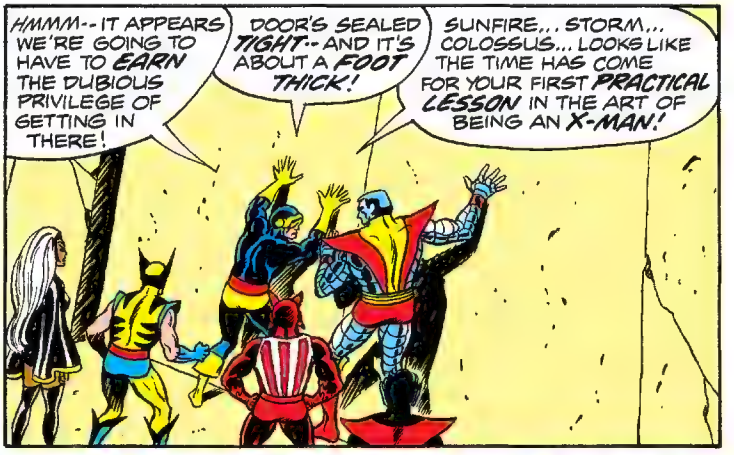
FOURTEEN MINUTES LATER...
WELL, WE'VE MADE IT IN REASONABLE SHAPE!
I WONDER HOW THE OTHERS ARE FARING?

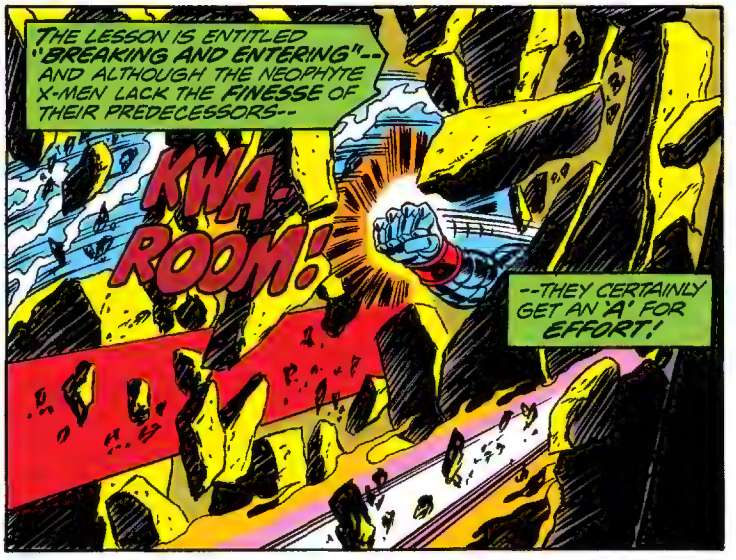
WELL, MINUTES EARLIER ON THE ISLAND'S NORTH SIDE...
ODD-- I DO NOT RECALL SEEING THAT TEMPLE BEFORE.
COME, COLOSSUS-- LET US BEGIN OUR SEARCH THERE!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, ORORO. YOU ARE SO UNLIKE THE GIRLS IN MY... EH? THAT SOUND..?
RRUMBLE
AN AVA-LANCHE!
QUICKLY, COLOSSUS-- PERHAPS WE CAN STILL OUTRUN IT!
IT HAS CHANGED ITS DIRECTION TO FOLLOW US!
НЕ МÓЖЕТ БЫТЬ! THIS LANDSLIDE CANNOT BE OUTRUN, ORORO!
THOSE MAD ROCKS CAN NO LONGER HURT ME, ORORO--
THEN IF WE CANNOT AVOID A CONFRONTATION, WE MUST STAND OUR GROUND-- AND DEFEND OURSELVES!
KWUMP!
--BUT FOR THREATENING YOU, I SHALL CRUSH THEM!
"I AM NO LONGER THREAT-ENED."
I THANK YOU, PETER--BUT THERE IS NO NEED TO PROTECT ME!
AND SHORTLY...
STORM... COLOSSUS... GLAD YOU MADE IT IN ONE PIECE.
BARELY, CYCLOPS ...JUST BARELY. I ONLY HOPE THE OTHERS ARRIVE SAFELY AS WELL.

AND ON THE ISLAND'S EAST SIDE...
SAINTS, LADDY--WILL YE LOOK AT THE SIZE O' THEM BEASTIES!
LOOKS LIKE THE LOCAL WELCOMING COMMITTEE, IRISH--
--BUT A HANDSHAKE FROM ONE OF THEM CAN BE FATAL!
GOOD THING THEN THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES AROUND HERE WITH BIG, SHARP CLAWS, ISN'T IT?
THE WOLVERINE HAS CLAWS OF HIS OWN--
--AND, IRISH, HE LIKES TO USE THEM!
SKRAK
HEY--ARE YOU JUST GOING TO STAND AROUND GAWKING, IRISH--OR ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ME?
BUT THE ERIN-BORN MUTANT IS ALREADY ALOFT--AND THOUGH HIS SONIC SCREAM IS NOT NEARLY SO FLAMBOYANT AS HIS COMPANION'S SLASHING TALONS-
--IT IS NONETHELESS EQUALLY EFFECTIVE!
EEEEEEE
SPRAKT!
THE BATTLE IS VIOLENT--BUT BRIEF!
WELL, LADDY--SURE'N IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE DONE FER THE BEASTIES! WE'D BEST BE GETTIN' ON TO THAT TEMPLE WE SPIED A TOUCH BACK.
YEAH. SURE. THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP US HERE... ANY MORE.
AND SOON...
FAITH! 'TIS GOOD T' BE SEEIN' YE ALL AGAIN. 'TWAS A MOMENT THERE I HAD ME DOUBTS.
AND YOU WERE NOT ALONE.

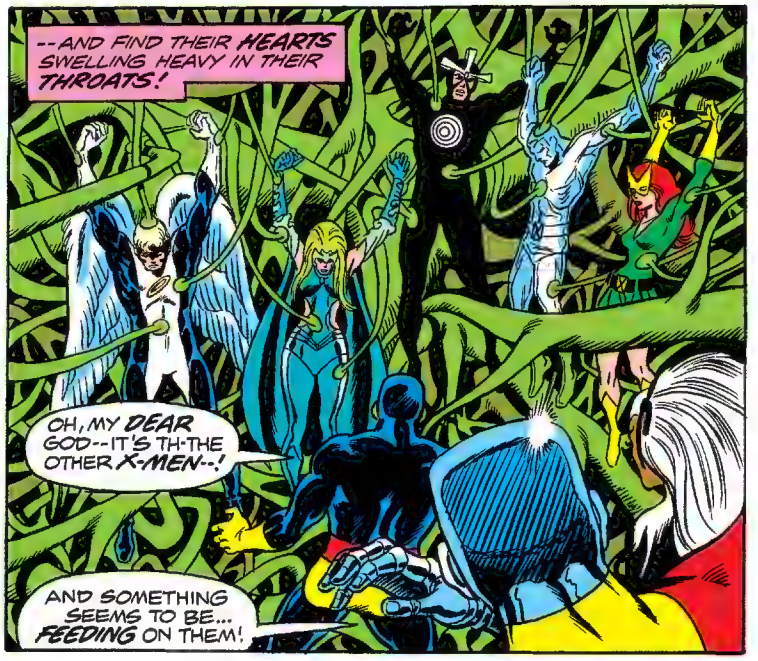
WHILE ON THE ISLAND'S SOUTH SIDE...
THESE BIRDS SEEM DETERMINED TO PREVENT US FROM REACHING THAT STRANGE TEMPLE AHEAD, SUNFIRE!
A REMARKABLE OBSERVATION, MISFIT! YOU HAVE A POSITIVE TALENT FOR STATING THE OBVIOUS!
SKREEE
YOUR SARCASM IS UNCALLED FOR, SUNFIRE! I BEGIN TO THINK THE MUTANT COMMUNITY IS NO MORE HOSPITABLE THAN THE HUMAN... EH?
THAT BIRD--ABOUT TO RAKE ME WITH ITS TALONS--!
A BURST OF FLAME-- THE STENCH OF BRIMSTONE-- AND THE MUTANT CALLED NIGHTCRAWLER--
--IS SUDDENLY ELSEWHERE!
HIS LAUGH IS LITTLE MORE THAN A HIDEOUS HOWL!
YOUR MANNER SEEMS MUCH LIKE THAT OF THE BEASTS YOU SO RESEMBLE, MISFIT!
HOW APPROPRIATE!
BUT SUNFIRE HAS NO NEED OF SUCH PARLOR TRICKS AS YOURS!
I MUCH PREFER THE DIRECT APPROACH!
YOUR "DIRECT APPROACH," IT APPEARS, HAS LEFT US WITHOUT OPPONENTS, SUNFIRE!
THEN I SUGGEST WE GET ON TO THAT TEMPLE, MISFIT... ASSUMING, OF COURSE, YOU CAN KEEP UP WITH ME!
AND FINALLY...
CYCLOPS! HAVE WE KEPT YOU WAITING LONG?
NOT AT ALL! JUST GOT HERE OURSELVES!


AND SINCE WE ARE ALL FINALLY HERE, I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE FOUND OUT WHAT'S INSIDE THIS TUMBLEDOWN TEMPLE!
I'VE GOT A GUT FEELING SOMEONE LURED US HERE FOR PRECISELY THAT PURPOSE--
--AND I'D HATE TO DISAPPOINT THEM NOW!

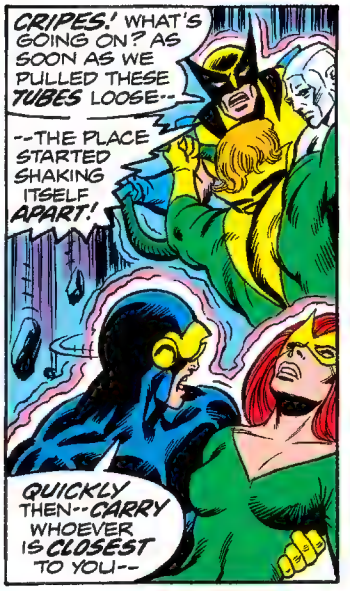

HMMM--IT APPEARS WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO EARN THE DUBIOUS PRIVILEGE OF GETTING IN THERE!
DOOR'S SEALED TIGHT--AND IT'S ABOUT A FOOT THICK!
SUNFIRE... STORM... COLOSSUS... LOOKS LIKE THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOUR FIRST PRACTICAL LESSON IN THE ART OF BEING AN X-MAN!


THE LESSON IS ENTITLED "BREAKING AND ENTERING"--AND ALTHOUGH THE NEOPHYTE X-MEN LACK THE FINESSE OF THEIR PREDECESSORS--
KWA-ROOM!
--THEY CERTAINLY GET AN 'A' FOR EFFORT!

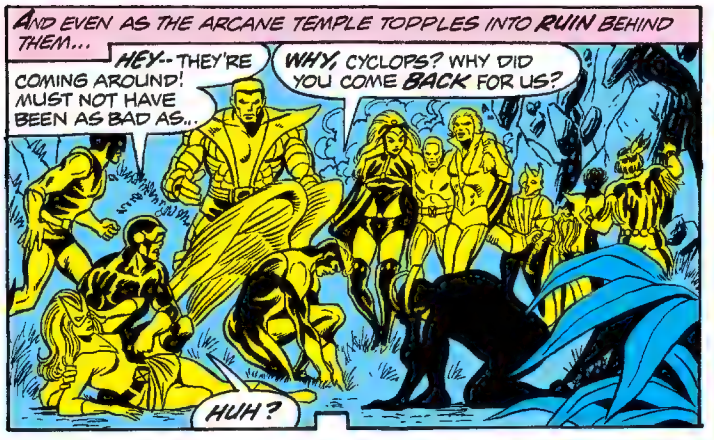
STILL SLIGHTLY ASTONISHED BY THEIR OWN ABILITIES, THE YOUNG MUTANTS STEP CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE STYGIAN DARKNESS--
OH...MY...GOD...


--AND FIND THEIR HEARTS SWELLING HEAVY IN THEIR THROATS!
OH, MY DEAR GOD--IT'S TH-THE OTHER X-MEN--!
AND SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE... FEEDING ON THEM!

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE STARING AT THEM--!
IN PITY'S NAME-- SET THEM FREE!

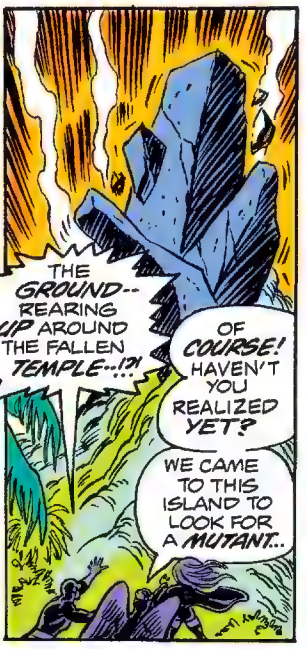

CRIPES! WHAT'S GOING ON? AS SOON AS WE PULLED THESE TUBES LOOSE--
--THE PLACE STARTED SHAKING ITSELF APART!
QUICKLY THEN--CARRY WHOEVER IS CLOSEST TO YOU--

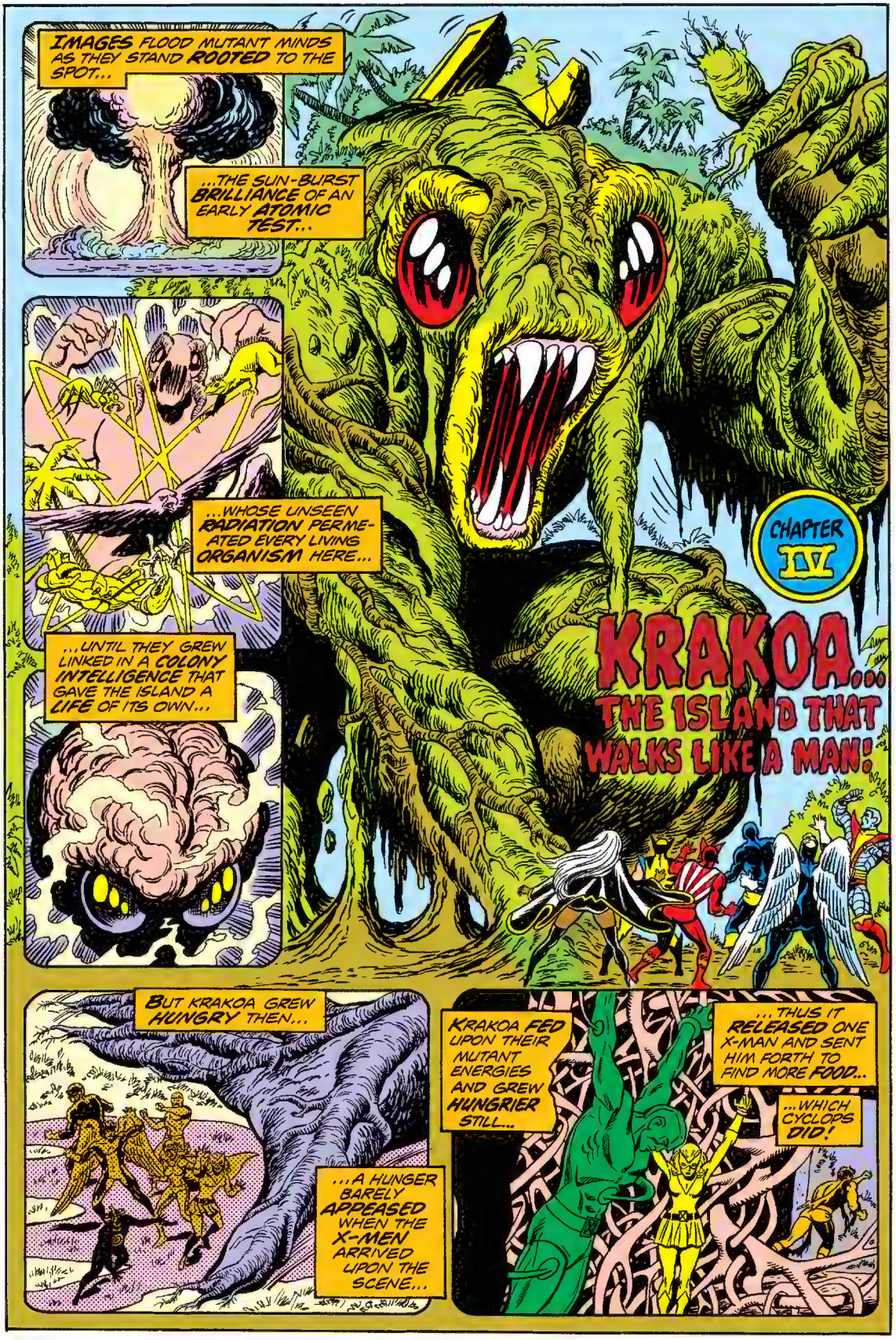
--AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THIS TEMPLE COMES DOWN AROUND OUR EARS!
KROOM!

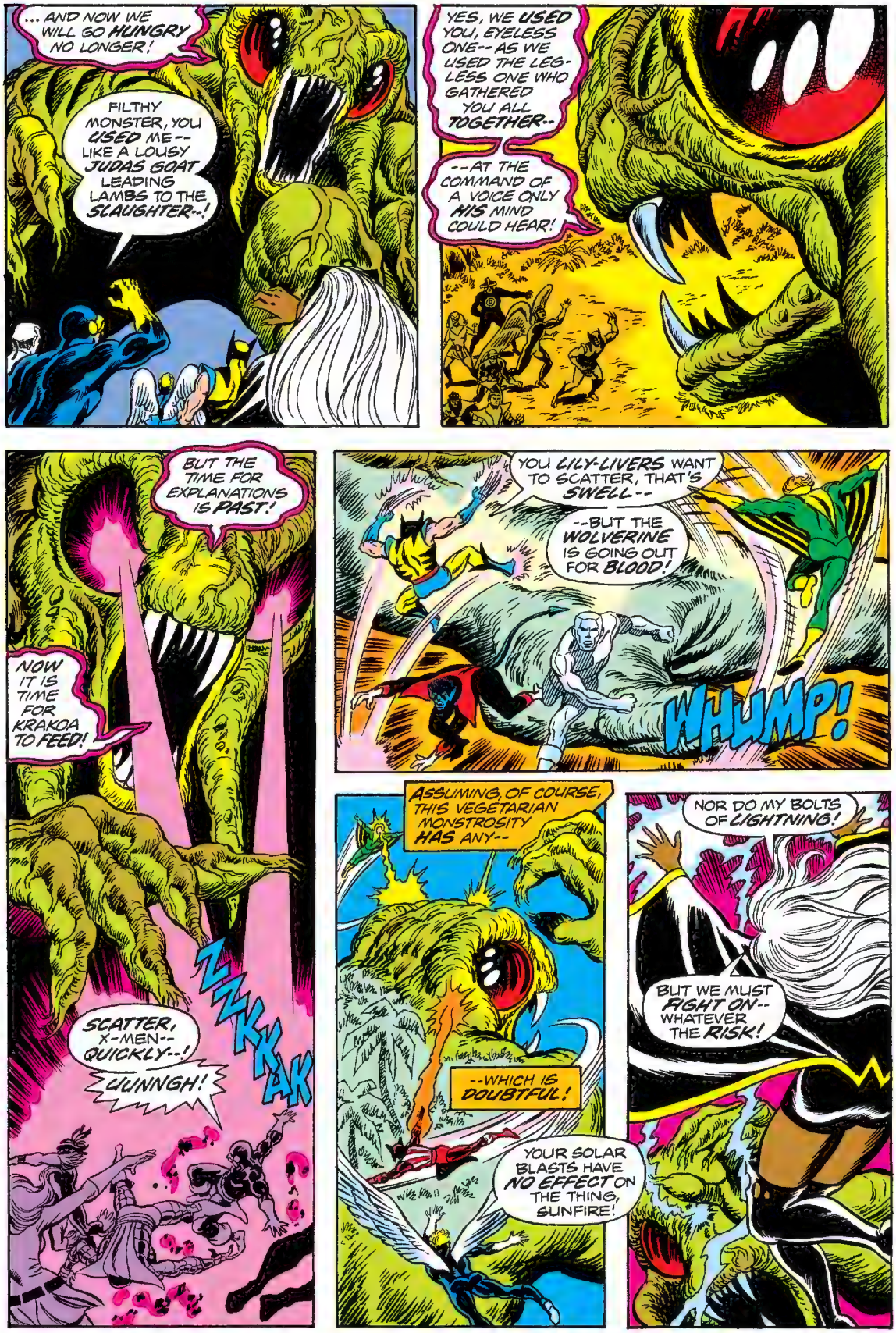

AND EVEN AS THE ARCANE TEMPLE TOPPLES INTO RUIN BEHIND THEM...
HEY-- THEY'RE COMING AROUND! MUST NOT HAVE BEEN AS BAD AS..
WHY, CYCLOPS? WHY DID YOU COME BACK FOR US?
HUH?

"--BUT THE MUTANT IS THE ISLAND ITSELF!"
KKRRAWWRR

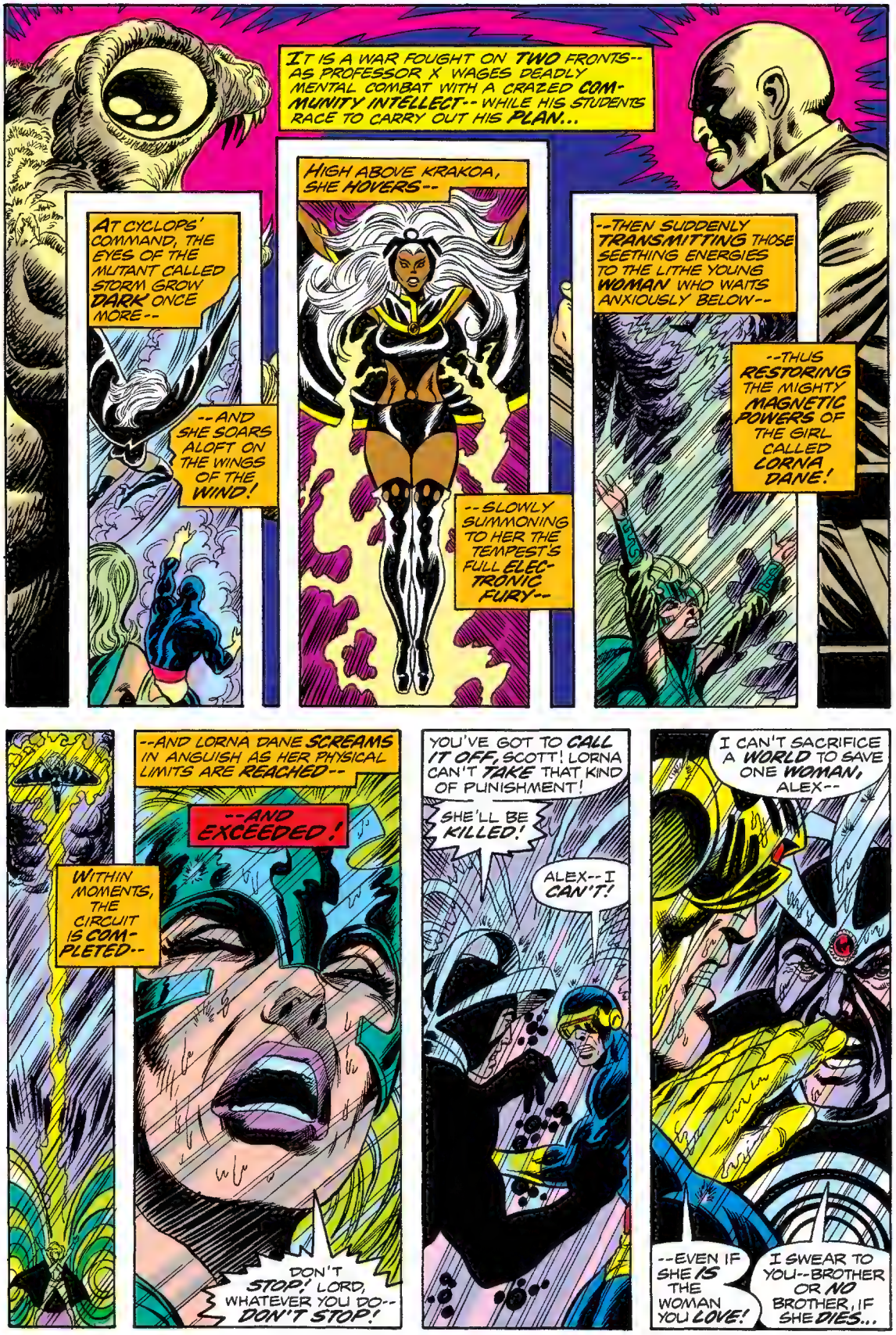
YOU FOOL-- DON'T YOU UNDER-STAND?
IT WANTED YOU TO COME BACK--AND BRING OTHERS WITH YOU! IT WAS ALL A TRAP-- AND NOW IT'S--
--TOO LATE!


THE GROUND-- REARING UP AROUND THE FALLEN TEMPLE--!?!
OF COURSE! HAVEN'T YOU REALIZED YET?
WE CAME TO THIS ISLAND TO LOOK FOR A MUTANT..

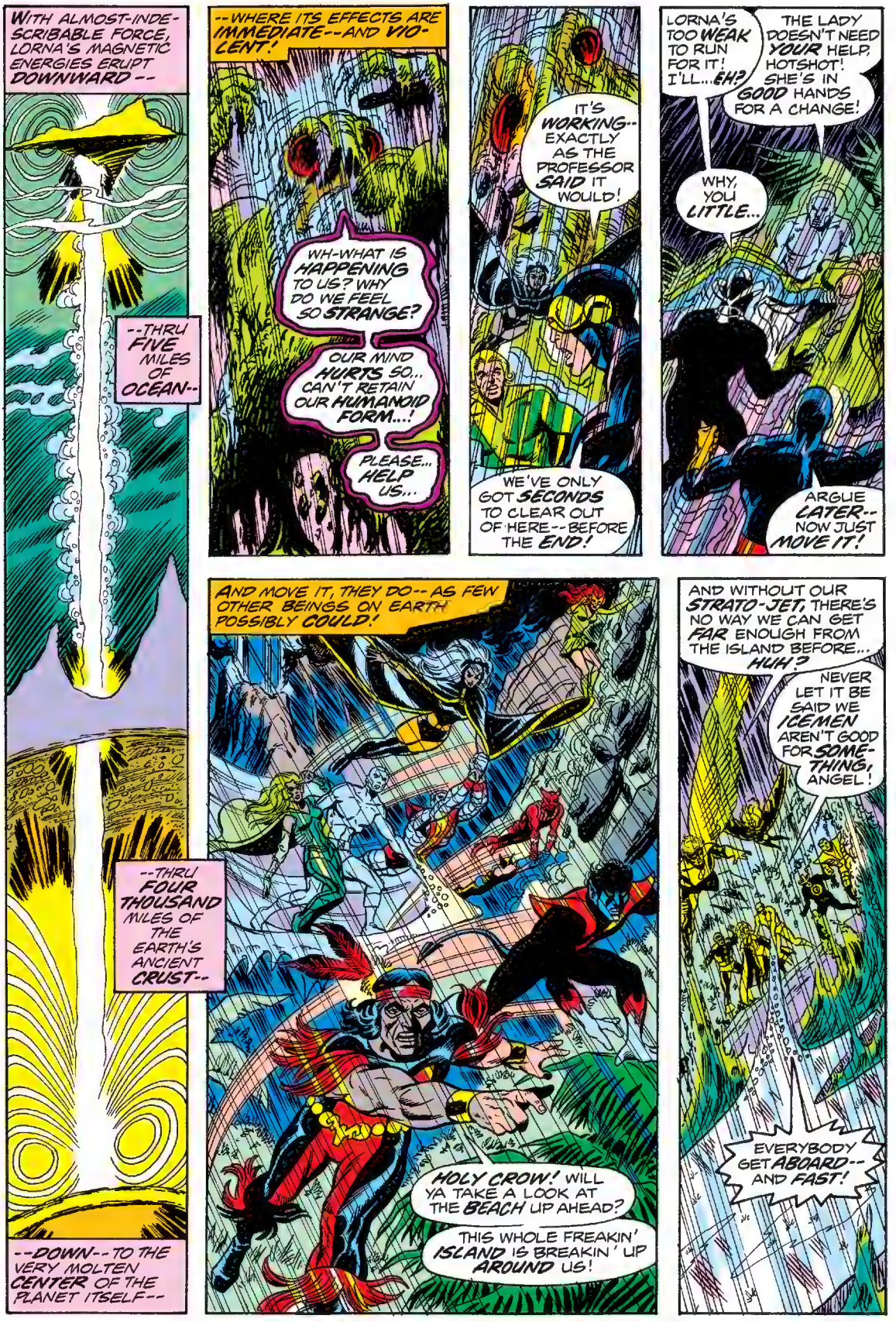

IMAGES FLOOD MUTANT MINDS AS THEY STAND ROOTED TO THE SPOT...
...THE SUN-BURST BRILLIANCE OF AN EARLY ATOMIC TEST...
...WHOSE UNSEEN RADIATION PERMEATED EVERY LIVING ORGANISM HERE...
...UNTIL THEY GREW LINKED IN A COLONY INTELLIGENCE THAT GAVE THE ISLAND A LIFE OF ITS OWN...
CHAPTER IV
KRAKOA... THE ISLAND THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN!
BUT KRAKOA GREW HUNGRY THEN...
...A HUNGER BARELY APPEASED WHEN THE X-MEN ARRIVED UPON THE SCENE...
KRAKOA FED UPON THEIR MUTANT ENERGIES AND GREW HUNGRIER STILL...
...THUS IT RELEASED ONE X-MAN AND SENT HIM FORTH TO FIND MORE FOOD...
...WHICH CYCLOPS DID!

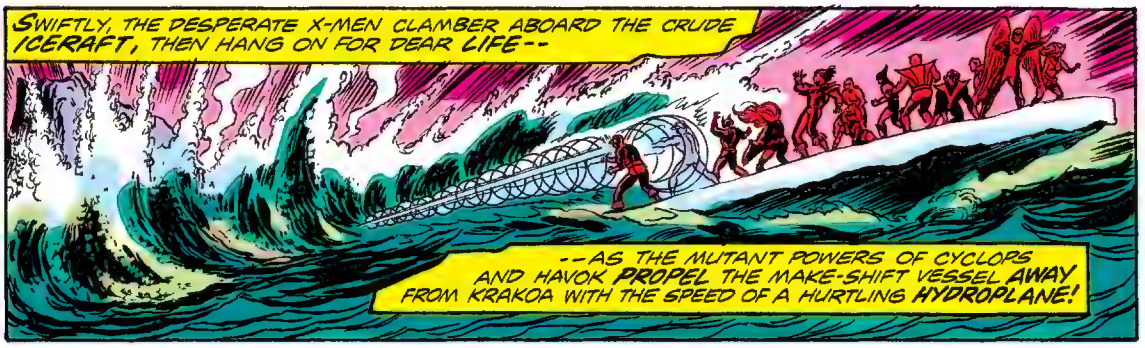

... AND NOW WE WILL GO HUNGRY NO LONGER!
FILTHY MONSTER, YOU USED ME-- LIKE A LOUSY JUDAS GOAT LEADING LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER--!
YES, WE USED YOU, EYELESS ONE-- AS WE USED THE LEGLESS ONE WHO GATHERED YOU ALL TOGETHER--
--AT THE COMMAND OF A VOICE ONLY HIS MIND COULD HEAR!
BUT THE TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS IS PAST!
NOW IT IS TIME FOR KRAKOA TO FEED!
SCATTER, X-MEN-- QUICKLY--!
UUNNGH!
ZZKKAK
YOU LILY-LIVERS WANT TO SCATTER, THAT'S SWELL--
--BUT THE WOLVERINE IS GOING OUT FOR BLOOD!
WHUMP!
ASSUMING, OF COURSE, THIS VEGETARIAN MONSTROSITY HAS ANY--
--WHICH IS DOUBTFUL!
YOUR SOLAR BLASTS HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE THING, SUNFIRE!
NOR DO MY BOLTS OF LIGHTNING!
BUT WE MUST FIGHT ON-- WHATEVER THE RISK!

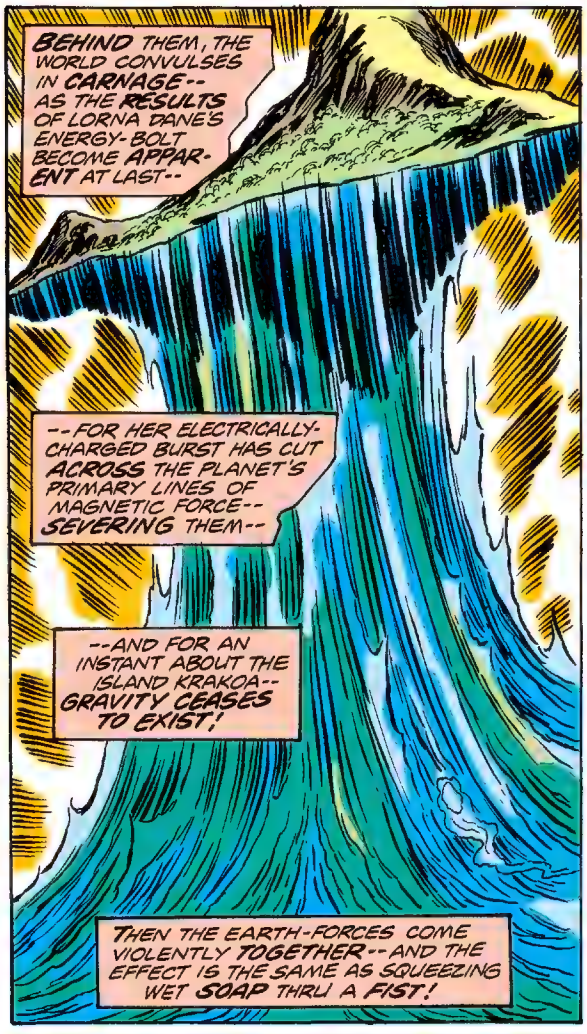
MERE WORDS COULD NEVER BEGIN TO DESCRIBE THE SHEER UNBRIDLED SAVAGERY OF THE BATTLE THAT FOLLOWS--
--SO WE WON'T EVEN ATTEMPT IT HERE!
SUFFICE IT TO SAY THAT THE CONFLICT GOES WILDLY ON UNTIL...
SCOTT--STOP! YOU'RE GOING ABOUT THIS ALL WRONG!
HUH? PRO-FESSOR--!?!
I'VE BEEN MENTALLY MONITORING YOUR BATTLE THUS FAR--
--STUDYING THIS LIVING ISLAND--
--AND I BELIEVE I'VE DISCOVERED IT'S SOLE WEAK POINT!
NOW THIS IS MY PLAN...
IN AN INSTANT, PRO-FESSOR CHARLES XAVIER'S MENTAL COM-MANDS ARE PROJECTED HALFWAY AROUND A WORLD--
--THEN HE CLOSES HIS EYES--STEELS HIMSELF FOR THE COMING ORDEAL--
--CONCENTRATES--
--AND THE BATTLE IS JOINED!
KKKAMMMRR

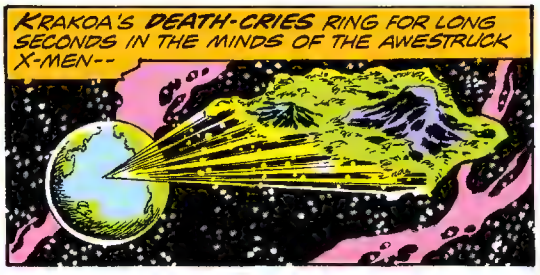

IT IS A WAR FOUGHT ON TWO FRONTS-- AS PROFESSOR X WAGES DEADLY MENTAL COMBAT WITH A CRAZED COMMUNITY INTELLECT-- WHILE HIS STUDENTS RACE TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN...
HIGH ABOVE KRAKOA, SHE HOVERS--
AT CYCLOPS' COMMAND, THE EYES OF THE MUTANT CALLED STORM GROW DARK ONCE MORE--
--AND SHE SOARS ALOFT ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND!
--SLOWLY SUMMONING TO HER THE TEMPEST'S FULL ELECTRONIC FURY--
--THEN SUDDENLY TRANSMITTING THOSE SEETHING ENERGIES TO THE LITHE YOUNG WOMAN WHO WAITS ANXIOUSLY BELOW--
--THUS RESTORING THE MIGHTY MAGNETIC POWERS OF THE GIRL CALLED LORNA DANE!
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE CIRCUIT IS COMPLETED--
--AND LORNA DANE SCREAMS IN ANGUISH AS HER PHYSICAL LIMITS ARE REACHED--
--AND EXCEEDED!
DON'T STOP! LORD, WHATEVER YOU DO-- DON'T STOP!
YOU'VE GOT TO CALL IT OFF, SCOTT! LORNA CAN'T TAKE THAT KIND OF PUNISHMENT!
SHE'LL BE KILLED!
ALEX--I CAN'T!
I CAN'T SACRIFICE A WORLD TO SAVE ONE WOMAN, ALEX--
--EVEN IF SHE IS THE WOMAN YOU LOVE!
I SWEAR TO YOU--BROTHER OR NO BROTHER, IF SHE DIES...

THE REMAINDER OF HAVOK'S ANGRY OUTBURST IS SLAIN BY THE CRACKLING ROAR OF THE THUNDROUS DOWN-POUR--
--EVEN AS THE TORRENTIAL WATERS LEND LIFE TO SOMETHING ELSE!
WRAAR
KR
BEGORRAH! THE BLINKIN' BEASTIE'S GETTIN' STRONGER NOW!
BUT HOW--?
CYCLOPS, THE ISLAND'S MIND HAS SUDDENLY GROWN MORE FORCEFUL!
I--I CAN'T MAINTAIN MY ASSAULT ANY LONGER--!
FORGIVE ME, SCOTT...
...BUT I FEAR... YOU'RE... ON... YOUR... OWN...
FOOLS! YOU BROUGHT RAIN FROM THE SKY TO DESTROY US--
--BUT IT SERVES ONLY TO REPLENISH US--
--AND GIVE US STRENGTH TO DESTROY YOU!
BUT AS BEFORE, THE X-MEN ARGUE THAT POINT--
--QUITE STRONGLY!
WE CAN'T HOLD THAT THING OFF FOREVER, SCOTT! IF THE PROFESSOR'S PLAN DOESN'T WORK...
WE'LL KNOW IF IT WORKS SOON ENOUGH, JEAN! GET EVERYBODY BACK!
WE'RE READY TO BEGIN!
WITH THAT, A SOLEMN SCOTT SUMMERS TURNS--TO FIND THAT THE FIGURE OF LORNA DANE HAS BECOME LOST WITHIN A CORUSCATING INCANDESCENT TOWER OF SHEER MAGNETIC FORCE.
HIS MUTANT EYES NARROW-- AND A SINGLE WORD FORMS UPON HIS LIPS:
NOW!


WITH ALMOST-INDESCRIBABLE FORCE, LORNA'S MAGNETIC ENERGIES ERUPT DOWNWARD--
--THRU FIVE MILES OF OCEAN--
--THRU FOUR THOUSAND MILES OF THE EARTH'S ANCIENT CRUST--
--DOWN--TO THE VERY MOLTEN CENTER OF THE PLANET ITSELF--
--WHERE ITS EFFECTS ARE IMMEDIATE--AND VIOLENT!
WH-WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US? WHY DO WE FEEL SO STRANGE?
OUR MIND HURTS SO... CAN'T RETAIN OUR HUMANOID FORM...!
PLEASE... HELP US...
IT'S WORKING--EXACTLY AS THE PROFESSOR SAID IT WOULD!
WE'VE ONLY GOT SECONDS TO CLEAR OUT OF HERE--BEFORE THE END!
LORNA'S TOO WEAK TO RUN FOR IT! I'LL...
EH?
THE LADY DOESN'T NEED YOUR HELP, HOTSHOT! SHE'S IN GOOD HANDS FOR A CHANGE!
WHY, YOU LITTLE...
ARGUE LATER--NOW JUST MOVE IT!
AND MOVE IT, THEY DO--AS FEW OTHER BEINGS ON EARTH POSSIBLY COULD!
HOLY CROW! WILL YA TAKE A LOOK AT THE BEACH UP AHEAD?
THIS WHOLE FREAKIN' ISLAND IS BREAKIN' UP AROUND US!
AND WITHOUT OUR STRATO-JET, THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET FAR ENOUGH FROM THE ISLAND BEFORE... HUH?
NEVER LET IT BE SAID WE ICEMEN AREN'T GOOD FOR SOMETHING, ANGEL!
EVERYBODY GET ABOARD--AND FAST!

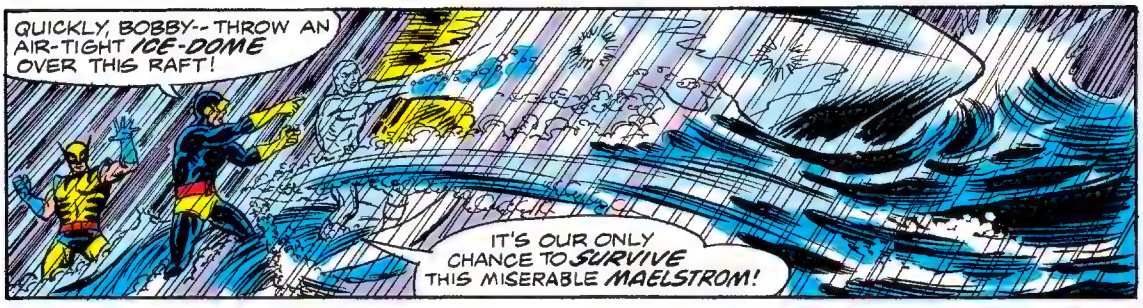

SWIFTLY, THE DESPERATE X-MEN CLAMBER ABOARD THE CRUDE ICERAFT, THEN HANG ON FOR DEAR LIFE--
--AS THE MUTANT POWERS OF CYCLOPS AND HAVOK PROPEL THE MAKE-SHIFT VESSEL AWAY FROM KRAKOA WITH THE SPEED OF A HURTLING HYDROPLANE!

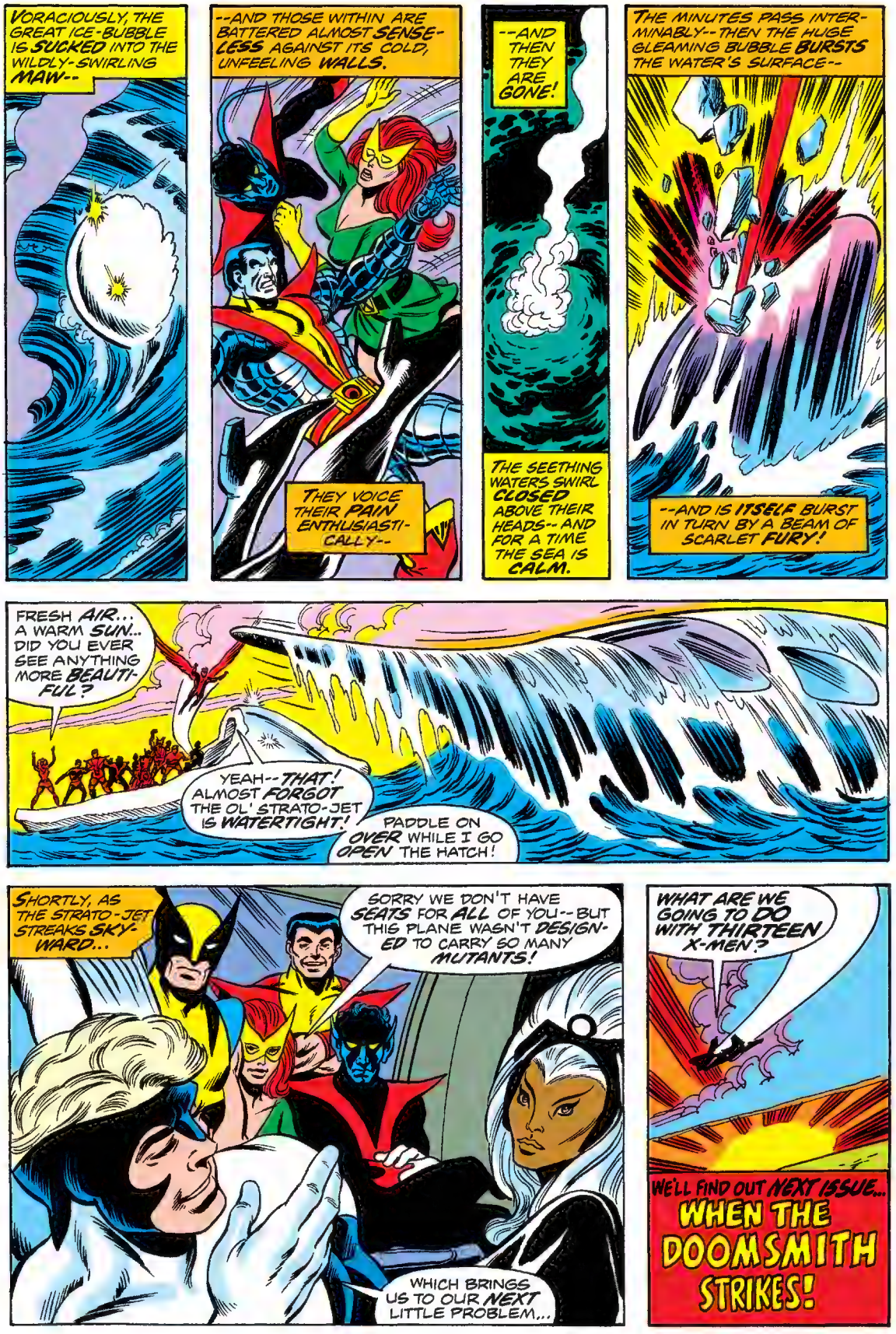

BEHIND THEM, THE WORLD CONVULSES IN CARNAGE-- AS THE RESULTS OF LORNA DANE'S ENERGY-BOLT BECOME APPARENT AT LAST--
--FOR HER ELECTRICALLY-CHARGED BURST HAS CUT ACROSS THE PLANET'S PRIMARY LINES OF MAGNETIC FORCE-- SEVERING THEM--
--AND FOR AN INSTANT ABOUT THE ISLAND KRAKOA-- GRAVITY CEASES TO EXIST!
THEN THE EARTH-FORCES COME VIOLENTLY TOGETHER--AND THE EFFECT IS THE SAME AS SQUEEZING WET SOAP THRU A FIST!


KRAKOA'S DEATH-CRIES RING FOR LONG SECONDS IN THE MINDS OF THE AWESTRUCK X-MEN--

--THEN A NEW, MORE FRIGHTENING REALITY INTRUDES UPON THE SCENE...
BRACE YOURSELVES, EVERYONE-- THERE'S TROUBLE AHEAD!

"THE OCEAN IS RUSHING TO FILL IN THE SPACE KRAKOA JUST VACATED..
"--AND WE'RE CAUGHT IN THE WHIRLPOOL!"


QUICKLY, BOBBY--THROW AN AIR-TIGHT ICE-DOME OVER THIS RAFT!
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO SURVIVE THIS MISERABLE MAELSTROM!


VORACIOUSLY, THE GREAT ICE-BUBBLE IS SUCKED INTO THE WILDLY-SWIRLING MAW--
--AND THOSE WITHIN ARE BATTERED ALMOST SENSELESS AGAINST ITS COLD, UNFEELING WALLS.
THEY VOICE THEIR PAIN ENTHUSIASTICALLY--
--AND THEN THEY ARE GONE!
THE SEETHING WATERS SWIRL CLOSED ABOVE THEIR HEADS-- AND FOR A TIME THE SEA IS CALM.
THE MINUTES PASS INTERMINABLY-- THEN THE HUGE GLEAMING BUBBLE BURSTS THE WATER'S SURFACE--
--AND IS ITSELF BURST IN TURN BY A BEAM OF SCARLET FURY!
FRESH AIR... A WARM SUN... DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL?
YEAH-- THAT! ALMOST FORGOT THE OL' STRATO-JET IS WATERTIGHT!
PADDLE ON OVER WHILE I GO OPEN THE HATCH!
SHORTLY, AS THE STRATO-JET STREAKS SKYWARD..
SORRY WE DON'T HAVE SEATS FOR ALL OF YOU-- BUT THIS PLANE WASN'T DESIGNED TO CARRY SO MANY MUTANTS!
WHICH BRINGS US TO OUR NEXT LITTLE PROBLEM...
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH THIRTEEN X-MEN?
WE'LL FIND OUT NEXT ISSUE...
WHEN THE DOOMSMITH STRIKES!

X-MEN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
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AUG
02461
THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT
X-MEN
DEATH!
X-MEN, YOU CAME SEEKING COUNT NEFARIA!! INSTEAD YOU HAVE FOUND ONLY--
GK: DEC

Stan Lee PRESENTS: X-MEN! THE MOST UNUSUAL FIGHTING TEAM OF ALL TIME! ™

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LEN WEIN, PLOTTER-EDITOR

DAVE COCKRUM
ARTIST

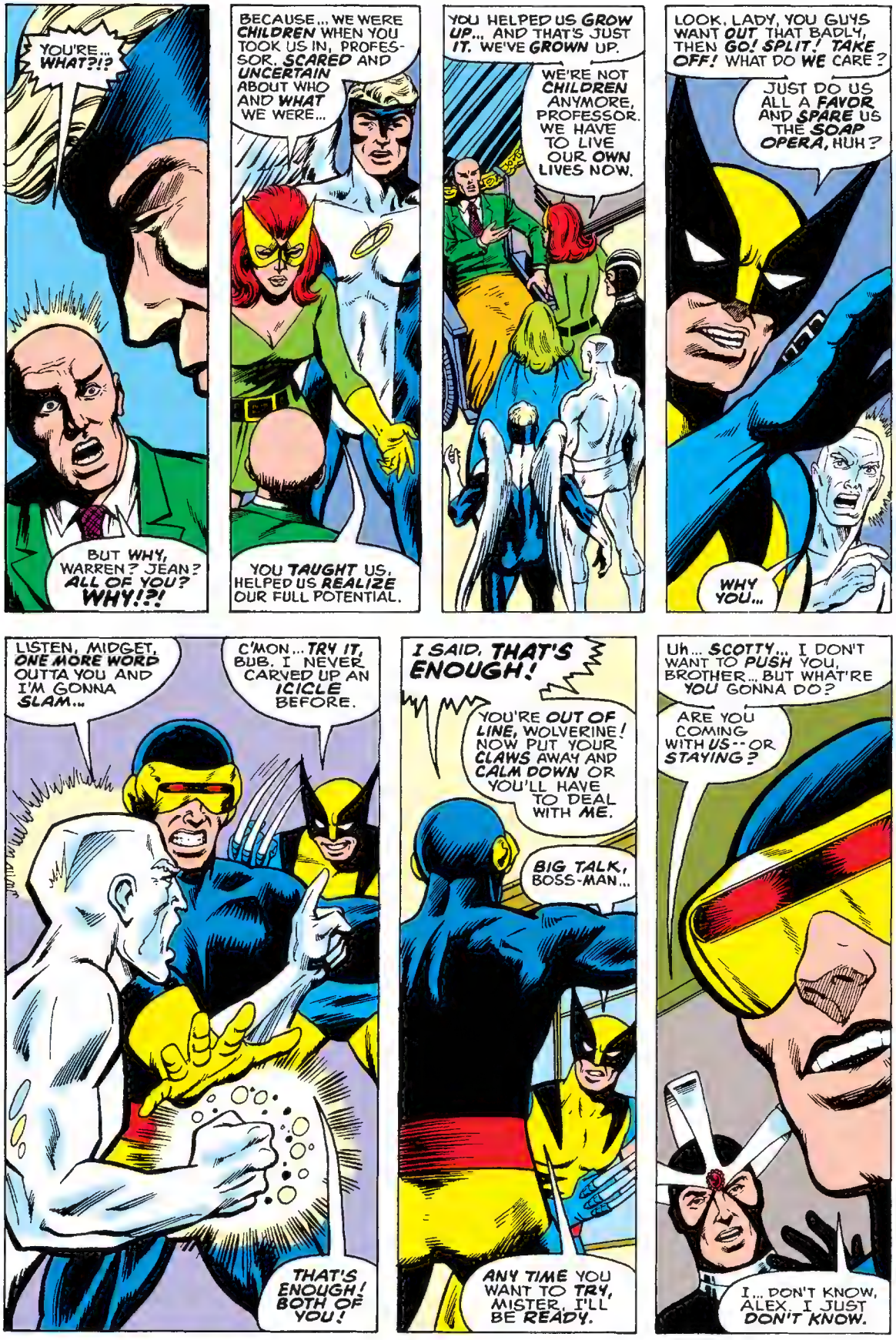
BOB McCLEOD
INKER

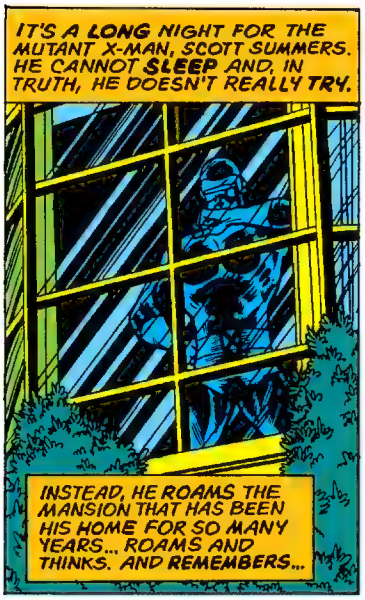
PHIL RACHELSON, COLORIST
TOM ORZECHOWSKI, LETTERER

THE DOOMSMITH SCENARIO!

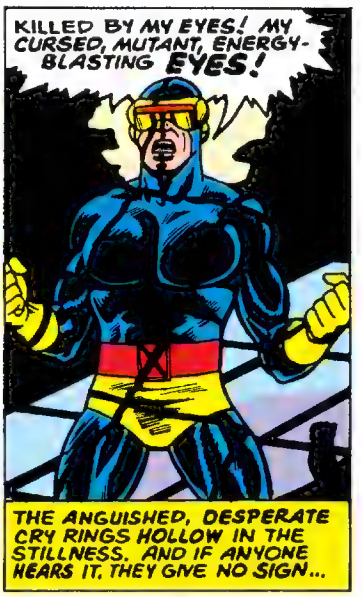
SUCH A LITTLE THING, REALLY--BUT SOMETIMES, THE LITTLEST THINGS CAN BE THE HARDEST THINGS TO BEAR.
I AM PROUD OF YOU, MY X-MEN, NEW AS WELL AS OLD...
...KRAKOA, THE LIVING ISLAND, WAS A FORMIDABLE FOE, BUT YOU ALL PERFORMED BRILLIANTLY AGAINST HIM.*
*GIANT X-MEN #1-AND-ONLY.--LEN.
"NOW, AS TO THE FUTURE..."
AS TO THE FUTURE, PROFESSOR, IT IS A FUTURE THAT DOES NOT INCLUDE SUNFIRE.
SHIRO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I THOUGHT YOU'D AGREED TO JOIN US...
I AGREED TO HELP YOU, PROFESSOR. ONCE!
AND ONCE WAS QUITE ENOUGH. MY DUTY IS TO MY COUNTRY AND MY EMPEROR.
I CARE NOTHING FOR THE WORLD YOU OFFER. I WANT NONE OF IT, NONE OF YOU, AND NONE OF YOUR X-MEN!
I SEE. DO ANY OF THE REST OF YOU ECHO SUNFIRE'S THOUGHTS? NIGHTCRAWLER? THUNDERBIRD?
COLOSSUS?
I... DO NOT KNOW, GOSPODIN XAVIER... I...
I SAY WE HAVE BEEN TOGETHER BARELY TWO DAYS, AND TWO DAYS ARE NOTHING.
I AM INTRIGUED BY THE PROFESSOR'S OFFER. I WILL STAY.
WHAT THE HEY? IT SURE BEATS SITTIN' ROUND ALPHA BASE WAITIN' FOR A GO CALL.
THEN SUNFIRE BIDS YOU FAREWELL, PROFESSOR; YOU AND YOUR PACK OF IDEALISTIC FOOLS.
... BUT HEAR ME, XAVIER...
...SHOULD YOU NEED THIS SAMURAI'S HELP AGAIN, DO NOT SEEK ME OUT AND DO NOT ASK...
... FOR SUNFIRE WILL REFUSE!

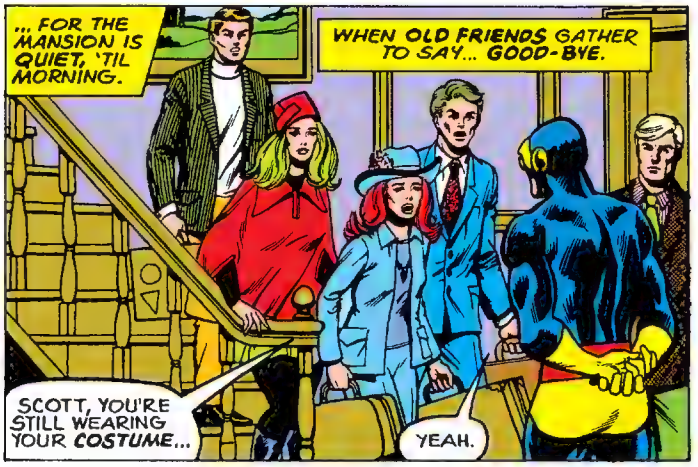
WHAT ABOUT YOU, BANSHEE? WILL YOU GO, OR WILL YOU STAY?
WELL, I WON'T LIE TO YE, PERFESSER. I LIKE IT HERE AN' THAT'S THE TRUTH.
BUT I WON'T LIE TO MESELF, EITHER. YOUR X-MEN ARE ALL YOUNG PEOPLE. STUDENTS. ME, I'M A BARELY LITERATE EX-COP, AN' LIKE IT OR NOT...
...THERE'S SOME GREY AMONG THE BANSHEE'S GOLDEN HAIR.
IT'S BEEN GRAND, BUT IT'S TIME I WAS MOVIN' ON.
RUBBISH! YOUR HAIR'S ABOUT AS GREY AS MINE. AND YOUR BRAIN'S A FRACTION KEENER.
HOWEVER, IF THESE 'YOUNG PEOPLE' ARE TOO MUCH OF A CHALLENGE FOR YOU...
NOW I DIDN'T SAY THAT, DID I? SINCE WHEN HAS THE BANSHEE EVER REFUSED A CHALLENGE? IT'S JUST...
BANSHEE, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO RUN ANYMORE. YOU'D BE WITH FRIENDS. YOU'D... BELONG.
AYE. THAT'S A POINT. IT'D BE... NICE... T' BELONG.
ALL RIGHT, PERFESSER, I'M SOLD. YE'VE GOT YERSELF A NEW X-MAN.
EXCELLENT, MY FRIEND.
AND NOW THAT THAT'S ALL SETTLED...
I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T... ALL SETTLED, PROFESSOR.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, WARREN?
I'M SORRY, PROFESSOR... THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO SAY THIS... ah, WE-- THE OLD X-MEN -- WE'RE...
...WE'RE LEAVING, SIR. PULLING OUT.


YOU'RE... WHAT?!?
BUT WHY, WARREN? JEAN? ALL OF YOU? WHY!?!
BECAUSE... WE WERE CHILDREN WHEN YOU TOOK US IN, PROFESSOR. SCARED AND UNCERTAIN ABOUT WHO AND WHAT WE WERE...
YOU TAUGHT US, HELPED US REALIZE OUR FULL POTENTIAL.
YOU HELPED US GROW UP... AND THAT'S JUST IT. WE'VE GROWN UP.
WE'RE NOT CHILDREN ANYMORE, PROFESSOR. WE HAVE TO LIVE OUR OWN LIVES NOW.
LOOK, LADY, YOU GUYS WANT OUT THAT BADLY, THEN GO! SPLIT! TAKE OFF! WHAT DO WE CARE?
JUST DO US ALL A FAVOR AND SPARE US THE SOAP OPERA, HUH?
WHY YOU...
LISTEN, MIDGET, ONE MORE WORD OUTTA YOU AND I'M GONNA SLAM...
C'MON... TRY IT, BUB. I NEVER CARVED UP AN ICICLE BEFORE.
THAT'S ENOUGH! BOTH OF YOU!
I SAID, THAT'S ENOUGH!
YOU'RE OUT OF LINE, WOLVERINE! NOW PUT YOUR CLAWS AWAY AND CALM DOWN OR YOU'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH ME.
BIG TALK, BOSS-MAN...
ANY TIME YOU WANT TO TRY, MISTER, I'LL BE READY.
Uh... SCOTTY... I DON'T WANT TO PUSH YOU, BROTHER... BUT WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?
ARE YOU COMING WITH US -- OR STAYING?
I... DON'T KNOW, ALEX. I JUST DON'T KNOW.

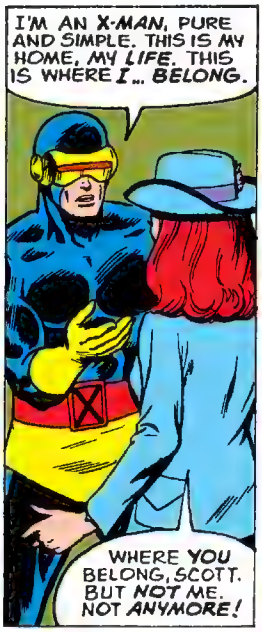

IT'S A LONG NIGHT FOR THE MUTANT X-MAN, SCOTT SUMMERS. HE CANNOT SLEEP AND, IN TRUTH, HE DOESN'T REALLY TRY.
INSTEAD, HE ROAMS THE MANSION THAT HAS BEEN HIS HOME FOR SO MANY YEARS... ROAMS AND THINKS. AND REMEMBERS...

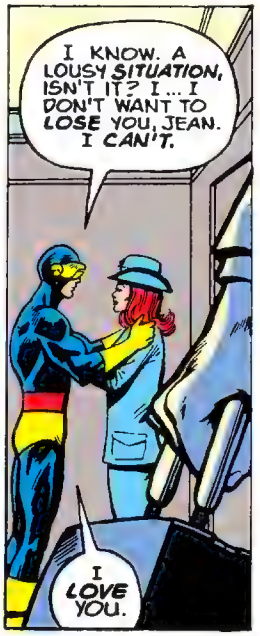
... AND CURSES.
FACE IT, SUMMERS. NO MATTER WHICH WAY YOU CUT IT, YOU'RE THE ONE X-MAN WHO CAN'T HIDE WHAT HE IS...
... AND WHO DARES NOT FORGET, BECAUSE IF HE DOES, SOMEONE MIGHT GET KILLED.

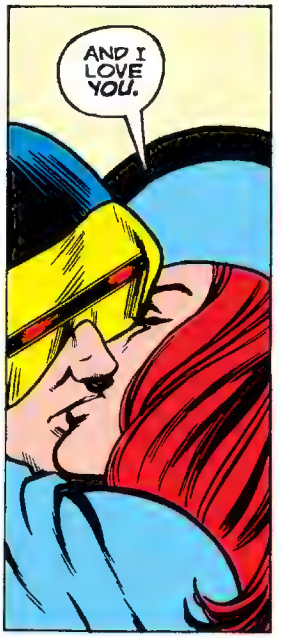

KILLED BY MY EYES! MY CURSED, MUTANT, ENERGY-BLASTING EYES!
THE ANGUISHED, DESPERATE CRY RINGS HOLLOW IN THE STILLNESS. AND IF ANYONE HEARS IT, THEY GIVE NO SIGN...

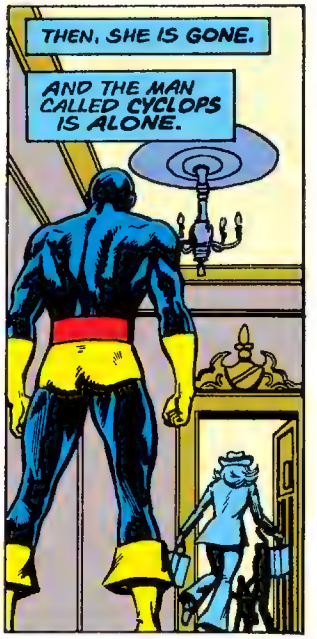

... FOR THE MANSION IS QUIET, 'TIL MORNING.
WHEN OLD FRIENDS GATHER TO SAY... GOOD-BYE.
SCOTT, YOU'RE STILL WEARING YOUR COSTUME...
YEAH.

JEAN, I'VE THOUGHT THIS OVER ALL NIGHT, AND... IVE DECIDED TO STAY.
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD... BUT... I'D HOPED...


I'M AN X-MAN, PURE AND SIMPLE. THIS IS MY HOME, MY LIFE. THIS IS WHERE I... BELONG.
WHERE YOU BELONG, SCOTT. BUT NOT ME. NOT ANYMORE!

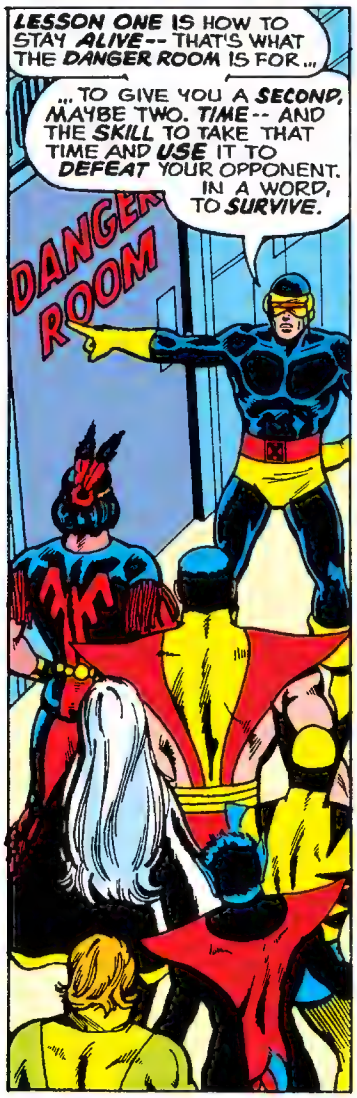

I KNOW. A LOUSY SITUATION, ISN'T IT? I... I DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU, JEAN. I CAN'T.
I LOVE YOU.

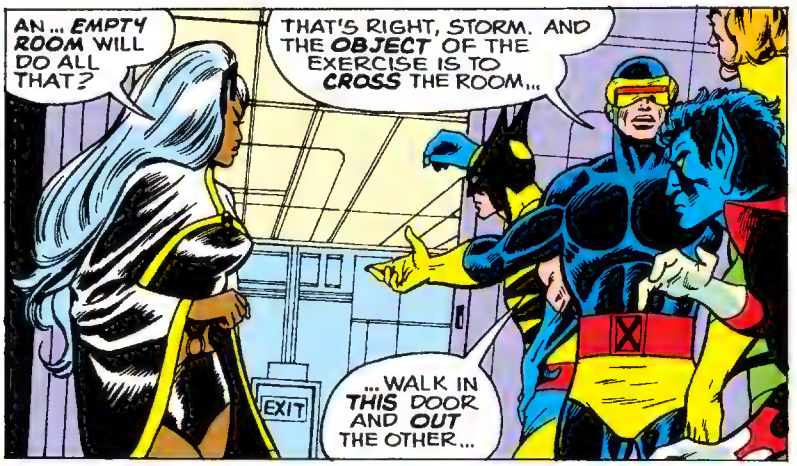

AND I LOVE YOU.


THEN, SHE IS GONE.
AND THE MAN CALLED CYCLOPS IS ALONE.

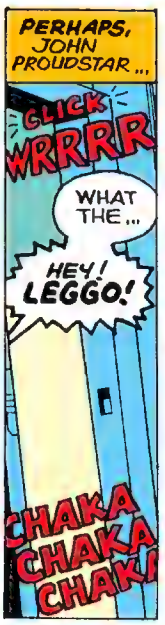
THE PARTING IS A QUICK ONE, BUT THE FAREWELLS ARE REAL AND HEARTFELT...
... FOR THESE PEOPLE HAVE FOUGHT TOGETHER -- FACED DEATH TOGETHER -- AND THAT HAS FORGED A SPECIAL BOND BETWEEN THEM...
... A BOND THAT MAKES THEM COMRADES. AND, IN A WAY, FRIENDS.

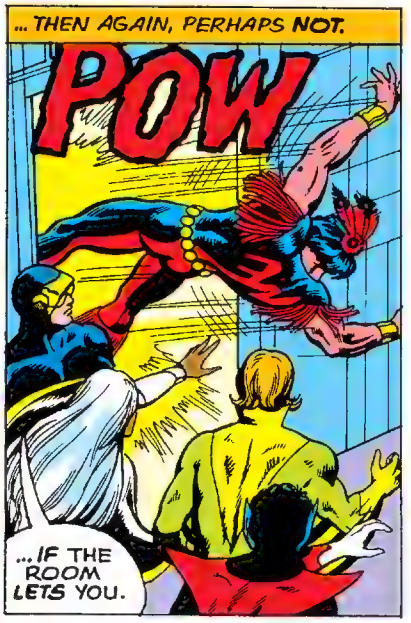
ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE! THE SHOW'S OVER AND IT'S TIME PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS WAS A GOING CONCERN AGAIN...
...TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT BEING AN X-MAN IS ALL ABOUT.


LESSON ONE IS HOW TO STAY ALIVE -- THAT'S WHAT THE DANGER ROOM IS FOR...
...TO GIVE YOU A SECOND, MAYBE TWO. TIME -- AND THE SKILL TO TAKE THAT TIME AND USE IT TO DEFEAT YOUR OPPONENT. IN A WORD, TO SURVIVE.
DANGER ROOM


AN... EMPTY ROOM WILL DO ALL THAT?
THAT'S RIGHT, STORM. AND THE OBJECT OF THE EXERCISE IS TO CROSS THE ROOM...
EXIT
...WALK IN THIS DOOR AND OUT THE OTHER...

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN', ONE-EYE. AN' I'M GONNA CALL YA.
SEE YA AT THE EXIT, TROOPS.

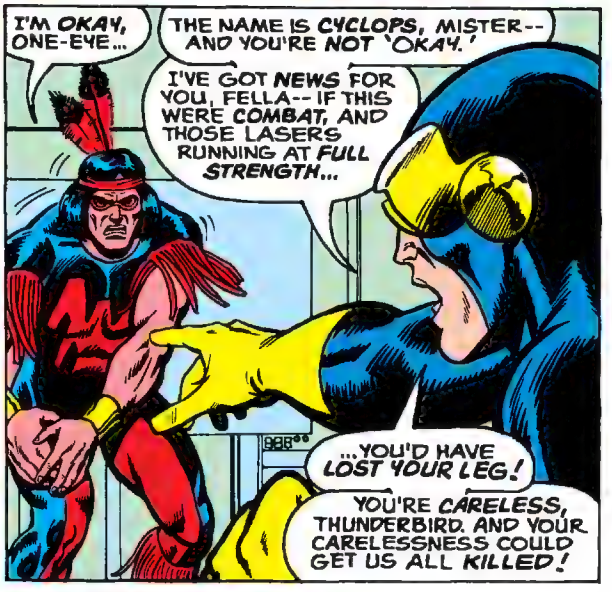

PERHAPS, JOHN PROUDSTAR...
CLICK
WRRRR
WHAT THE...
HEY! LEGGO!
CHAKA CHAKA CHAK!


...THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS NOT.
POW
...IF THE ROOM LETS YOU.

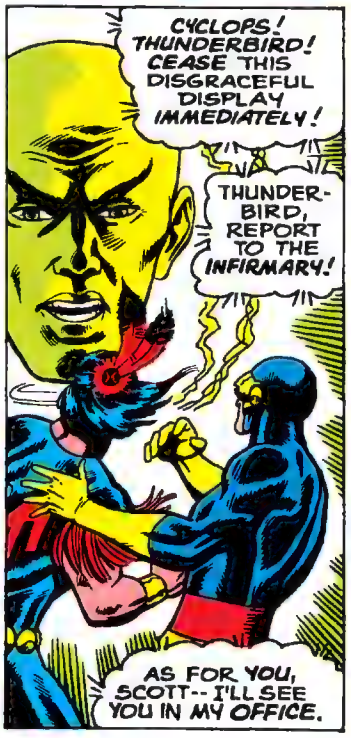
AND SO, IT BEGINS. THE DAYS--THE WEEKS--OF TRAINING, SIX HOURS A DAY, FIVE DAYS A WEEK. WEEK IN, WEEK OUT...
... UNTIL THE HALLS OF THIS OLD, VENERABLE WESTCHESTER MANSION SEEM TO ECHO AND RE-ECHO WITH THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE; UNTIL THESE NEOPHYTE X-MEN BEGIN TO WONDER IF THERE EVER WAS A TIME WHEN THEY WEREN'T FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES.
AND WHEN THEY FALTER, GIVE IN A LITTLE, GIVE UP, A VOICE SNAPS THEM BACK INTO LINE. A HARSH VOICE, ANGRY, BITING, MERCILESS.
THE VOICE OF THE MAN NAMED CYCLOPS, WHO DRIVES THE X-MEN HARD AND HIMSELF HARDER.
WHO TAKES SIX PROUD, UNIQUE INDIVIDUALS. SIX LONERS. SIX OUTCASTS...
...AND FORGES THEM INTO A TEAM.

BUT EVEN THE X-MEN, AFTER ALL, ARE ONLY... HUMAN. PUSHED TO THE LIMIT, PUSHED BEYOND, EXHAUSTION BEGINS TO TAKE ITS TOLL ON TEACHER AND STUDENTS BOTH.
AND PEOPLE BEGIN TO MAKE MISTAKES.
THUNDERBIRD, LOOK OUT! THE LASERS-- YOU'RE CUTTING IT TOO CLOSE--!
AAIRRRGH!!

TAKE IT EASY, LAD -- THAT'S A NASTY BURN ON YER LEG. I'LL HELP YE UP.
BACK OFF, SHAMROCK! I DON'T NEED ANY HELP.
NOT FROM YOU-- NOT FROM ANYBODY!


I'M OKAY, ONE-EYE...
THE NAME IS CYCLOPS, MISTER-- AND YOU'RE NOT 'OKAY.'
I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, FELLA-- IF THIS WERE COMBAT, AND THOSE LASERS RUNNING AT FULL STRENGTH...
...YOU'D HAVE LOST YOUR LEG!
YOU'RE CARELESS, THUNDERBIRD. AND YOUR CARELESSNESS COULD GET US ALL KILLED!

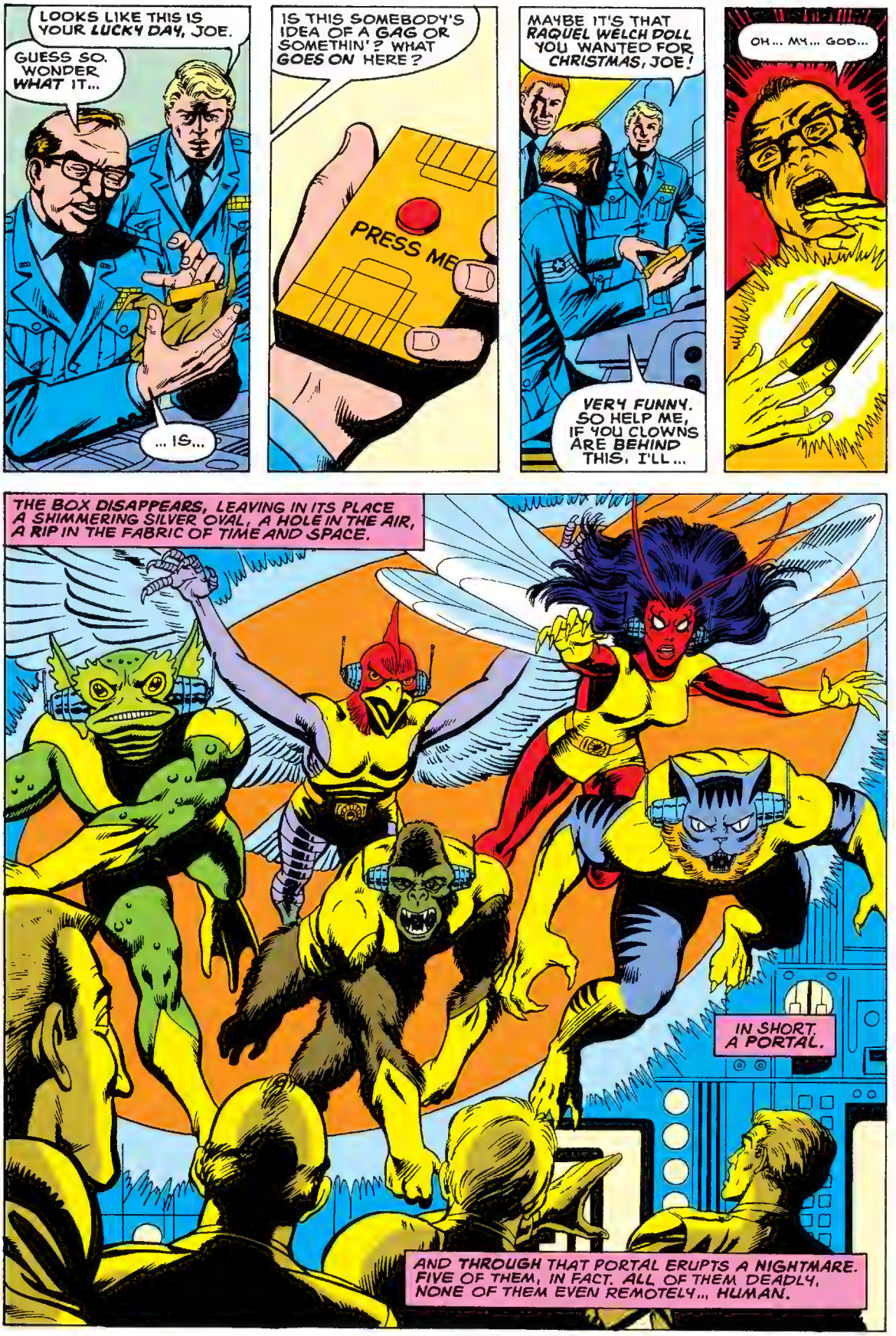
MAN, YOU BEEN RIDIN' ME SINCE THE DAY I GOT HERE-- AND I HAVE HAD IT!
YOU LAY OFF ME, ONE-EYE, AND YOU DO IT NOW-- OR SO HELP ME--
-- I'LL REARRANGE YOUR FACE!!


CYCLOPS! THUNDERBIRD! CEASE THIS DISGRACEFUL DISPLAY IMMEDIATELY!
THUNDER-BIRD, REPORT TO THE INFIRMARY!
AS FOR YOU, SCOTT-- I'LL SEE YOU IN MY OFFICE.

WAY TO GO, HOTSHOT. LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BLOWN ANOTHER CHANCE FOR YOURSELF. MAYBE THE LAST ONE...
WHAT'S A MATTER, LADY? IT BOTHER YOU TO WORK WITH A LOSER?
I SEE NO 'LOSER', JOHN PROUDSTAR. IN THIS ROOM, I SEE ONLY A MAN.

CHAPTER TWO:

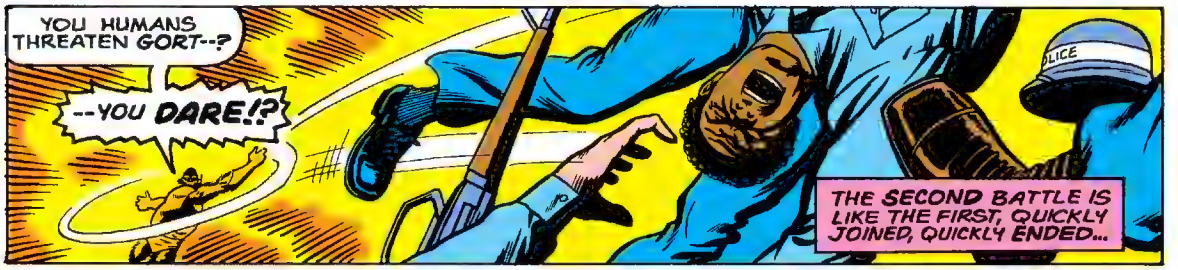
DEATH O'ER VALHALLA HIGH!


LOOKS LIKE THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, JOE.
GUESS SO. WONDER WHAT IT...
... IS...
IS THIS SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A GAG OR SOMETHIN'? WHAT GOES ON HERE?
PRESS ME
MAYBE IT'S THAT RAQUEL WELCH DOLL YOU WANTED FOR CHRISTMAS, JOE!
VERY FUNNY. SO HELP ME, IF YOU CLOWNS ARE BEHIND THIS, I'LL...
OH... MY... GOD...
THE BOX DISAPPEARS, LEAVING IN ITS PLACE A SHIMMERING SILVER OVAL, A HOLE IN THE AIR, A RIP IN THE FABRIC OF TIME AND SPACE.
IN SHORT, A PORTAL.
AND THROUGH THAT PORTAL ERUPTS A NIGHTMARE. FIVE OF THEM, IN FACT. ALL OF THEM DEADLY, NONE OF THEM EVEN REMOTELY... HUMAN.

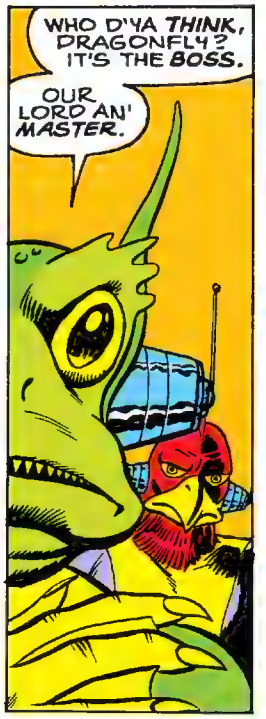
THE BATTLE IS QUICKLY JOINED...
...THE STUNNED, UNARMED HUMANS AS QUICKLY ROUTED.
INTRUDER ALERT IN THE WAR ROOM! GET EVERY AVAILABLE MAN DOWN HERE--AND FOR GOD'S SAKE HURRY!!

IN MINUTES, THE VAST COMPLEX IS MOBILIZED, TROOPS ON THE MOVE...
AIR POLICE
HAUL IT, YOU MEN! THIS ISN'T A DRILL--HAUL IT!

IF IT WERE ONLY THAT EASY.
OKAY, FREAKS, THE PARTY'S OVER--
ONE WRONG MOVE 'AN YOU'RE DEAD!


YOU HUMANS THREATEN GORT--?
--YOU DARE!?
THE SECOND BATTLE IS LIKE THE FIRST, QUICKLY JOINED, QUICKLY ENDED...

...AND THE VICTORS ARE THE SAME.
I HAD EXPECTED VICTORY, TRUE, BUT NOT SO GREAT A ROUT AS THIS. I AM PROUD OF YOU.
WELL DONE, MY ANI-MEN. WELL DONE!
WHAT? WHO SSSPEAKSSS?

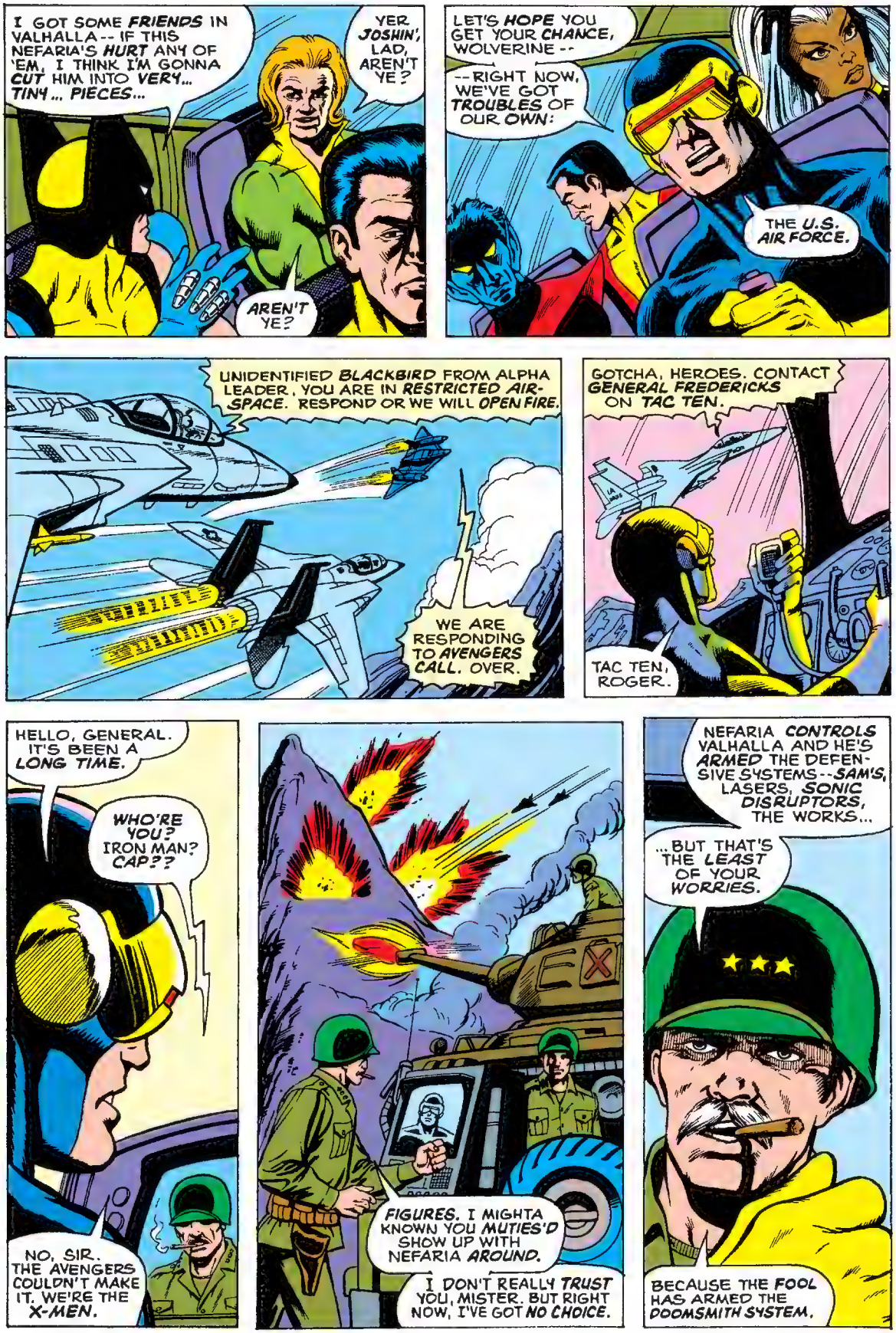

WHO D'YA THINK, DRAGONFLY? IT'S THE BOSS.
OUR LORD AN' MASTER.

QUITE TRUE, MY DEAR CROAKER; COUNT NEFARIA IS YOUR LORD AND MASTER.
YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT...
...IF YOU HARBOR ANY HOPES OF EVER BECOMING HUMAN AGAIN.

BUT NO MORE OF THAT-- NEFARIA'S PLAN GOES ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE AND ALL IS WELL.
THE WAR ROOM IS OURS.
FOR HOW LONG, BOSS? THERE'S A WHOLE ARMY MANNIN' THIS PLACE...
... HOW'RE THE FIVE OF US SUPPOSED TO HOLD 'EM OFF?
I DO NOT EXPECT YOU TO.
BY PRESSING THIS BUTTON AND FLOODING THE MOUNTAIN WITH ANESTHETIC GAS...
"... I HAVE NEUTRALIZED THIS ARMY YOU SEEM TO FEAR SO MUCH.
IN ALL VALHALLA BASE, MY CHILDREN, WE SIX ARE THE ONLY ONES STILL CONSCIOUS. AND, ONCE AGAIN, COUNT NEFARIA IS TRIUMPHANT...
...THIS TIME TO HOLD THE FATE OF A WORLD IN HIS HANDS.
"THESE FOOLS THOUGHT ME DEFEATED, DESTROYED, WHEN MY ASSAULT ON WASHINGTON FAILED THOSE MANY MONTHS AGO...*
*WAY BACK IN X-MEN #22/23. --LONG-AGO LEN.
"... ALL THOUGHT WRONG. I ESCAPED FROM PRISON AND BEGAN PLANNING ANEW, CALLING IN OLD DEBTS AND USING MAGGIA SCIENCE TO CREATE STRONGER ALLIES... TO MAKE YOU LESS THAN HUMAN ... AND FAR, FAR MORE...
"... SO THAT THIS DAY WE RANSOM NOT A MERE CITY-- BUT A WORLD!!"

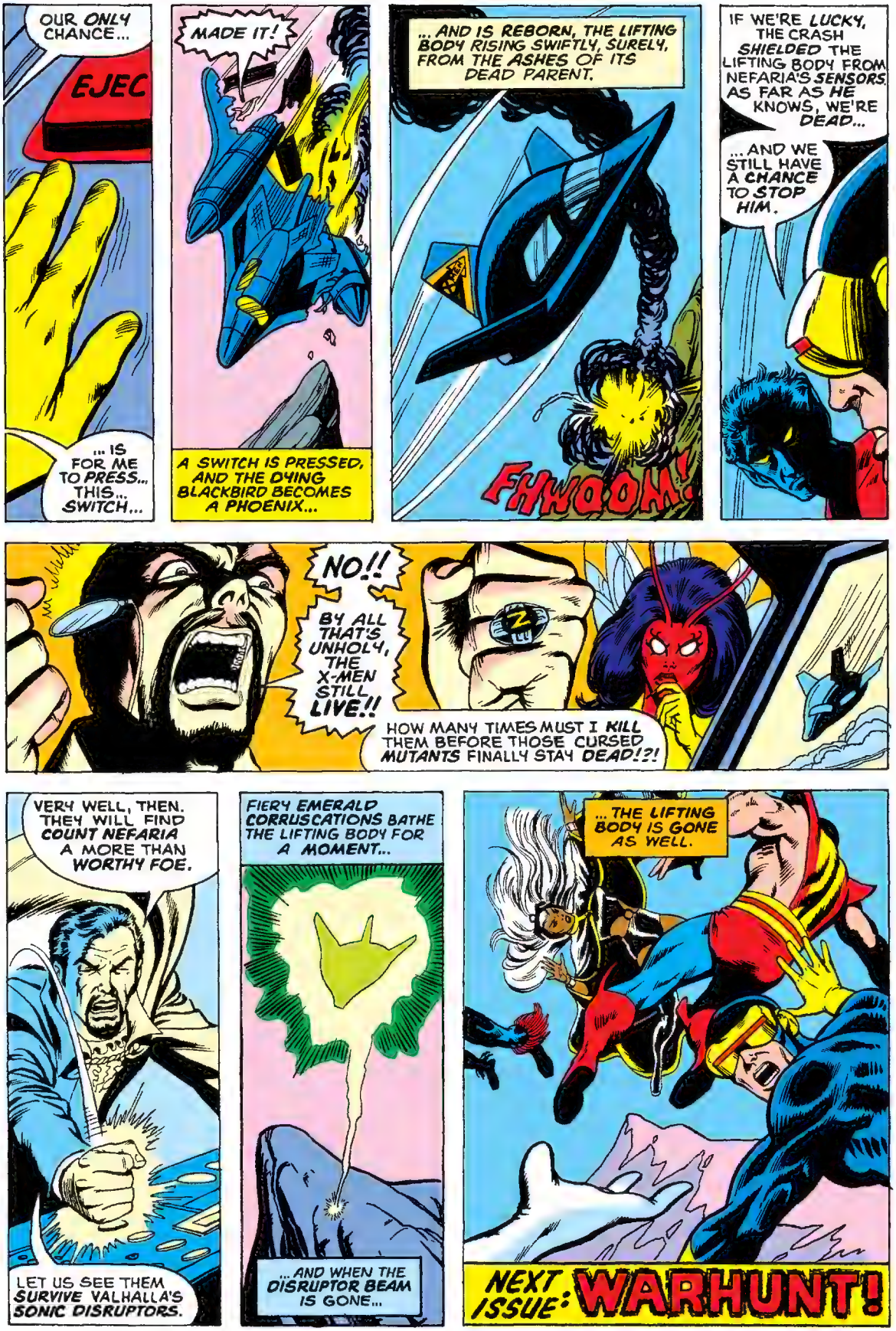
... AND NOW, MY CHILDREN, THE GAME BEGINS IN EARNEST.
GAMES. SOME LIKE 'EM; SOME DON'T. TAKE SCOTT SUMMERS, FOR INSTANCE...
... HE GAVE UP GAMES A LONG TIME AGO.
ON THE DAY HE BECAME LEADER OF THE X-MEN. AND IT'S COST HIM OVER THE YEARS...
... SO THAT, SOMETIMES, HE WONDERS IF THE JOB IS WORTH THE GRIEF. WONDERS...
EXCUSE ME. I DID NOT MEAN TO INTRUDE.
'S'OKAY. I WAS JUST THINKING. COME ON IN.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, KURT?
ACTUALLY, I WAS WONDERING IF THERE WAS ANYTHING I COULD DO FOR YOU. I MEAN-- THE ARGUMENT WITH THUNDER... WITH JOHN... IT UPSET YOU, NO?
SURE, IT UPSET ME.
WE WERE BOTH CARELESS, KURT. EXCEPT THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE AND THUNDERBIRD ENDED UP TAKING ALL THE LUMPS...
SCOTT! KURT! PLEASE REPORT TO THE BRIEFING ROOM...
...SOMETHING IMPORTANT HAS COME UP.
ON OUR WAY, PROFESSOR.
I THINK, MY FRIEND, THAT IF I REMAIN AN X-MAN TO MY DYING DAY, I WILL NEVER GET USED TO THAT...
WELCOME TO THE CLUB... FRIEND.
...SEIZED CONTROL OF VALHALLA BASE, THE NORAD COMMAND CENTER...
SIT DOWN, ALL OF YOU...
... AND PAY ATTENTION. THIS IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

I HAVE ACTIVATED THE DOOMSMITH COMMAND SYSTEM -- AND I NOW POSSESS OPERATIONAL CONTROL OF AMERICA'S STRATEGIC MISSILE FORCE.
I DEMAND A RANSOM FROM EACH NATION ON EARTH, THE AMOUNT TO BE DETERMINED BY EACH NATION'S ABILITY TO PAY. IF MY DEMANDS ARE NOT MET...
...I SHALL LAUNCH AMERICA'S ENTIRE INVENTORY OF NUCLEAR MISSILES.
NICE GUY.
WONDER WHAT HE DOES FOR AN ENCORE?
YOU HAVE THREE HOURS TO DECIDE.
KLIK!
THAT'S THE STORY, PROF --HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE X-MEN?!?
THESE ARE THE X-MEN, HANK. PLEASE CONTINUE.
Uh, OKAY, PROF, IF YOU SAY SO. THE AIR FORCE CALLED THE AVENGERS FOR HELP, BUT WE CAN'T HANDLE IT RIGHT NOW...
... I FIGURED THE X-MEN COULD.
YOU HEARD THE BEAST, X-MEN -- LET'S GET GOING. THUNDERBIRD, YOU'RE INJURED -- YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY BEHIND.
YOU WANNA TRY SAYIN' THAT THROUGH A MOUTHFUL OF KNUCKLES, ONE-EYE!?! I'M GOIN'!!
SCOTT, THERE'S NO TIME TO ARGUE! THUNDERBIRD CAN GO!
"JUDGING FROM WHAT HANK SAID, YOU'LL NEED EVERY X-MAN TO DEFEAT NEFARIA IN TIME."
MINUTES LATER, THE X-MEN ARE ALOFT, SCREAMING WESTWARD AT BETTER THAN MACH 4.


I GOT SOME FRIENDS IN VALHALLA -- IF THIS NEFARIA'S HURT ANY OF 'EM, I THINK I'M GONNA CUT HIM INTO VERY... TINY... PIECES...
YER JOSHIN', LAD, AREN'T YE?
AREN'T YE?
LET'S HOPE YOU GET YOUR CHANCE, WOLVERINE --
--RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT TROUBLES OF OUR OWN:
THE U.S. AIR FORCE.
UNIDENTIFIED BLACKBIRD FROM ALPHA LEADER, YOU ARE IN RESTRICTED AIR-SPACE. RESPOND OR WE WILL OPEN FIRE.
WE ARE RESPONDING TO AVENGERS CALL. OVER.
GOTCHA, HEROES. CONTACT GENERAL FREDERICKS ON TAC TEN.
TAC TEN, ROGER.
HELLO, GENERAL. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME.
WHO'RE YOU? IRON MAN? CAP??
NO, SIR. THE AVENGERS COULDN'T MAKE IT. WE'RE THE X-MEN.
FIGURES. I MIGHTA KNOWN YOU MUTIES'D SHOW UP WITH NEFARIA AROUND.
I DON'T REALLY TRUST YOU, MISTER. BUT RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT NO CHOICE.
NEFARIA CONTROLS VALHALLA AND HE'S ARMED THE DEFENSIVE SYSTEMS -- SAM'S, LASERS, SONIC DISRUPTORS, THE WORKS...
...BUT THAT'S THE LEAST OF YOUR WORRIES.
BECAUSE THE FOOL HAS ARMED THE DOOMSMITH SYSTEM.

IT'S AN ULTIMATE WEAPON, CYCLOPS, A MADMAN'S DREAM, TO BE USED WHEN THERE'S NO HOPE OF SURVIVAL, WHEN ALL OF US ARE DEAD. IT GIVES NEFARIA ABSOLUTE CONTROL OVER THE U.S. MISSILE ARSENAL.
WHAT NEFARIA DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT-- BEYOND A CERTAIN POINT--
--THE SYSTEM CAN'T BE SHUT DOWN!
THE MISSILES WILL FIRE AUTOMATICALLY AND NO POWER ON EARTH CAN STOP THEM.
NEFARIA'S DEADLINE IS TWO HOURS EVEN. BUT YOU PEOPLE HAVE ONLY FIFTY-TWO MINUTES TO CANCEL THE DOOMSMITH.
GOOD LUCK, SON.
"YOU'LL NEED IT." STARTING RIGHT NOW.
COUNT NEFARIA, AN AIRCRAFT ENTERS THE DEFENSE PERIMETER.
SO, THE FOOLS LAUNCH YET ANOTHER FUTILE ATTACK...
INTERESTING, THE COMPUTER IDENTIFIES THE AIRCRAFT AS...
...THE X-MEN!!
BY HEAVEN, THIS IS TOO RICH A JEST!
MY GREATEST FOES WALKING INTO MY PARLOR...
...LIKE LAMBS GOING TO THE SLAUGHTER.
"AND SLAUGHTER THEM I SHALL. WITHOUT PITY. WITHOUT MERCY!
"THE FOOLS SOUGHT COUNT NEFARIA. LET THEM INSTEAD FIND ONLY...
"...DEATH!!"

CYCLOPS! THEY'VE FIRED MISSILES!
I SEE THEM, KURT. HOLD ON, PEOPLE. BECAUSE RIGHT ABOUT NOW...
... THE GOING GETS ROUGH.
VERY ROUGH INDEED.
THROTTLE FIRE-WALLED, THE MODIFIED SR-71 BLACKBIRD SKIMS THE TREELINE AT A BARE TWENTY FEET, ITS MACH 4 SONIC BOOMS THUNDERING THROUGH THE NARROW PASSES LIKE THE THUNDER OF THOR HIMSELF...
IT'S A MAD, DESPERATE GAMBLE CYCLOPS TRIES...
... A GAMBLE THAT PAYS OFF...
VRRRROOOOOSH!
TRAKAM
... ALMOST.
NICE TRY, BOSS-MAN.
TOO BAD ONE OF THOSE LITTLE FUTZERS GOT AWAY.
HEADS UP, IT'S GONNA...
WHRAMM!
ITS NOT A DIRECT HIT BUT AT MACH 4, EVEN A NEAR MISS CAN KILL.
IN AN INSTANT, THE DELICATE BLACKBIRD IS TEARING HERSELF APART.
STABILITY'S GONE! I CAN'T CONTROL HER!


OUR ONLY CHANCE...
EJEC
... IS FOR ME TO PRESS... THIS... SWITCH...
MADE IT!
A SWITCH IS PRESSED, AND THE DYING BLACKBIRD BECOMES A PHOENIX...
... AND IS REBORN, THE LIFTING BODY RISING SWIFTLY, SURELY, FROM THE ASHES OF ITS DEAD PARENT.
FHWOOM!
IF WE'RE LUCKY, THE CRASH SHIELDED THE LIFTING BODY FROM NEFARIA'S SENSORS. AS FAR AS HE KNOWS, WE'RE DEAD...
... AND WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO STOP HIM.
NO!!
BY ALL THAT'S UNHOLY, THE X-MEN STILL LIVE!!
HOW MANY TIMES MUST I KILL THEM BEFORE THOSE CURSED MUTANTS FINALLY STAY DEAD!?!
VERY WELL, THEN. THEY WILL FIND COUNT NEFARIA A MORE THAN WORTHY FOE.
LET US SEE THEM SURVIVE VALHALLA'S SONIC DISRUPTORS.
FIERY EMERALD CORRUSCATIONS BATHE THE LIFTING BODY FOR A MOMENT...
... AND WHEN THE DISRUPTOR BEAM IS GONE...
... THE LIFTING BODY IS GONE AS WELL.
NEXT ISSUE: WARHUNT!

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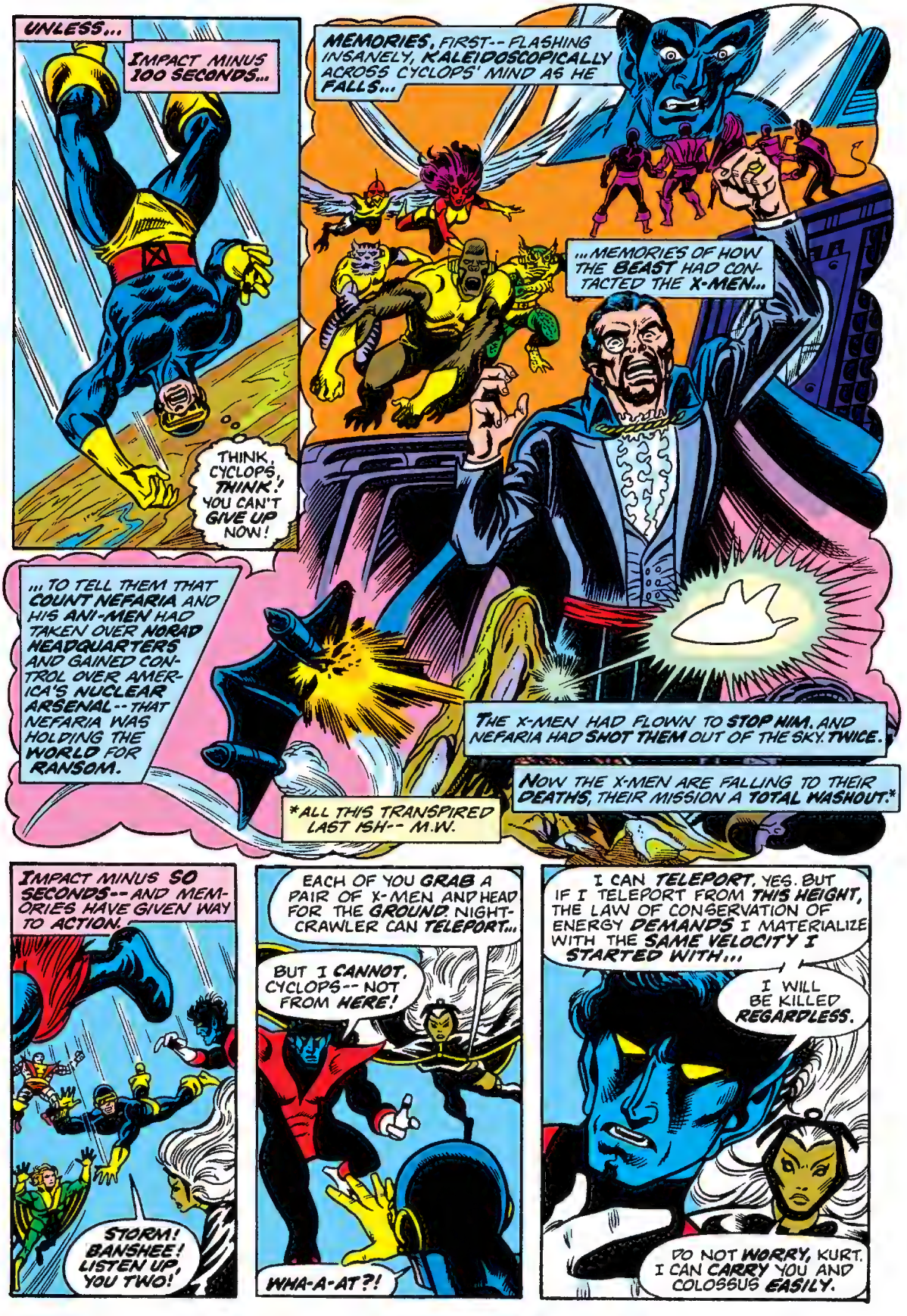
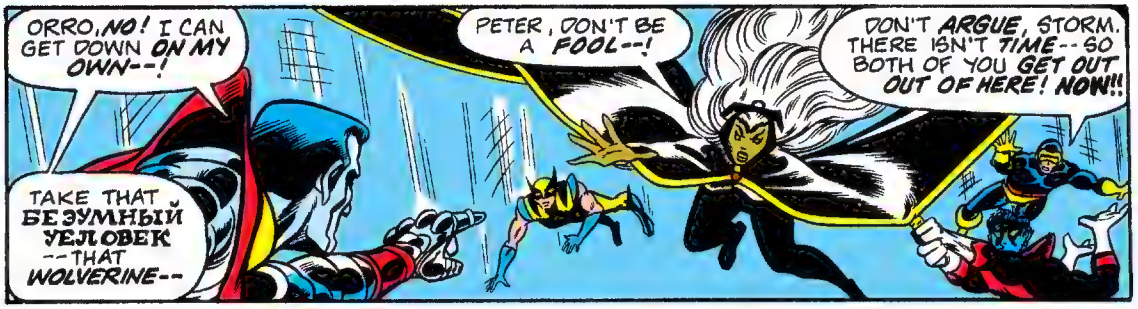
THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT
X-MEN
NOT A HOAX! NOT A DREAM! THIS ISSUE AN X-MAN DIES!
YOU MUST READ WARHUNT!

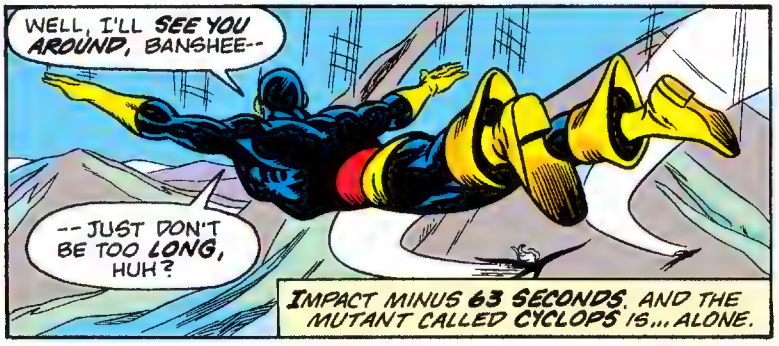
STAN LEE presents: THE UNCANNY X-MEN! ™

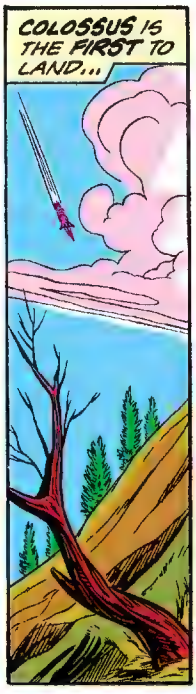
CHRIS CLAREMONT · WRITER
LEN WEIN · PLOTTER
* DAVE COCKRUM · ARTIST
SAM GRAINGER · INKER
* KAREN MANTLO · LETTERER
PETRA GOLDBERG · COLORIST
* MARV WOLFMAN EDITOR

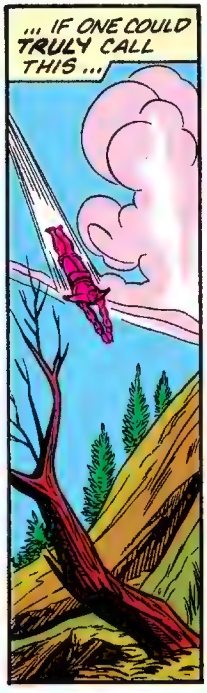

UNLESS...
IMPACT MINUS 100 SECONDS...
THINK, CYCLOPS, THINK! YOU CAN'T GIVE UP NOW!
MEMORIES, FIRST-- FLASHING INSANELY, KALEIDOSCOPICALLY ACROSS CYCLOPS' MIND AS HE FALLS...
...MEMORIES OF HOW THE BEAST HAD CONTACTED THE X-MEN...
...TO TELL THEM THAT COUNT NEFARIA AND HIS ANI-MEN HAD TAKEN OVER NORAD HEADQUARTERS AND GAINED CONTROL OVER AMERICA'S NUCLEAR ARSENAL-- THAT NEFARIA WAS HOLDING THE WORLD FOR RANSOM.
THE X-MEN HAD FLOWN TO STOP HIM, AND NEFARIA HAD SHOT THEM OUT OF THE SKY. TWICE.
NOW THE X-MEN ARE FALLING TO THEIR DEATHS, THEIR MISSION A TOTAL WASHOUT.*
*ALL THIS TRANSPIRED LAST ISH-- M.W.
IMPACT MINUS 50 SECONDS-- AND MEMORIES HAVE GIVEN WAY TO ACTION.
STORM! BANSHEE! LISTEN UP, YOU TWO!
EACH OF YOU GRAB A PAIR OF X-MEN AND HEAD FOR THE GROUND. NIGHTCRAWLER CAN TELEPORT...
BUT I CANNOT, CYCLOPS-- NOT FROM HERE!
WHA-A-AT?!
I CAN TELEPORT. YES. BUT IF I TELEPORT FROM THIS HEIGHT, THE LAW OF CONSERVATION OF ENERGY DEMANDS I MATERIALIZE WITH THE SAME VELOCITY I STARTED WITH...
I WILL BE KILLED REGARDLESS.
DO NOT WORRY, KURT. I CAN CARRY YOU AND COLOSSUS EASILY.


ORRO, NO! I CAN GET DOWN ON MY OWN--!
TAKE THAT БЕЗУМНЫЙ УЕЛОВЕК --THAT WOLVERINE--
PETER, DON'T BE A FOOL--!
DON'T ARGUE, STORM. THERE ISN'T TIME--SO BOTH OF YOU GET OUT OUT OF HERE! NOW!!

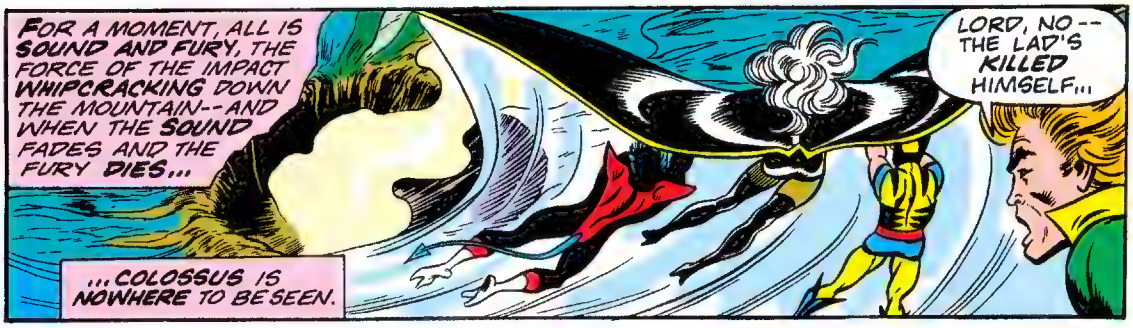
CYCLOPS, LAD, I HAVEN'T ENOUGH LIFT TO CARRY TWO GROWN MEN...
I'M SORRY, BUT I'LL HAVE TA COME BACK FOR YE.


WELL, I'LL SEE YOU AROUND, BANSHEE--
--JUST DON'T BE TOO LONG, HUH?
IMPACT MINUS 63 SECONDS. AND THE MUTANT CALLED CYCLOPS IS... ALONE.

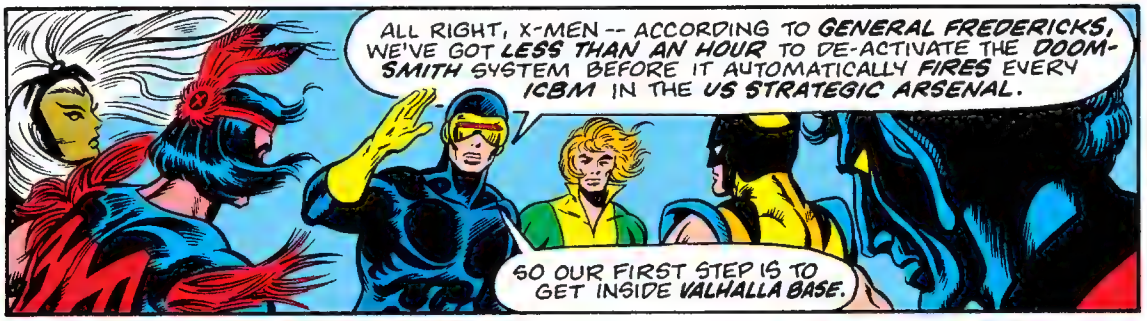

COLOSSUS IS THE FIRST TO LAND...


... IF ONE COULD TRULY CALL THIS ...

...A LANDING.
SHKOW!

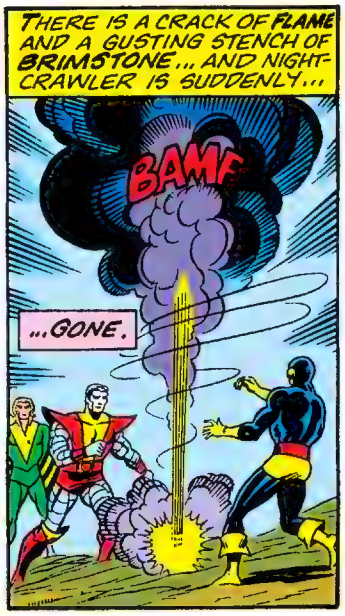

FOR A MOMENT, ALL IS SOUND AND FURY, THE FORCE OF THE IMPACT WHIPCRACKING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN--AND WHEN THE SOUND FADES AND THE FURY DIES...
...COLOSSUS IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.
LORD, NO--THE LAD'S KILLED HIMSELF...

SHEESH--AND THAT NUT HAD THE NERVE TO CALL ME A CRAZY MAN.
PETER, ARE YOU THERE? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
PETER?!?
WHY ARE YOU YELLING, ORORO? OF COURSE, I AM ALL RIGHT -- WHY SHOULDN'T I BE?
BUT WHAT KEPT ALL OF YOU...?
IMPACT MINUS 37 SECONDS.
COME ON, BANSHEE, GET THE LEAD OUT.
IF YOU'RE NOT UP HERE SOON, YOU'RE GONNA BE SCRAPING ME OFF THE MOUNTAIN WITH A VERY THIN SPATULA.
IMPACT MINUS 12 SECONDS.
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS IT, SUMMERS.
IMPACT MINUS 5 SECONDS.
FUNNY, I ALWAYS FIGURED MY NUMBER'D BE UP SOMEDAY--
--BUT I NEVER THOUGHT IT'D END LIKE--
GOT YOU!!
--THIIISSSSS!!
YOU KNOW, YOU SURE TOOK YOUR TIME ABOUT PICKING ME UP, BANSHEE.
AH, LADDIE, DID YE REALLY THINK I'D LET A FOINE BROTH OF A BOY SUCH AS YERSELF GET SPLATTERED ALL OVER THAT COLD, COLD MOUNTAIN...?
THE THOUGHT HAD CROSSED MY MIND.
OH YE OF LITTLE FAITH...
CUT THE COMEDY, BANSHEE. WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.


ALL RIGHT, X-MEN -- ACCORDING TO GENERAL FREDERICKS, WE'VE GOT LESS THAN AN HOUR TO DE-ACTIVATE THE DOOM-SMITH SYSTEM BEFORE IT AUTOMATICALLY FIRES EVERY ICBM IN THE US STRATEGIC ARSENAL.
SO OUR FIRST STEP IS TO GET INSIDE VALHALLA BASE.

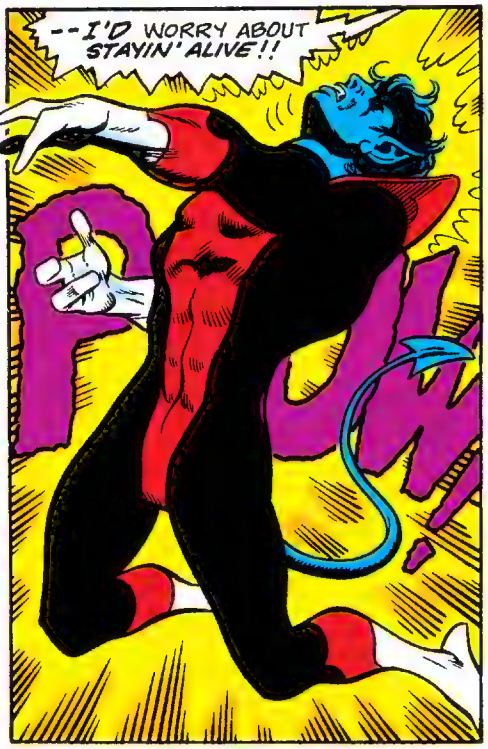
HOW YA GONNA DO THAT, ONE-EYE? YOU GOT A KEY THAT'LL CRACK OPEN A MOUNTAIN?
AS A MATTER OF FACT, THUNDERBIRD, I DO.
AND THE NAME IS CYCLOPS, MISTER. NOT ONE-EYE. UNDERSTAND?

NIGHTCRAWLER, TELEPORT INSIDE -- THOSE SAME MISSILES THAT SHOT US DOWN CAME FROM AROUND HERE -- WHICH MEANS THERE'S GOT TO BE A SURFACE ACCESS HATCH...
IT IS AS GOOD AS DONE, CYCLOPS.

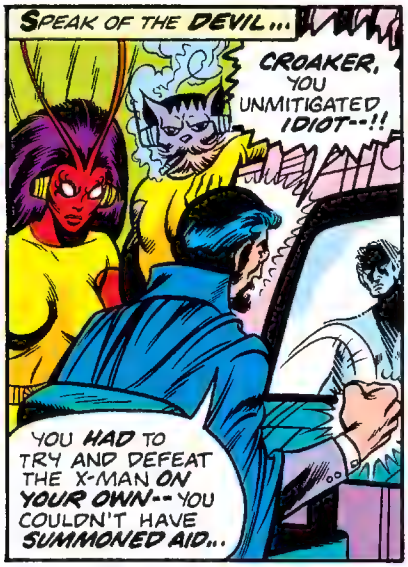

THERE IS A CRACK OF FLAME AND A GUSTING STENCH OF BRIMSTONE... AND NIGHT-CRAWLER IS SUDDENLY...
BAMF
...GONE.

ONLY TO RE-APPEAR A SPLIT-INSTANT LATER DEEP WITHIN THE MAN-MADE LABYRINTH THAT IS VALHALLA BASE.
AT LEAST, I THINK IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE...
I AM INSIDE VALHALLA, AT ANY RATE -- IN SOME SORT OF MAINTENANCE TUNNEL...

BUT HOW AM I TO FIND THIS MISSLE BAY CYCLOPS SPOKE OF...
I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, IF I WERE YOU, MUTIE--


--I'D WORRY ABOUT STAYIN' ALIVE!!
FOOM

WHAT THE!? YOU'RE STILL CONSCIOUS!
BUT I HIT YOU HARD ENOUGH TO FLATTEN A DOZEN MEN!
PERHAPS. BUT LIKE YOURSELF, NIGHT-CRAWLER IS NOT PRECISELY...
...A MAN.
IT DON'T MATTER WHAT YOU ARE, MUTIE--
--NEFARIA WANTS YOU DEAD!
THEN HIS AGENTS WILL HAVE TO DO A FAR BETTER JOB THAN YOU ARE DOING HERR FROSCH.
I DO NOT WISH TO HURT YOU, HERR FROG...
DON'T CALL ME THAT--! I AIN'T NO FROG--I AIN'T NO FREAKIN' MUTANT LIKE YOU--
--I'M A MAN!!
AN' I DON'T NEED NO HELP STOMPIN' YOU INTO THE GROUND...
... NO HELP AT ALL ...
BAMF
HUH?? WHERE'D HE GO??
NOWHERE, HERR FROSCH--
--NOWHERE AT ALL!!
KRAW
AND NOW, HERR FROSCH, WE WILL GO AND FIND MY FRIENDS...
... AND THEN YOU WILL TELL US ALL WE WISH TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR MASTER AND HIS PLANS...

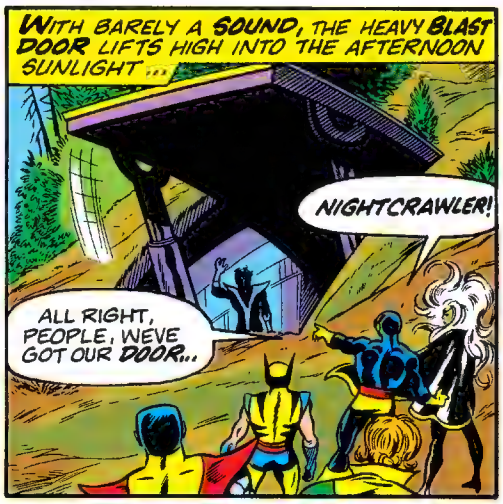

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL...
CROAKER, YOU UNMITIGATED IDIOT--!!
YOU HAD TO TRY AND DEFEAT THE X-MAN ON YOUR OWN--YOU COULDN'T HAVE SUMMONED AID...

WHAT'S THE HASSLE, BOSS--THE REST OF US CAN GO AFTER THE MUTIE AN' TAKE HIM EASY...
NO. LET HIM BE.
I HAVE ...OTHER SURPRISES IN STORE FOR THE X-MEN.

DOOMSMITH MINUS 43 MINUTES--IT DOESN'T TAKE NIGHTCRAWLER LONG TO FIND THE MISSLE BAY...
DON'T GO AWAY, HERR FROSCH--I SHOULD ONLY BE A MOMENT.
DANG
...BUT EVEN THOSE FEW MINUTES ARE MINUTES THE X-MEN CAN ILL AFFORD.

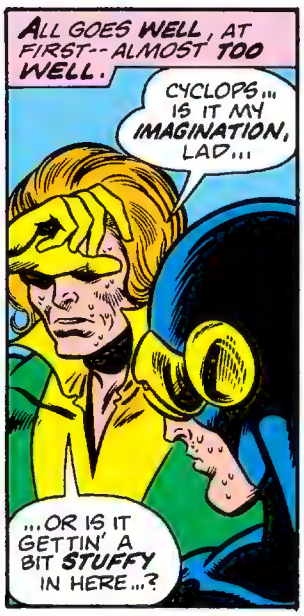
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE MANUAL OVERRIDE CONTROL...
AH, THERE IT IS...

THE FROG-MAN--HE'S GONE!
KTAK!

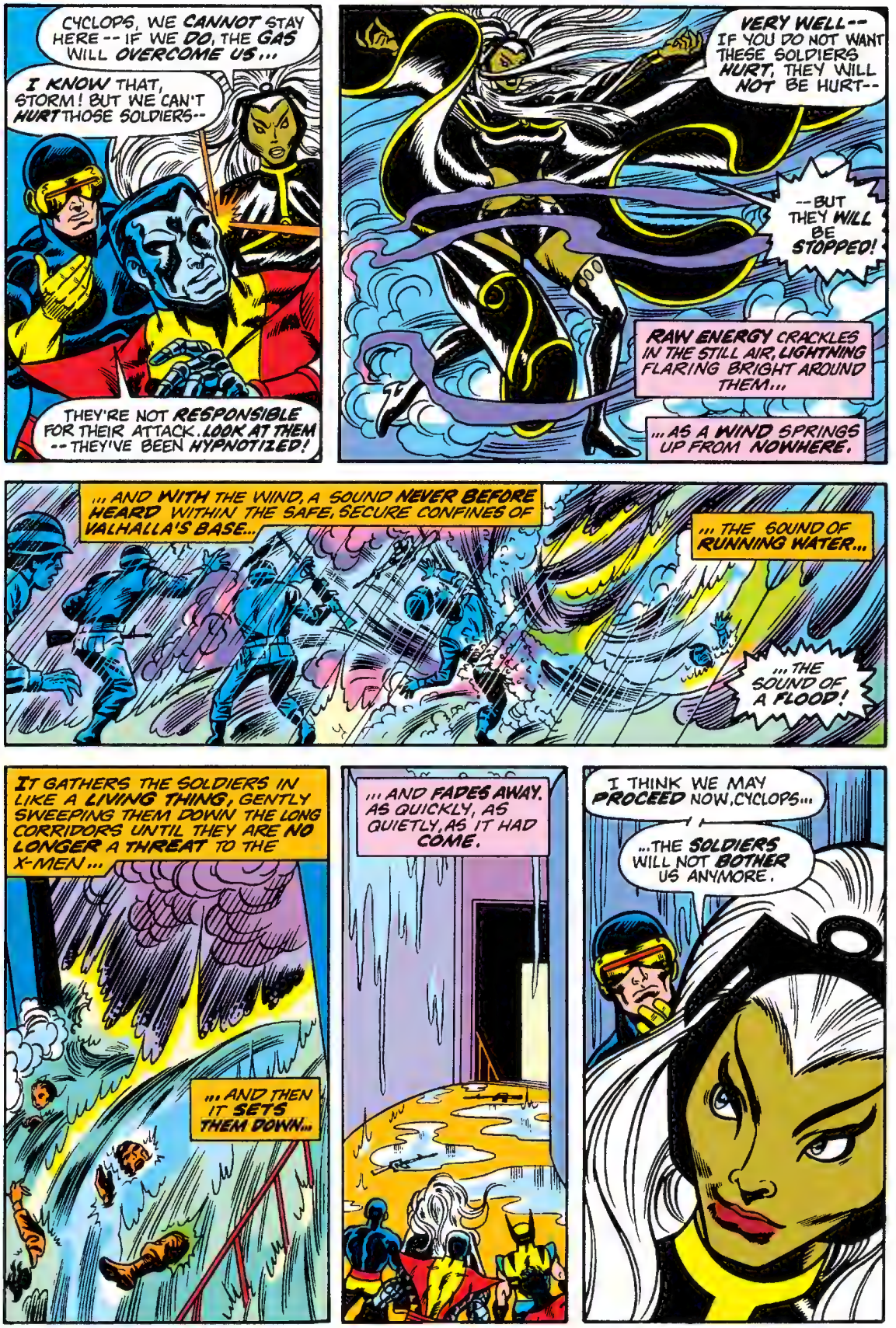

WITH BARELY A SOUND, THE HEAVY BLAST DOOR LIFTS HIGH INTO THE AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT...
NIGHTCRAWLER!
ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE, WE'VE GOT OUR DOOR...

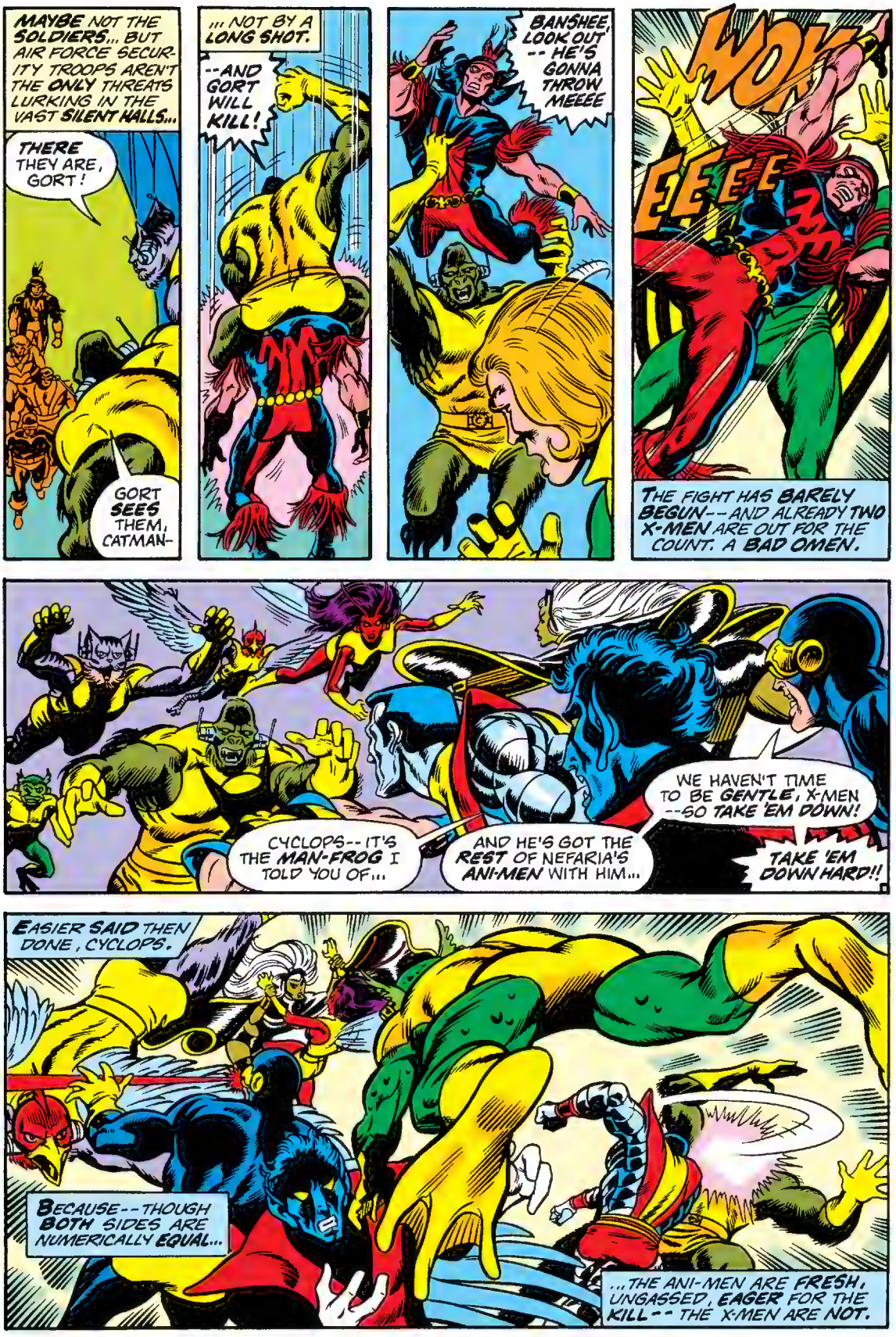
...LET'S GET INSIDE.
WE HAVE A PROBLEM, CYCLOPS--I HAD A PRISONER, A TALKING FROG-MAN...
...BUT... HE ESCAPED.

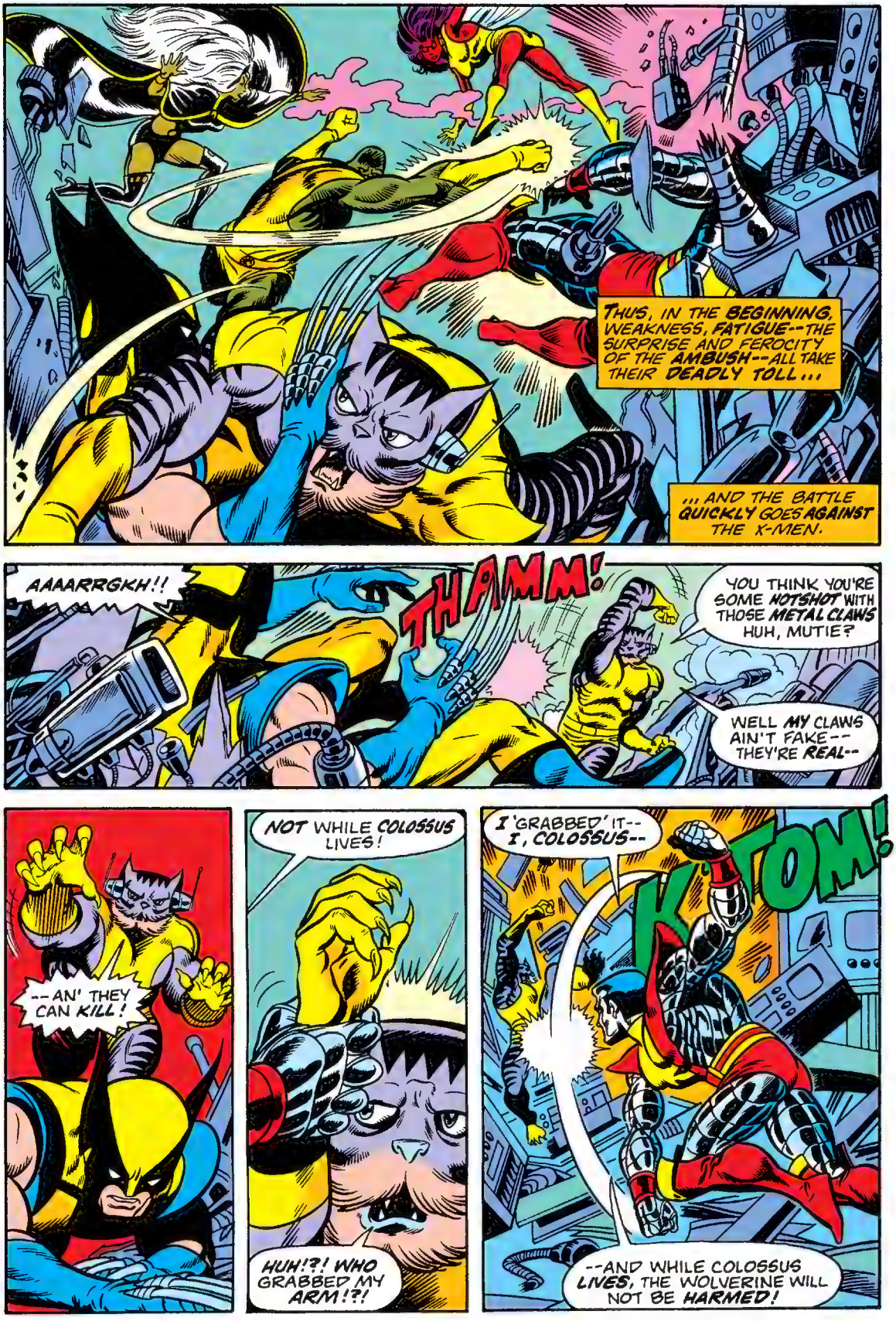
CAN'T BE HELPED, KURT--WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES--BUT THE SOONER WE'RE IN THE COMMAND POST, THE BETTER.
SO LET'S MOVE IT, X-MEN.

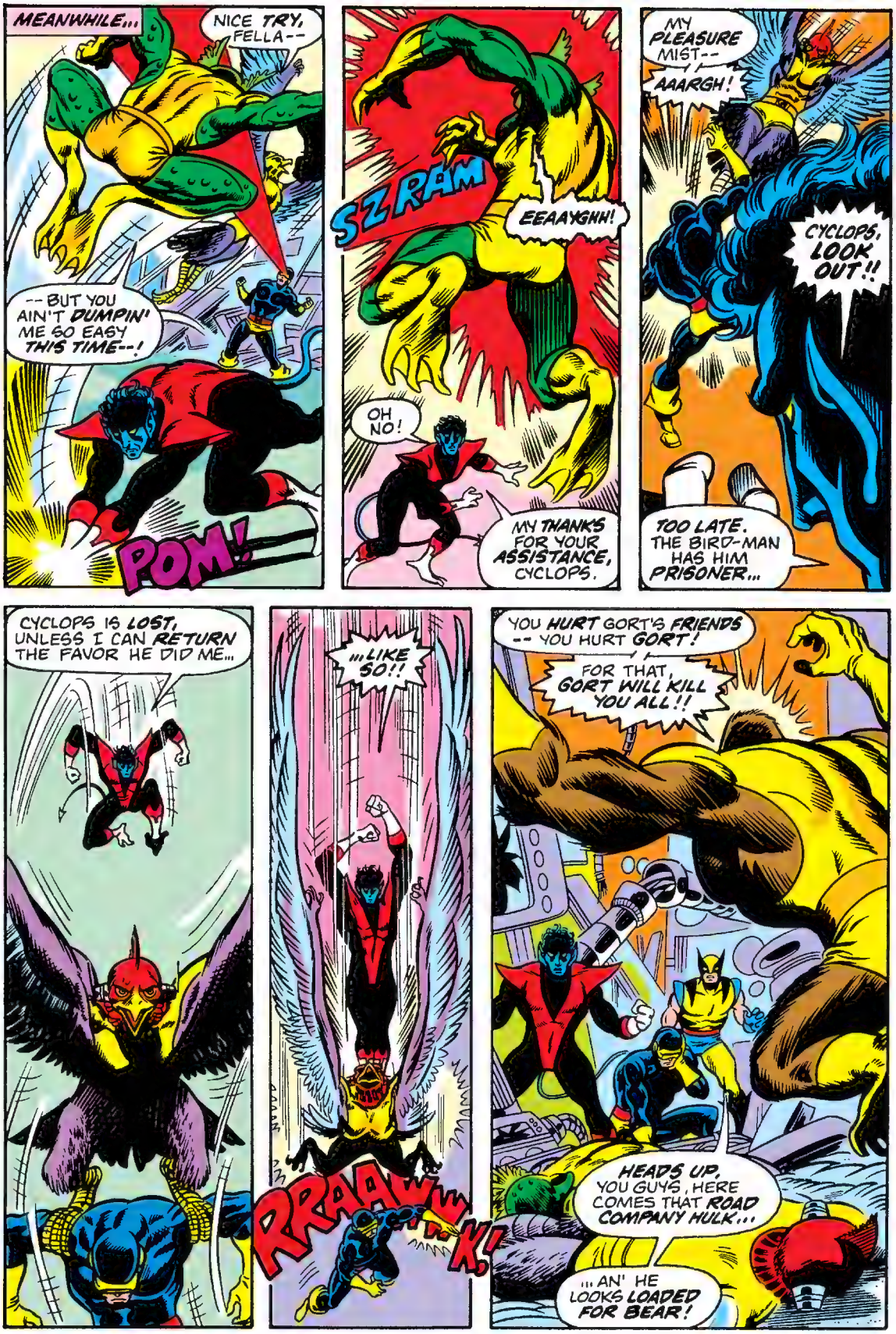

ALL GOES WELL, AT FIRST--ALMOST TOO WELL.
CYCLOPS... IS IT MY IMAGINATION, LAD...
...OR IS IT GETTIN' A BIT STUFFY IN HERE...?

IRISH HAS A POINT, ONE-EYE...
I FEEL KINDA WOOZY MYSELF ... AN I'VE FELT THIS WAY... BEFORE...
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, BANSHEE--
GAS!
BEFORE THE X-MEN CAN REACT, THE GAS CLOUD IS ON THEM...
... CHOKING, BLISTERING, BLINDING, TEARING AT THEIR SKIN LIKE ACID, TEARING AT THEIR MINDS...
... IN A MOMENT, IT'LL BE ALL OVER.
IF THE X-MEN LET THAT MOMENT HAPPEN.
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...
ALL OF YOU-- SMASH THRU THAT WALL INTO THE NEXT TUNNEL!!
THE AIR FORCE DESIGNED THIS COMPLEX TO SURVIVE ANYTHING--NUCLEAR WAR, BIOLOGICAL HOLOCAUST, EVEN A METEOR STRIKE...
SA-KA-AAK
... TROUBLE IS, THEY NEVER EXPECTED THE X-MEN.
DOOMSMITH MINUS 35 MINUTES
CYCLOPS, LOOK!
A SQUAD OF американский SOLDIERS-- AND THEY DO NOT LOOK AT ALL FRIENDLY.
THAT MAY GO DOWN ON RECORD AS THE UNDER-STATEMENT OF THE YEAR...
GET-- THOSE MUTIES-- MEN--
AIR POLICE
BRRRP!
--KILL --THEM-- ALL!!
X-MEN, GET BEHIND ME! I WILL SHIELD YOU FROM THE BULLETS.
VIT VIT VIT VIT SPANG!


CYCLOPS, WE CANNOT STAY HERE -- IF WE DO, THE GAS WILL OVERCOME US...
I KNOW THAT, STORM! BUT WE CAN'T HURT THOSE SOLDIERS--
THEY'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR ATTACK. LOOK AT THEM -- THEY'VE BEEN HYPNOTIZED!
VERY WELL -- IF YOU DO NOT WANT THESE SOLDIERS HURT, THEY WILL NOT BE HURT--
-- BUT THEY WILL BE STOPPED!
RAW ENERGY CRACKLES IN THE STILL AIR, LIGHTNING FLARING BRIGHT AROUND THEM...
...AS A WIND SPRINGS UP FROM NOWHERE.
...AND WITH THE WIND, A SOUND NEVER BEFORE HEARD WITHIN THE SAFE, SECURE CONFINES OF VALHALLA'S BASE...
...THE SOUND OF RUNNING WATER...
...THE SOUND OF A FLOOD!
IT GATHERS THE SOLDIERS IN LIKE A LIVING THING, GENTLY SWEEPING THEM DOWN THE LONG CORRIDORS UNTIL THEY ARE NO LONGER A THREAT TO THE X-MEN...
...AND THEN IT SETS THEM DOWN...
...AND FADES AWAY. AS QUICKLY, AS QUIETLY, AS IT HAD COME.
I THINK WE MAY PROCEED NOW, CYCLOPS...
...THE SOLDIERS WILL NOT BOTHER US ANYMORE.

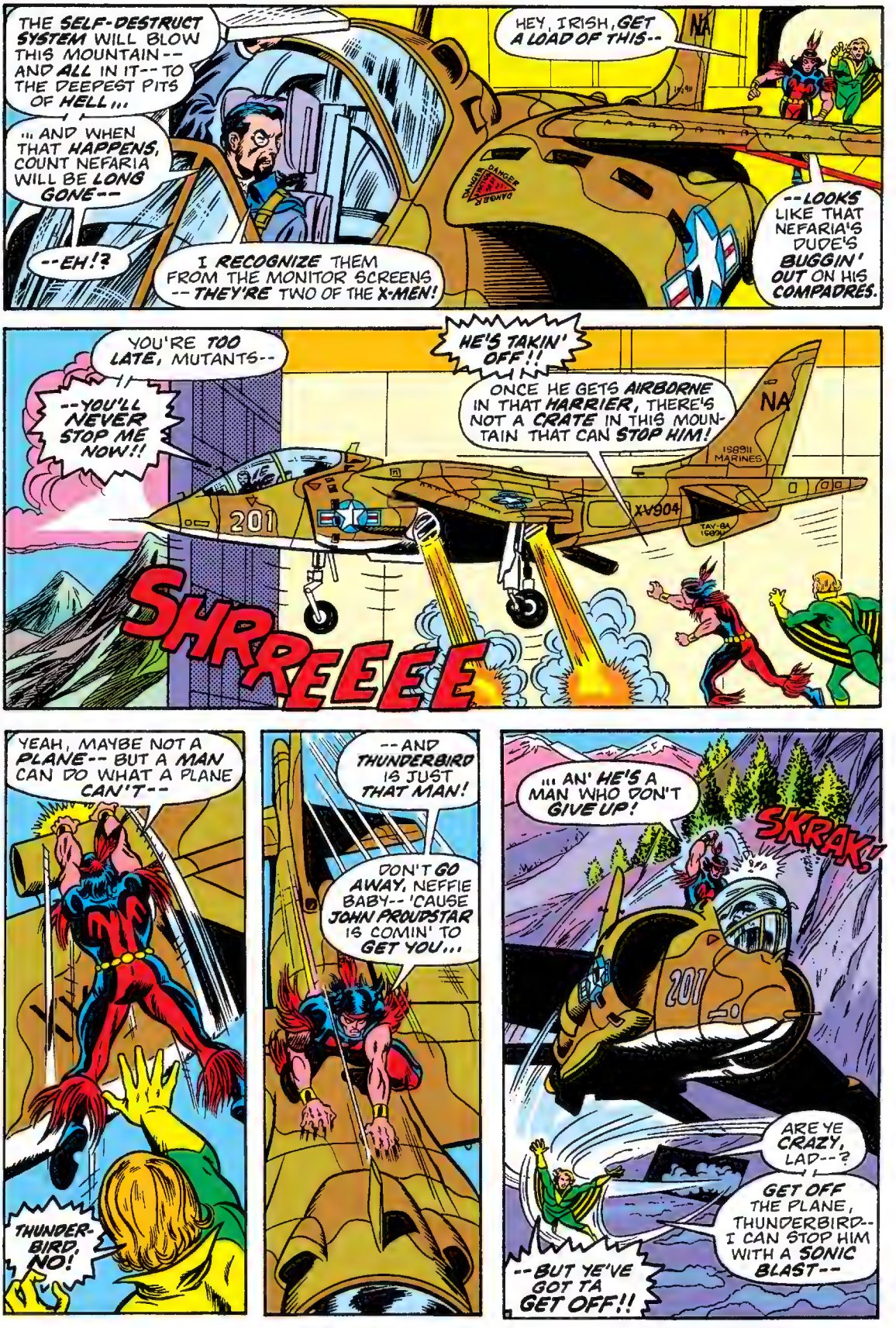

MAYBE NOT THE SOLDIERS... BUT AIR FORCE SECURITY TROOPS AREN'T THE ONLY THREATS LURKING IN THE VAST SILENT HALLS...
THERE THEY ARE, GORT!
GORT SEES THEM, CATMAN-
...NOT BY A LONG SHOT.
--AND GORT WILL KILL!
BANSHEE, LOOK OUT -- HE'S GONNA THROW MEEEE
WOK
EEEE
THE FIGHT HAS BARELY BEGUN--AND ALREADY TWO X-MEN ARE OUT FOR THE COUNT. A BAD OMEN.
CYCLOPS--IT'S THE MAN-FROG I TOLD YOU OF...
AND HE'S GOT THE REST OF NEFARIA'S ANI-MEN WITH HIM...
WE HAVEN'T TIME TO BE GENTLE, X-MEN --SO TAKE 'EM DOWN!
TAKE 'EM DOWN HARD!!
EASIER SAID THEN DONE, CYCLOPS.
BECAUSE--THOUGH BOTH SIDES ARE NUMERICALLY EQUAL...
...THE ANI-MEN ARE FRESH, UNGASSED, EAGER FOR THE KILL--THE X-MEN ARE NOT.


THUS, IN THE BEGINNING, WEAKNESS, FATIGUE--THE SURPRISE AND FEROCITY OF THE AMBUSH--ALL TAKE THEIR DEADLY TOLL...
...AND THE BATTLE QUICKLY GOES AGAINST THE X-MEN.
AAAARRGKH!!
THAMM!
YOU THINK YOU'RE SOME NOTSHOT WITH THOSE METAL CLAWS HUH, MUTIE?
WELL MY CLAWS AIN'T FAKE--THEY'RE REAL--
--AN' THEY CAN KILL!
NOT WHILE COLOSSUS LIVES!
HUH!?! WHO GRABBED MY ARM!?!
I 'GRABBED' IT--I, COLOSSUS--
KTOM!
--AND WHILE COLOSSUS LIVES, THE WOLVERINE WILL NOT BE HARMED!


MEANWHILE...
NICE TRY, FELLA--
--BUT YOU AIN'T DUMPIN' ME SO EASY THIS TIME--!
POM!
SZ RAM
EEAAYGHH!
OH NO!
MY THANKS FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE, CYCLOPS.
MY PLEASURE MIST--
AAARGH!
CYCLOPS, LOOK OUT!!
TOO LATE. THE BIRD-MAN HAS HIM PRISONER...
CYCLOPS IS LOST, UNLESS I CAN RETURN THE FAVOR HE DID ME...
...LIKE SO!!
RRAAWWK!
YOU HURT GORT'S FRIENDS -- YOU HURT GORT!
FOR THAT, GORT WILL KILL YOU ALL!!
HEADS UP, YOU GUYS, HERE COMES THAT ROAD COMPANY HULK...
...AN' HE LOOKS LOADED FOR BEAR!

I THINK NOT!
SZKRAU!
SONUVAGUN, THE FUTZER'S STILL ON HIS FEET...
WHAT SAY WE...
AS YOU WISH, MY FRIEND...
WAMMO!
THE ANI-MEN ARE DEFEATED...
...I MUSSST FLEE, TO WARN COUNT NEFARIA.
HEAR ME, X-MAN! MY WILL ISSS YOUR WILL -- YOU CANNOT RESISSST MY HYPNOTIC POWERS.
MY MIND--! SHE'S IN MY MIND --I CAN'T KEEP-- HER OUT--
IN A MOMENT, DRAGONFLY'S SPELL IS COMPLETE, AND BEHIND CYCLOPS' RUBY QUARTZ VISOR... HIS EYES SO BLANK...
...AND OPEN WIDE...
... HIS EYES MOTION AUTO-MATICALLY RAISING THE QUARTZ CRYSTAL SHIELD, FREEING HIS EYEBEAMS FROM THEIR CAGE.
THE RESULTS ARE PREDICTABLE.
ZZRRAP!
WE'VE BEATEN THE MOUNTAIN -- AND WE'VE BEATEN NEFARIA'S ANI-MEN...
...ALL THAT'S LEFT NOW IS THE GOOD COUNT HIM-SELF AND WE'RE HOME FREE.
DOOMSMITH MINUS 18 MINUTES.

WAIT A MINUTE-- WHERE ARE BANSHEE AND THUNDERBIRD?
OUT COLD-- THAT GORILLA WASTED 'EM PRETTY GOOD.
WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THEM HERE...
WE HAVEN'T TIME TO WAKE THEM UP-- WE'VE GOT TO GET TO NEFARIA AND THE DOOMSMITH SYSTEM.
NICE THOUGHT, CYCLOPS, BUT VALHALLA'S A HUGE COMPLEX, THREE CUBIC MILES OF CORRIDORS AND CUBICLES...
...AND BY THE TIME A BODY'S FOUND THE PLACE HE'S LOOKING FOR, IT CAN SOMETIMES BE...
...TOO LATE.
NO!!
...IT'S ARMED AND COUNTING AND THERE'S NO WAY ON EARTH WE CAN SHUT IT OFF IN TIME!
SELF-DESTRUCT ENGAGED T-0.09 MIN.
NEFARIA'S LOCKED THE DOOMSMITH SYSTEM INTO THE SELF-DESTRUCT CIRCUIT...
CUT: TO A PAIR OF VERY WEARY HEROES...
OHHH, ME ACHIN' BACK...
I'M THINKIN' I'M GETTIN' A MITE TOO OLD FOR THIS SORT OF ROUGH-HOUSE.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, IRISH.
LORD ABOVE... WILL YE LOOK AT THIS MESS. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FIGHT.
YEAH. LOOKS LIKE THEY DIDN'T NEED OUR HELP FOR ANYTHING-- IT FIGURES.
CUT AGAIN: TO ONE OF VALHALLA'S HANGER LEVELS...
THE FOOLS! THE X-MEN THINK COUNT NEFARIA IS BEATEN, THAT THEY'VE WON--
--BUT THE VERY MOMENT OF THEIR 'VICTORY' WILL BE THE MOMENT OF THEIR DEATH --THE MOMENT OF NEFARIA'S GREATEST TRIUMPH!!
201


THE SELF-DESTRUCT SYSTEM WILL BLOW THIS MOUNTAIN -- AND ALL IN IT -- TO THE DEEPEST PITS OF HELL...
... AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, COUNT NEFARIA WILL BE LONG GONE --
--EH!?
I RECOGNIZE THEM FROM THE MONITOR SCREENS -- THEY'RE TWO OF THE X-MEN!
HEY, IRISH, GET A LOAD OF THIS --
--LOOKS LIKE THAT NEFARIA'S DUDE'S BUGGIN' OUT ON HIS COMPADRES.
YOU'RE TOO LATE, MUTANTS --
--YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME NOW!!
HE'S TAKIN' OFF!!
ONCE HE GETS AIRBORNE IN THAT HARRIER, THERE'S NOT A CRATE IN THIS MOUNTAIN THAT CAN STOP HIM!
SHRREEEE
YEAH, MAYBE NOT A PLANE -- BUT A MAN CAN DO WHAT A PLANE CAN'T --
THUNDERBIRD, NO!
-- AND THUNDERBIRD IS JUST THAT MAN!
DON'T GO AWAY, NEFFIE BABY -- 'CAUSE JOHN PROUDSTAR IS COMIN' TO GET YOU...
... AN' HE'S A MAN WHO DON'T GIVE UP!
SKRAK!
ARE YE CRAZY, LAD --?
GET OFF THE PLANE, THUNDERBIRD -- I CAN STOP HIM WITH A SONIC BLAST --
-- BUT YE'VE GOT TA GET OFF!!

CYKE, WE'RE RUNNIN' OUTA TIME-- WE GOTTA GO!
HOW FAR D'YOU THINK WE'D GET IN FIVE MINUTES, WOLVERINE-- BECAUSE THAT'S ALL THE TIME WE'VE GOT!
ENGAG
T-0.0
OUR ONLY CHANCE-- THE WORLD'S ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY AND SHUT THE SYSTEM DOWN--
CYCLOPS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?!
WHA--? PROFESSOR, THE DOOMSMITH...
IS TOTALLY OUT OF COMMISSION! I'VE MENTALLY SCANNED THE SYSTEM-- YOUR BATTLE WITH THE ANI-MEN DESTROYED THE COMMAND RELAYS AND THE BACK-UPS...
BUT ENOUGH OF THAT--
--YOU MUST GET OUTSIDE THE MOUNTAIN, AND QUICKLY -- YOU'VE AN X-MAN IN MORTAL DANGER!
YOU HEARD THE MAN, PEOPLE--
--MOVE IT!
AND THE X-MEN MOVE, AS ONLY X-MEN CAN...
...BUT EVENTS OUTSIDE ARE MOVING AS WELL, TOO FAR, TOO FAST.
YOU MADMAN--! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!!
JOHN PROUDSTAR, GET OFF THE AIRPLANE, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
BUTT OUT, BALDY -- I'M THRU TAKIN' ORDERS--!
I'VE BEEN A LONER ALL MY LIFE, XAVIER -- AN OUTCAST -- DUMPED ON BY EVERYBODY I MET--
--BUT I'M A MAN, XAVIER, A WARRIOR OF THE APACHE--
--AN' TODAY I'M GONNA PROVE IT!!
RAKT!
201
FOR GOD'S SAKE, LADDIE-- GET OFF THE PLANE!!

JOHN PROUDSTAR'S HANDS RIP DEEP INTO THE HARRIER'S COCKPIT, RAVAGING CONTROL SYSTEMS, COMPUTERS, ELECTRONIC HARDWARE...
THERE THEY ARE!
STORM, GET AFTER THEM! GIVE BANSHEE A HAND!
...RIPPING THE TECHNIC NERVOUS SYSTEM OUT OF THE AIRCRAFT.
IT'S A POUNDING THAT NO PLANE WAS DESIGNED TO TAKE. SOONER OR LATER SOMETHING HAS TO GIVE...
...SOONER OR LATER, SOMETHING DOES.
OH MY GOD.
WHOOOMM!
THUNDERBIRD, NO! GET OUT, BOY--
GET OUT!
CYCLOPS, THE AIRCRAFT... IT'S...
I CAN SEE IT, PETER...
YOU, CYCLOPS... AND ONE OTHER.
THUNDERBIRD--!
NNNOOOO!!

RAKA-THAAMMM!
THE SCENERIO ENDS NOW AS IT BEGAN, WITH THE BREAKING OF CHARLES XAVIER'S HEART--AND THE TWISTING OF HIS SOUL. FOR, IN THE END, HE COULD NOT DESERT HIS PUPIL -- AND ALL JOHN PROUDSTAR FELT, CHARLES XAVIER FELT AS WELL. WITH ONLY ONE DIFFERENCE...
...CHARLES XAVIER IS STILL ALIVE.
I--HE--I BEGGED HIM LADDIE--I PLEADED WITH HIM...
...BUT HE WOULDN'T GET OFF THE PLANE. HE WOULDN'T GET OFF!!
I KNOW, BANSHEE--IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT.
I SUPPOSE IT HAD TO HAPPEN SOMETIME. HELL, SOONER OR LATER IT HAPPENS TO ALL OF US IN THIS BUSINESS...
...IT COMES WITH THE UNIFORM.
FIN.

X-MEN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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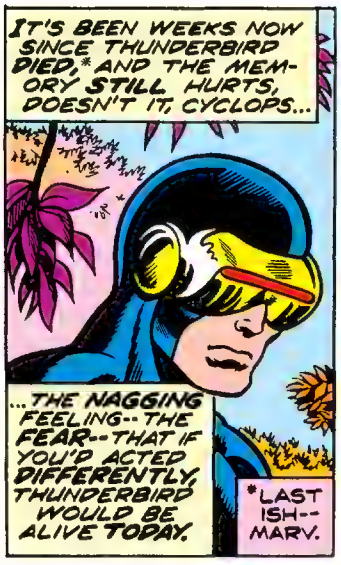
THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT
X-MEN
IT'S THE NIGHT OF THE DEMON!
BUT IF THE X-MEN CAN'T DEFEAT IT, IT MAY BE THE LAST NIGHT OF THE WORLD!

Cyclops, Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS——feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all——these are the X-MEN!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!


IT'S BEEN WEEKS NOW SINCE THUNDERBIRD DIED,* AND THE MEMORY STILL HURTS, DOESN'T IT, CYCLOPS...
...THE NAGGING FEELING--THE FEAR--THAT IF YOU'D ACTED DIFFERENTLY, THUNDERBIRD WOULD BE ALIVE TODAY.
*LAST ISH--MARV.

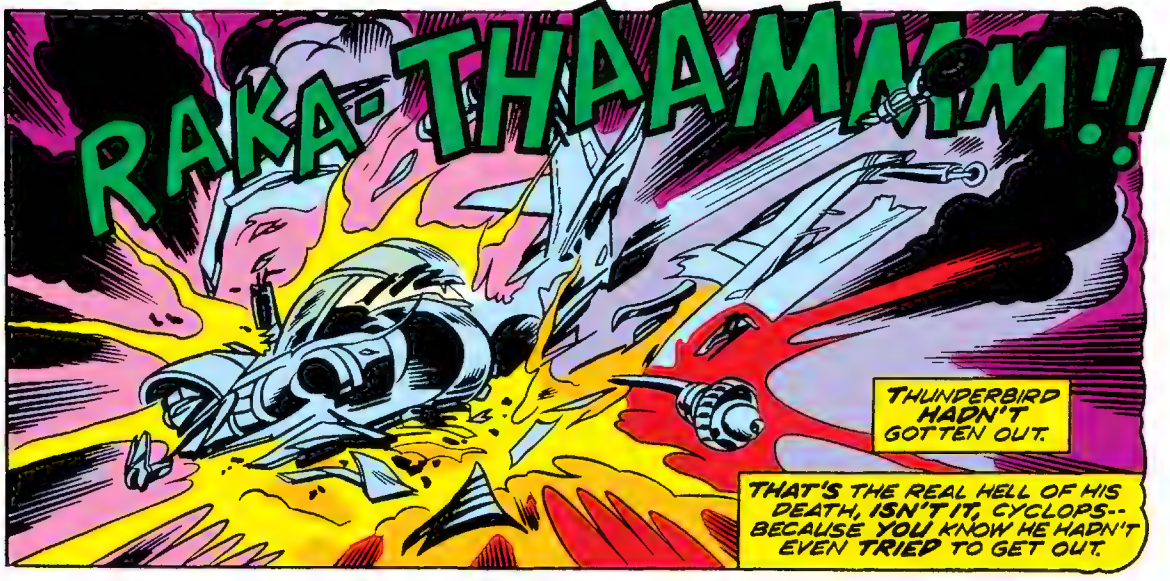
AWAKE OR ASLEEP, YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE IMAGES SEARED INTO YOUR MIND'S EYE:
IMAGES OF COUNT NEFARIA MAKING A LAST, DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO FLEE VALHALLA BASE... OF THUNDERBIRD TRYING TO STOP HIM...
YOU MADMAN --YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, LADDIE--GET OFF THE PLANE!!
201

...OF THUNDERBIRD'S FINAL, DEFIANT CRY.
...I'M A MAN, XAVIER, A WARRIOR OF THE APACHE--

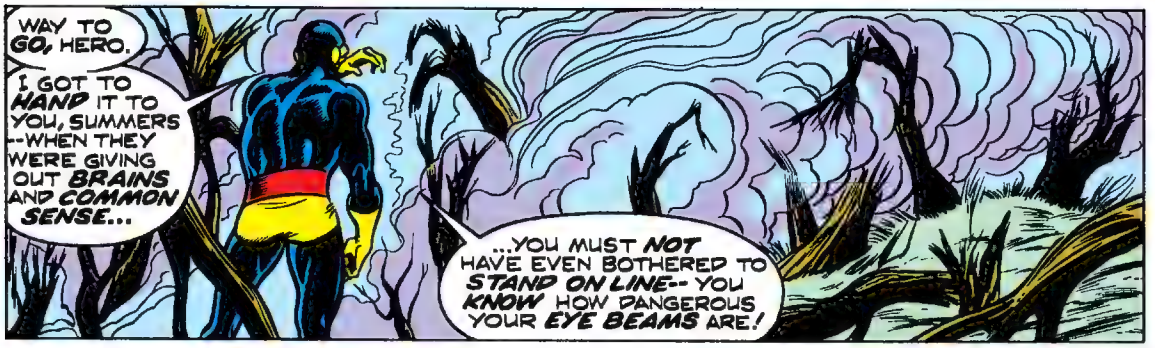
--AND TODAY I'M GONNA PROVE IT!!

YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, DON'T YOU, CYCLOPS?
WHOOOM!

AND WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT?
CYCLOPS, THE AIRCRAFT ...IT'S...
I CAN SEE IT, PETER...

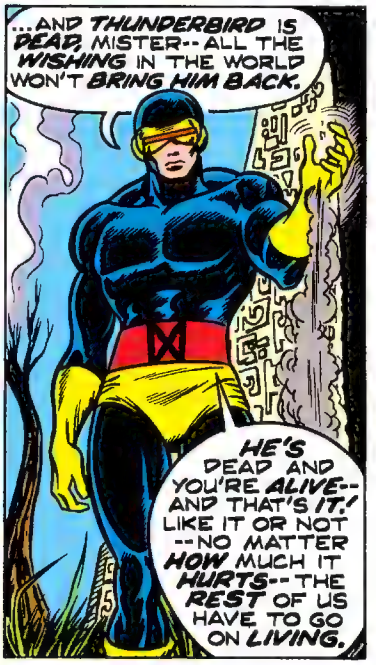

RAKA-THAAM!!
THUNDERBIRD HADN'T GOTTEN OUT.
THAT'S THE REAL HELL OF HIS DEATH, ISN'T IT, CYCLOPS--BECAUSE YOU KNOW HE HADN'T EVEN TRIED TO GET OUT.

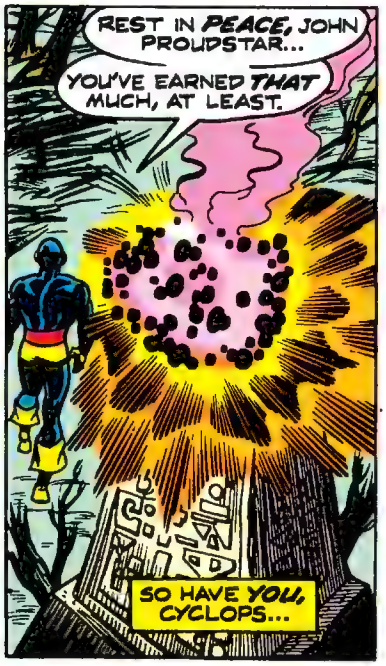
YOU AND THE X-MEN HAD SAVED THE WORLD FROM A NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST--BUT YOU'D LOST A MAN TO DO IT...
...AND TRY AS YOU MIGHT, YOU CAN'T BALANCE THOSE SCALES, IN YOUR MIND OR IN YOUR HEART...
...CAN YOU, CYCLOPS?
NO.
CAN YOU?
NO!
CAN YOU?!
NO!!
NNNNOOOOOO!!!
ZZZRRRAAAMM!!
HE'S NEVER CUT LOOSE LIKE THIS BEFORE--WITHOUT THOUGHT OR CARE OR RESTRAINT...
ZZRRAAUU!!
...THE POWER FLOWS THRU HIM LIKE A THING ALIVE--
--AND FOR THOSE FEW MOMENTS THERE IS HATRED IN HIM, YES, BUT THERE IS GLORY TOO--AN UNHOLY GLORY, A NEED, A ...HUNGER...
...BUT THEN THE MOMENTS PASS...
...AND SCOTT SUMMERS IS HIMSELF AGAIN.
OH MY LORD--
WHAT HAVE I DONE??

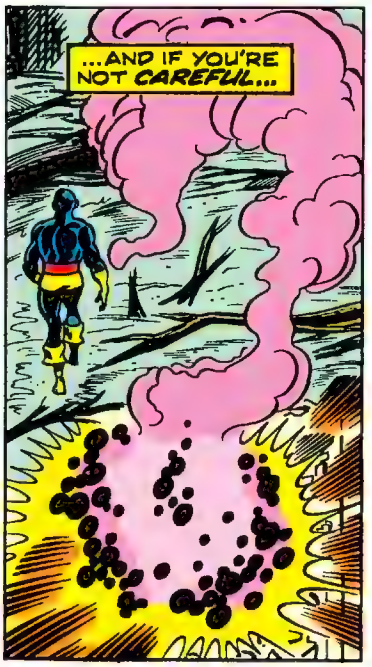

WAY TO GO, HERO.
I GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, SUMMERS --WHEN THEY WERE GIVING OUT BRAINS AND COMMON SENSE...
...YOU MUST NOT HAVE EVEN BOTHERED TO STAND ON LINE-- YOU KNOW HOW DANGEROUS YOUR EYE BEAMS ARE!

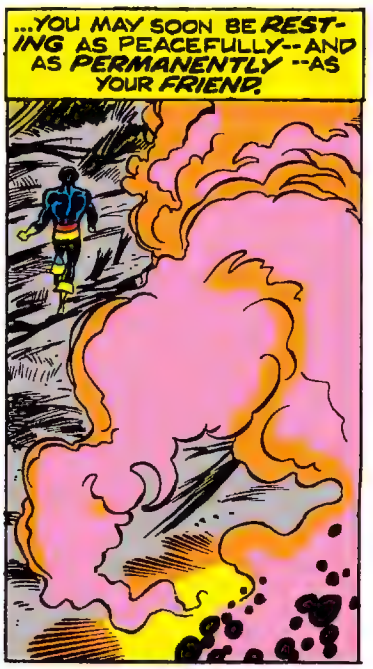
YOU KNEW THE RULES-- AND THE RISKS-- WHEN YOU GOT INTO THIS GAME...
...ALL THE X-MEN DID, THUNDERBIRD INCLUDED.

AND YOU'RE TOP MAN IN THIS OUTFIT, CYCLOPS--YOU WANTED THE JOB AND YOU'RE GOOD AT IT-- AND NOW YOU'VE GOT TO PAY THE PRICE...
...BECAUSE THIS JOB MEANS TAKING BAD AS WELL AS GOOD. IT MEANS WATCHING YOUR FRIENDS LIVE-- AND WATCHING THEM DIE...

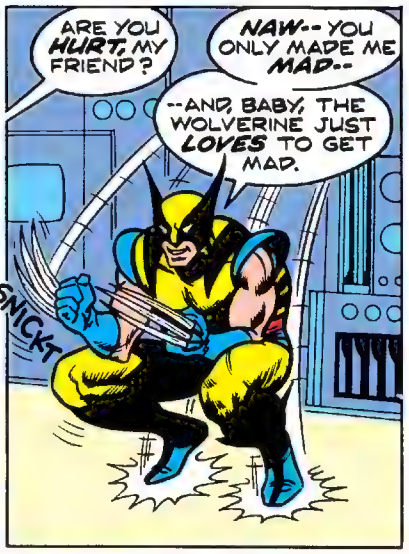

...AND THUNDERBIRD IS DEAD, MISTER-- ALL THE WISHING IN THE WORLD WON'T BRING HIM BACK.
HE'S DEAD AND YOU'RE ALIVE-- AND THAT'S IT! LIKE IT OR NOT --NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT HURTS-- THE REST OF US HAVE TO GO ON LIVING.

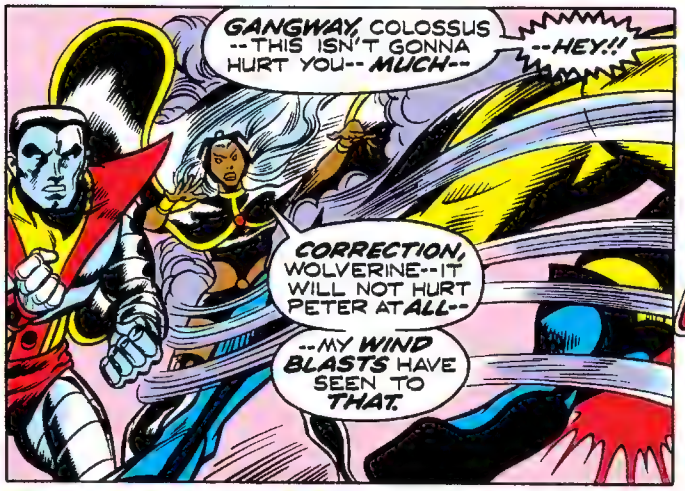

REST IN PEACE, JOHN PROUDSTAR...
YOU'VE EARNED THAT MUCH, AT LEAST.
SO HAVE YOU, CYCLOPS...


...AND IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL...


...YOU MAY SOON BE RESTING AS PEACEFULLY--AND AS PERMANENTLY --AS YOUR FRIEND.

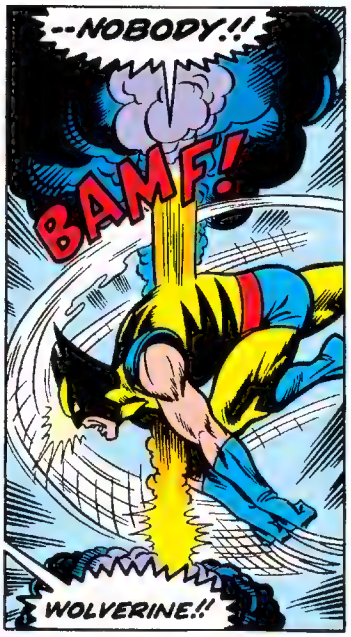
CUT NOW: ACROSS THE WOODLAND MILES TO AN AFTERNOON SESSION OF...
WOLVERINE, NO! YOU CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE--
--I HIT YOU FULL STRENGTH!!
SWOT!
...FUN AND GAMES, X-MEN STYLE!

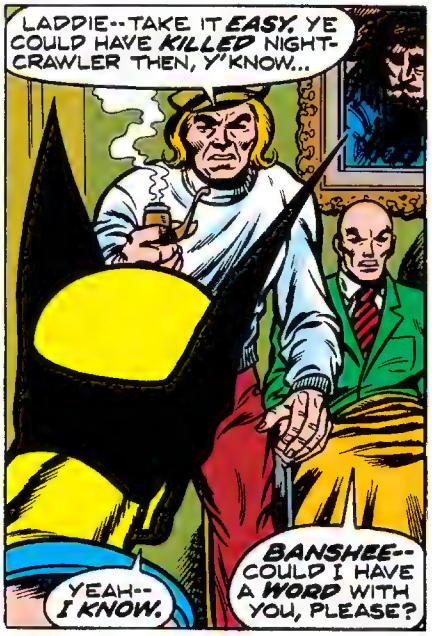

ARE YOU HURT, MY FRIEND?
NAW-- YOU ONLY MADE ME MAD--
--AND, BABY, THE WOLVERINE JUST LOVES TO GET MAD.
SNICK

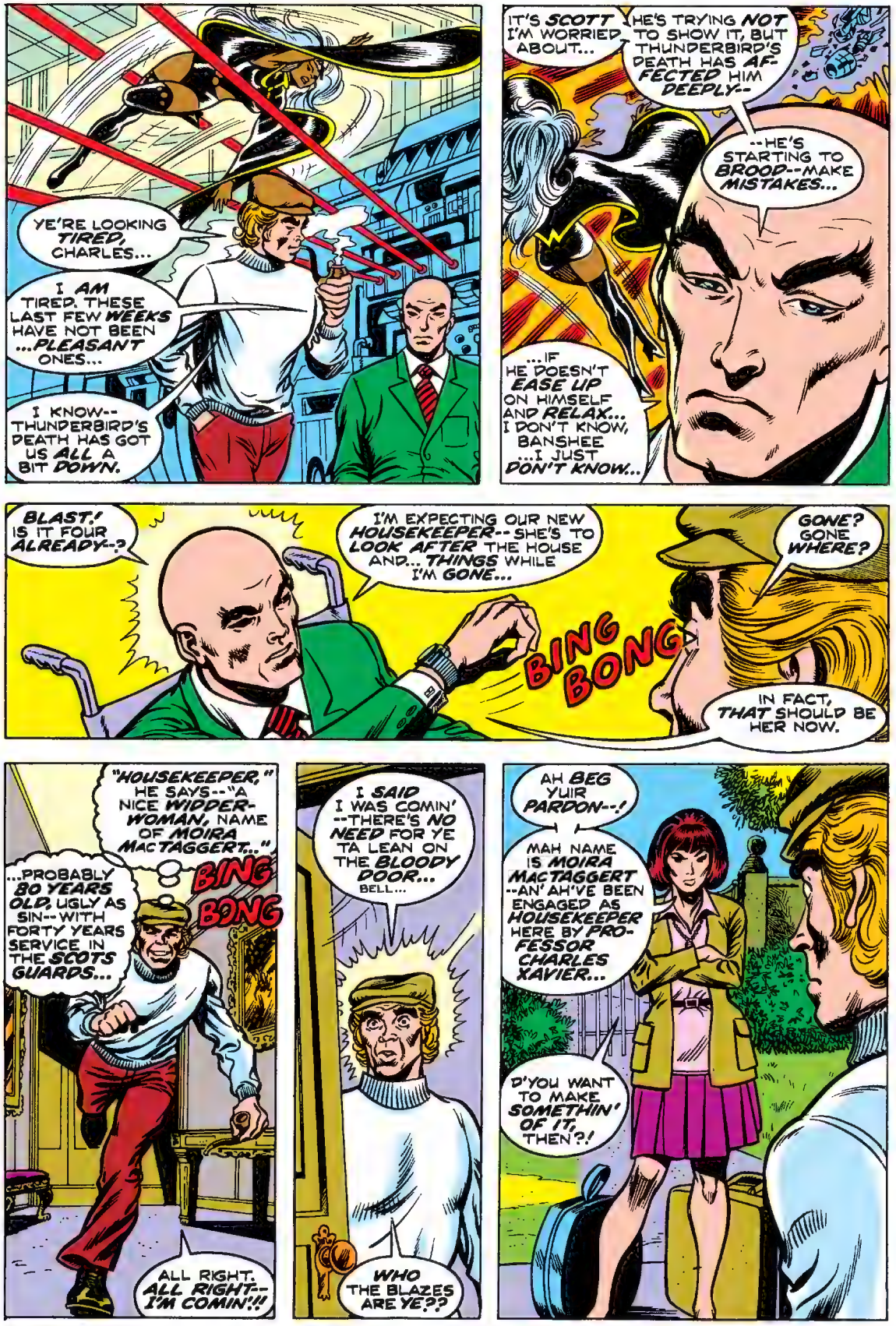

GANGWAY, COLOSSUS --THIS ISN'T GONNA HURT YOU-- MUCH--
--HEY!!
CORRECTION, WOLVERINE--IT WILL NOT HURT PETER AT ALL--
--MY WIND BLASTS HAVE SEEN TO THAT.

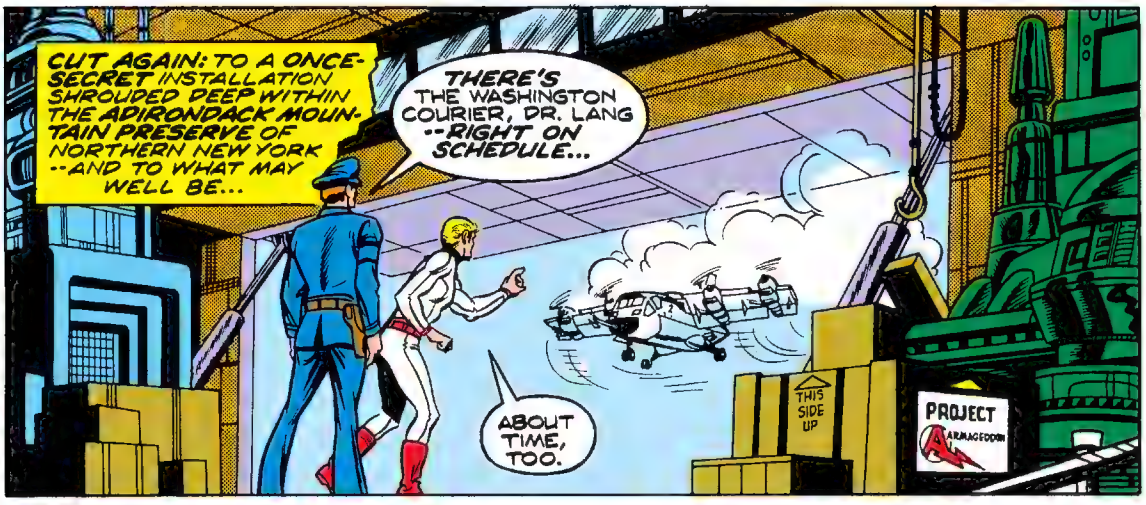
HAHA
HEY, ELF--WHAT'S SO FUNNY--?!
YOU DON'T LAUGH AT ME, NIGHTCRAWLER --GOT THAT?!
HA
HA
HA
HA

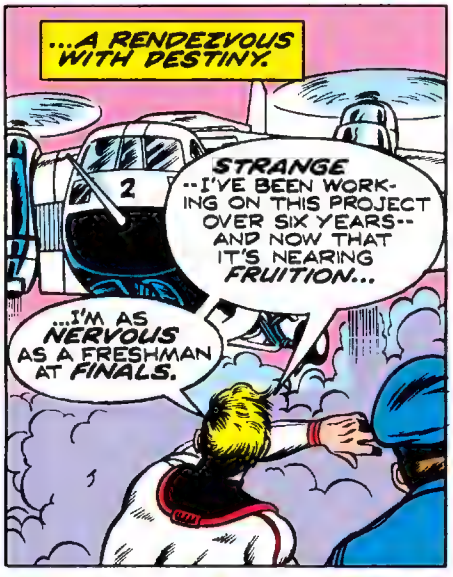
NOBODY LAUGHS AT THE WOLVERINE, MISTER--
KURT-- WATCH OUT!!
EH--??


--NOBODY!!
BAMF!
WOLVERINE!!


LADDIE--TAKE IT EASY. YE COULD HAVE KILLED NIGHTCRAWLER THEN, Y'KNOW...
YEAH-- I KNOW.
BANSHEE-- COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, PLEASE?


YE'RE LOOKING TIRED, CHARLES...
I AM TIRED. THESE LAST FEW WEEKS HAVE NOT BEEN ...PLEASANT ONES...
I KNOW-- THUNDERBIRD'S DEATH HAS GOT US ALL A BIT DOWN.
IT'S SCOTT I'M WORRIED ABOUT...
HE'S TRYING NOT TO SHOW IT, BUT THUNDERBIRD'S DEATH HAS AFFECTED HIM DEEPLY--
--HE'S STARTING TO BROOD--MAKE MISTAKES...
...IF HE DOESN'T EASE UP ON HIMSELF AND RELAX... I DON'T KNOW, BANSHEE ...I JUST DON'T KNOW...
BLAST! IS IT FOUR ALREADY--?
I'M EXPECTING OUR NEW HOUSEKEEPER-- SHE'S TO LOOK AFTER THE HOUSE AND... THINGS WHILE I'M GONE...
BING BONG
GONE? GONE WHERE?
IN FACT, THAT SHOULD BE HER NOW.
"HOUSEKEEPER," HE SAYS--"A NICE WIDDER-WOMAN, NAME OF MOIRA MACTAGGERT..."
...PROBABLY 80 YEARS OLD, UGLY AS SIN--WITH FORTY YEARS SERVICE IN THE SCOTS GUARDS...
BING BONG
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT-- I'M COMIN'!!
I SAID I WAS COMIN' --THERE'S NO NEED FOR YE TA LEAN ON THE BLOODY DOOR... BELL...
WHO THE BLAZES ARE YE??
AH BEG YUIR PARDON--!
MAH NAME IS MOIRA MACTAGGERT --AN' AH'VE BEEN ENGAGED AS HOUSEKEEPER HERE BY PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER...
D'YOU WANT TO MAKE SOMETHIN' OF IT, THEN?!


CUT AGAIN: TO A ONCE-SECRET INSTALLATION SHROUDED DEEP WITHIN THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAIN PRESERVE OF NORTHERN NEW YORK --AND TO WHAT MAY WELL BE...
THERE'S THE WASHINGTON COURIER, DR. LANG --RIGHT ON SCHEDULE...
ABOUT TIME, TOO.
THIS SIDE UP
PROJECT ARMAGEDDON


...A RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY.
STRANGE --I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS PROJECT OVER SIX YEARS-- AND NOW THAT IT'S NEARING FRUITION...
...I'M AS NERVOUS AS A FRESHMAN AT FINALS.

MICHAEL! COLONEL ROSSI! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!
AM I RIGHT IN ASSUMING YOU'VE SOME GOOD NEWS FOR ME?
I HAVE SOME... NEWS, DR. LANG. FOR YOUR EARS ALONE.

THEY'VE AGREED THEN--I'VE GOT THE GREEN LIGHT.
NO. NOT YET. THE COUNCIL WANTS A FINAL REPORT --YEA OR NAY --GO OR NO GO--
--AND THEY WANT ME TO GIVE IT TO THEM.

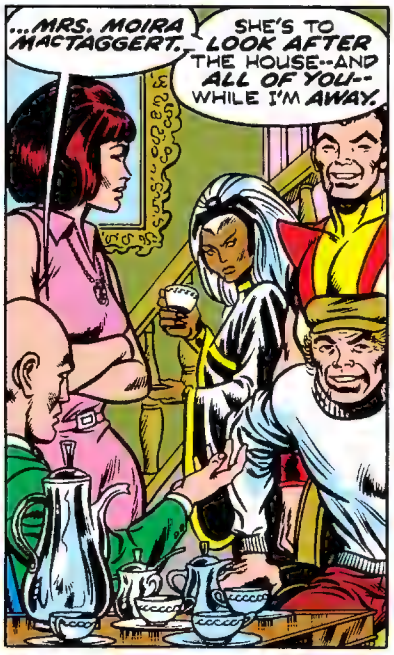
AND YOU'RE AGAINST IT. WE USED TO BE FRIENDS, MICHAEL--WHAT HAPPENED?
THIS HAPPENED-- THIS PROJECT OF YOURS, SIX YEARS OF YOUR LIFE, A BILLION DOLLARS IN ILLEGAL APROPRIATIONS-- AND FOR WHAT--?
JUST SO YOU CAN KIDNAP A FEW LOUSY MUTANTS?!?

YES!!
KIDNAP THEM --SECURE THESE MUTANT SPECIMENS FOR IN-DEPTH EXAMINATION-- SO THAT MANKIND WILL AT LAST KNOW ITS TRUE ENEMY--!

THAT'S WHAT MY WORK IS ALL ABOUT, MICHAEL--
--PROJECT ARMAGEDDON.!!
THE FINAL ULTIMATE CONFLICT BETWEEN HOMO SAPIENS AND HOMO SUPERIOR-- BETWEEN MAN... AND MUTANT.!

YOU THINK I'M EXAGGERATING THE THREAT?
I THINK THERE IS NO THREAT.
WHY? BECAUSE THE ONLY MUTANTS ANYONE KNOWS OF FOR SURE ARE THE X-MEN? NOW WHO'S PLAYING THE FOOL?
BOLIVAR TRASK KNEW-- HE UNDERSTOOD THE DANGER-- HE POINTED THE WAY--
--HE TRIED TO STOP THE MUTANTS, MICHAEL, AND THEY KILLED HIM FOR IT, HIM AND HIS SON.
THE BEAST
BUT THEY WON'T DESTROY ME.
EVERY CONTINGENCY HAS BEEN PREPARED FOR--NO DETAIL HAS BEEN SPARED, MICHAEL, NOTHING LEFT TO CHANCE.
THE MUTANTS CANNOT STOP ME-- NO ONE CAN STOP ME NOW!
I CAN STOP YOU.
YOU'RE WRONG, STEVE--ALL THE WAY DOWN THE LINE...
NO, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE WRONG. BECAUSE WE ARE THE ANCIENT NEANDERTHALS FACING THE MUTANT CRO-MAGNON--
--IT IS US OR THEM, KILL OR BE KILLED--THERE IS NO OTHER WAY!
EVEN IF THAT WERE TRUE, YOUR PROJECT ISN'T THE ANSWER, NOT THESE DAYS --THE COUNTRY COULDN'T SURVIVE YOUR KIND OF MUTANT WITCH HUNT.
PROJECT ARMAGEDDON IS OVER, STEVE; IT'S FINISHED AS SOON AS I GET BACK TO WASHINGTON... I'M JUST SORRY IT HAD TO END LIKE THIS...
SO AM I, COLONEL ROSSI. BECAUSE THAT MEANS YOU MUST NEVER REACH WASHINGTON...
...ALIVE.

IT'S NIGHT NOW, THE QUIET END TO A LONG, STRENUOUS DAY...
...A TIME TO RELAX OVER A GOOD MEAL... A TIME FOR THE X-MEN TO BE FORMALLY INTRODUCED TO THEIR NEW HOUSEKEEPER...

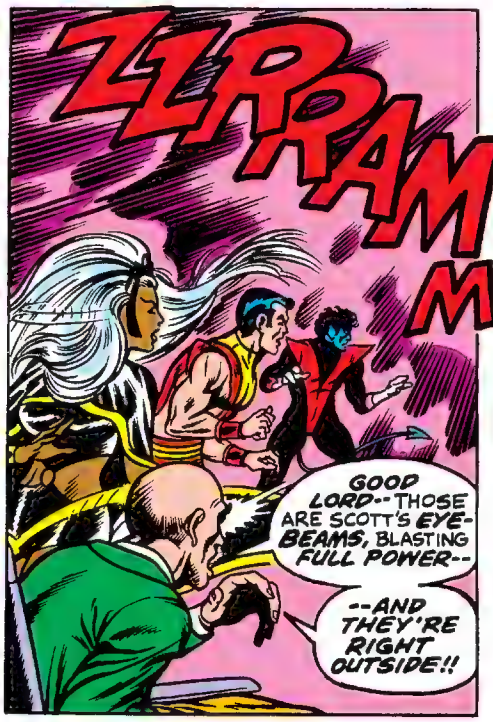

...MRS. MOIRA MACTAGGERT...
SHE'S TO LOOK AFTER THE HOUSE--AND ALL OF YOU--WHILE I'M AWAY.

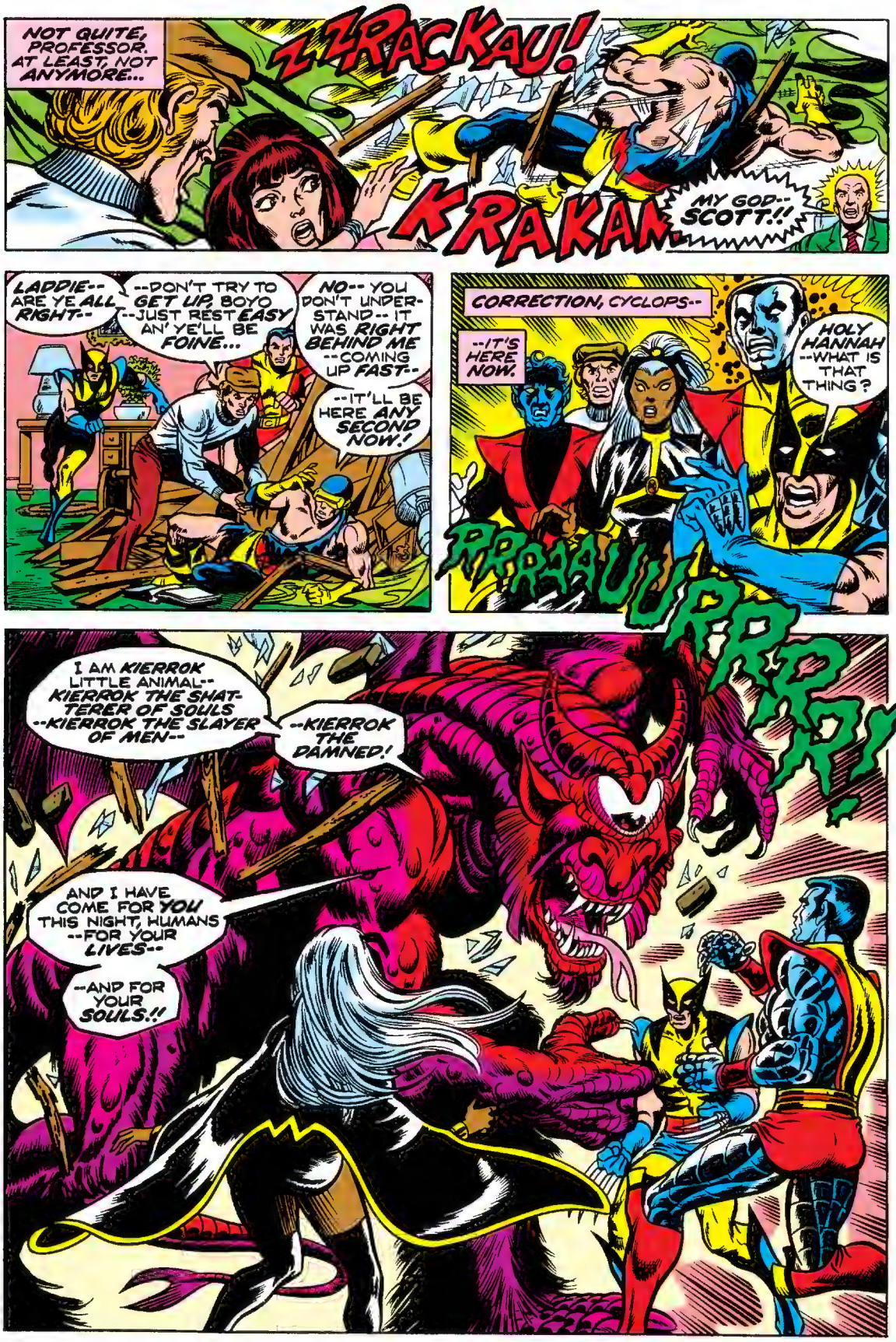
YOU CUTTIN' OUT ON US, BOSS?
FOR A WHILE, WOLVERINE. EVERY MAN NEEDS A VACATION AT SOME POINT IN HIS LIFE...
...I'VE DECIDED THE TIME HAS COME FOR MINE.

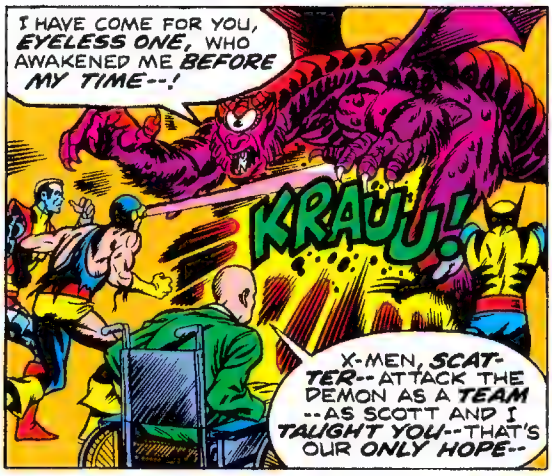
MISTRESS MACTAGGERT--I JUST WANTED TO APOLOGISE FOR ME BRUSQUE MANNER THIS AFTERNOON...
IT'S NA NECESSARY, MR.... AH...
CASSIDY, MA'AM. SEAN CASSIDY. AN' I'D CONSIDER IT AN HONOR, INDEED IF YE'D JOIN ME FER A CUP O' COFFEE...

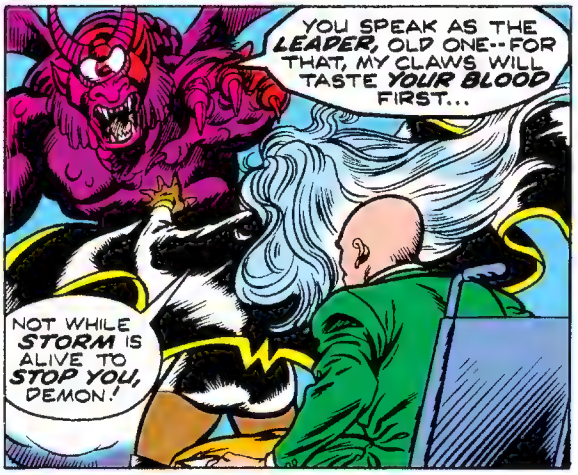
BANSHEE SEEMS QUITE TAKEN WITH MRS. MACTAGGERT--
WE ALL ARE, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER--BUT, PROFESSOR, IF YOU ARE SO INTENT ON KEEPING OUR EXISTENCE SECRET FROM THE WORLD...
...WHY REVEAL OUR TRUE NATURE TO THIS ...HOUSEKEEPER?

THAT IS MY AFFAIR, ORORO.
BUT REST ASSURED--OUR SECRET IS SAFE WITH MOIRA MACTAGGERT. SAFE UNTO DEATH.
BY THE WAY, HAVE YOU SEEN SCOTT ANYWHERE?


ZLRRAM
M
GOOD LORD--THOSE ARE SCOTT'S EYE-BEAMS, BLASTING FULL POWER--
--AND THEY'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE!!


NOT QUITE, PROFESSOR. AT LEAST, NOT ANYMORE...
ZZRACKAU!
KRAKAN
MY GOD-- SCOTT!!
LADDIE-- ARE YE ALL RIGHT--
--DON'T TRY TO GET UP, BOYO --JUST REST EASY AN' YE'LL BE FOINE...
NO-- YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-- IT WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME --COMING UP FAST--
--IT'LL BE HERE ANY SECOND NOW!
CORRECTION, CYCLOPS--
--IT'S HERE NOW.
HOLY HANNAH --WHAT IS THAT THING?
RRRAAURRR!
I AM KIERROK LITTLE ANIMAL-- KIERROK THE SHATTERER OF SOULS --KIERROK THE SLAYER OF MEN--
--KIERROK THE DAMNED!
AND I HAVE COME FOR YOU THIS NIGHT, HUMANS --FOR YOUR LIVES--
--AND FOR YOUR SOULS!!

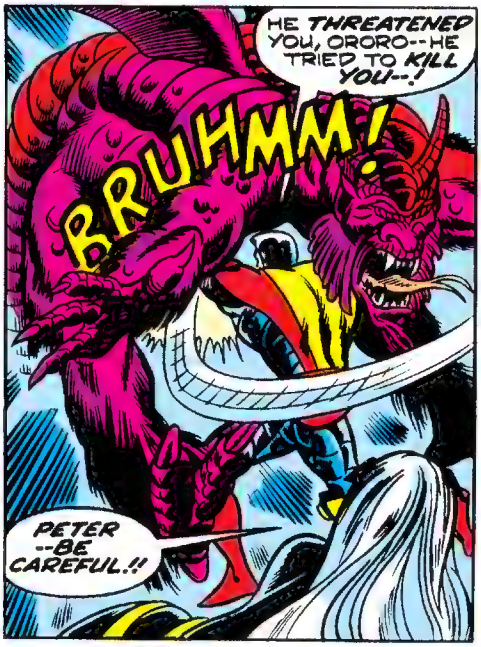

I HAVE COME FOR YOU, EYELESS ONE, WHO AWAKENED ME BEFORE MY TIME--!
KRAUU!
X-MEN, SCATTER--ATTACK THE DEMON AS A TEAM --AS SCOTT AND I TAUGHT YOU--THAT'S OUR ONLY HOPE--


YOU SPEAK AS THE LEADER, OLD ONE--FOR THAT, MY CLAWS WILL TASTE YOUR BLOOD FIRST...
NOT WHILE STORM IS ALIVE TO STOP YOU, DEMON!

STORM, NO!!
GET OUT OF HERE, STORM--YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR KIERROK ON YOUR OWN --GET OUT--NOW!!
DON'T BOTHER ABOUT ME--MY MENTAL POWERS WILL PROTECT ME! I AM IN NO DANGER--BUT YOU ARE--!

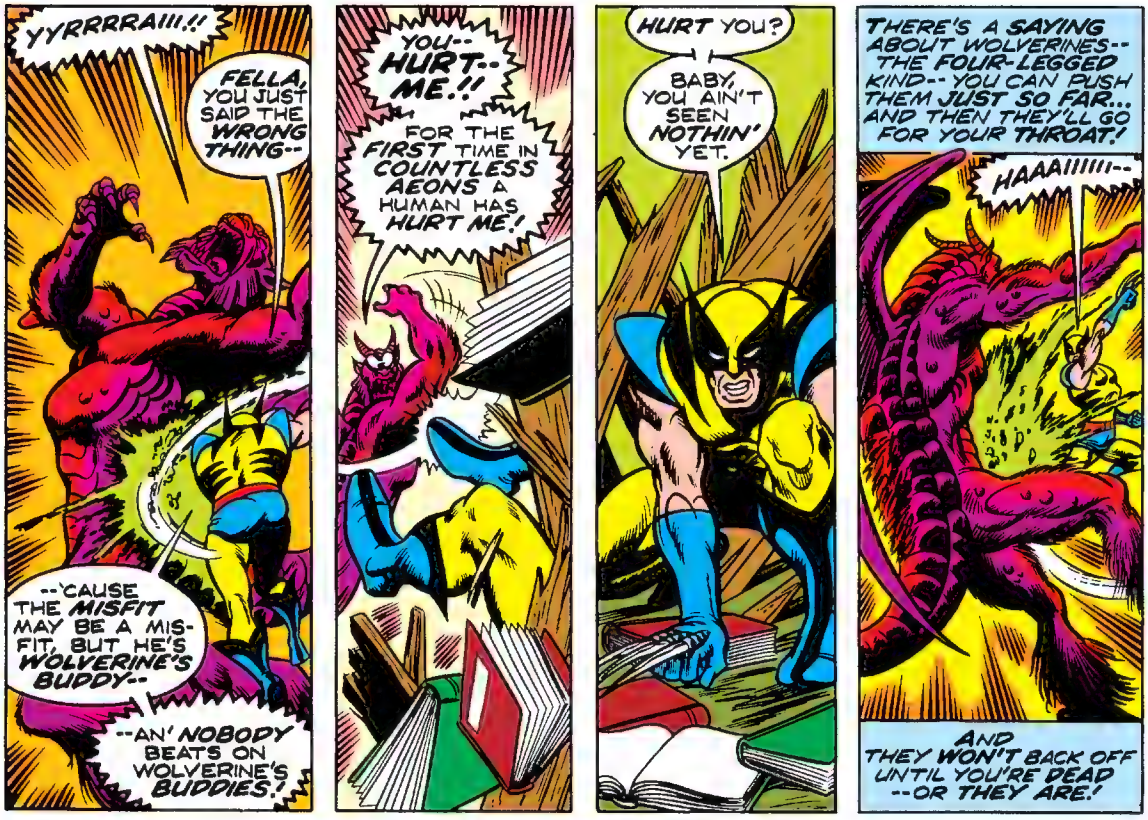
AAAAAA!
YOU ARE TOO SLOW, FEMALE--AND KIERROK'S CLAWS ARE TOO SHARP--

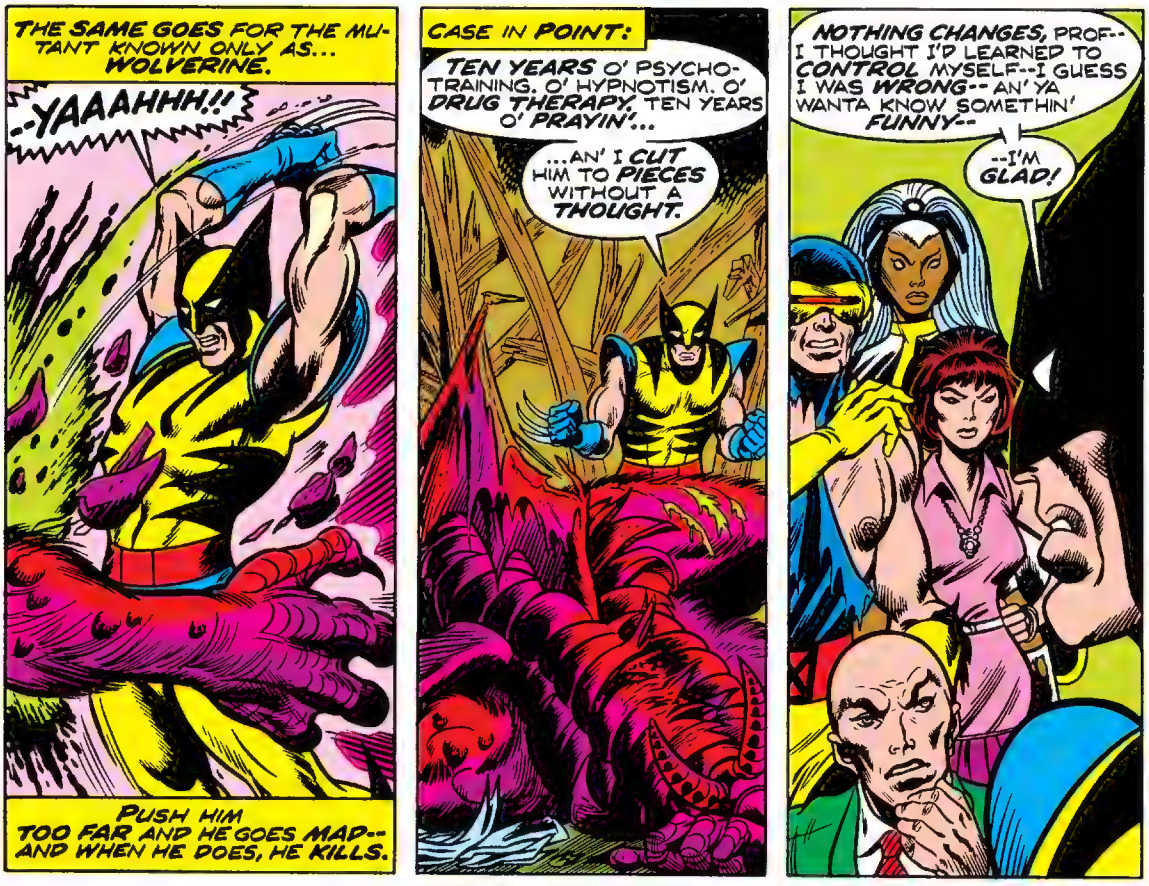
YOUR DEATH WILL BE QUICK, WINGED ONE--
--YOU MAY THANK KIERROK FOR HIS KINDNESS.
STORM WILL THANK YOU FOR NOTHING, MONSTER!

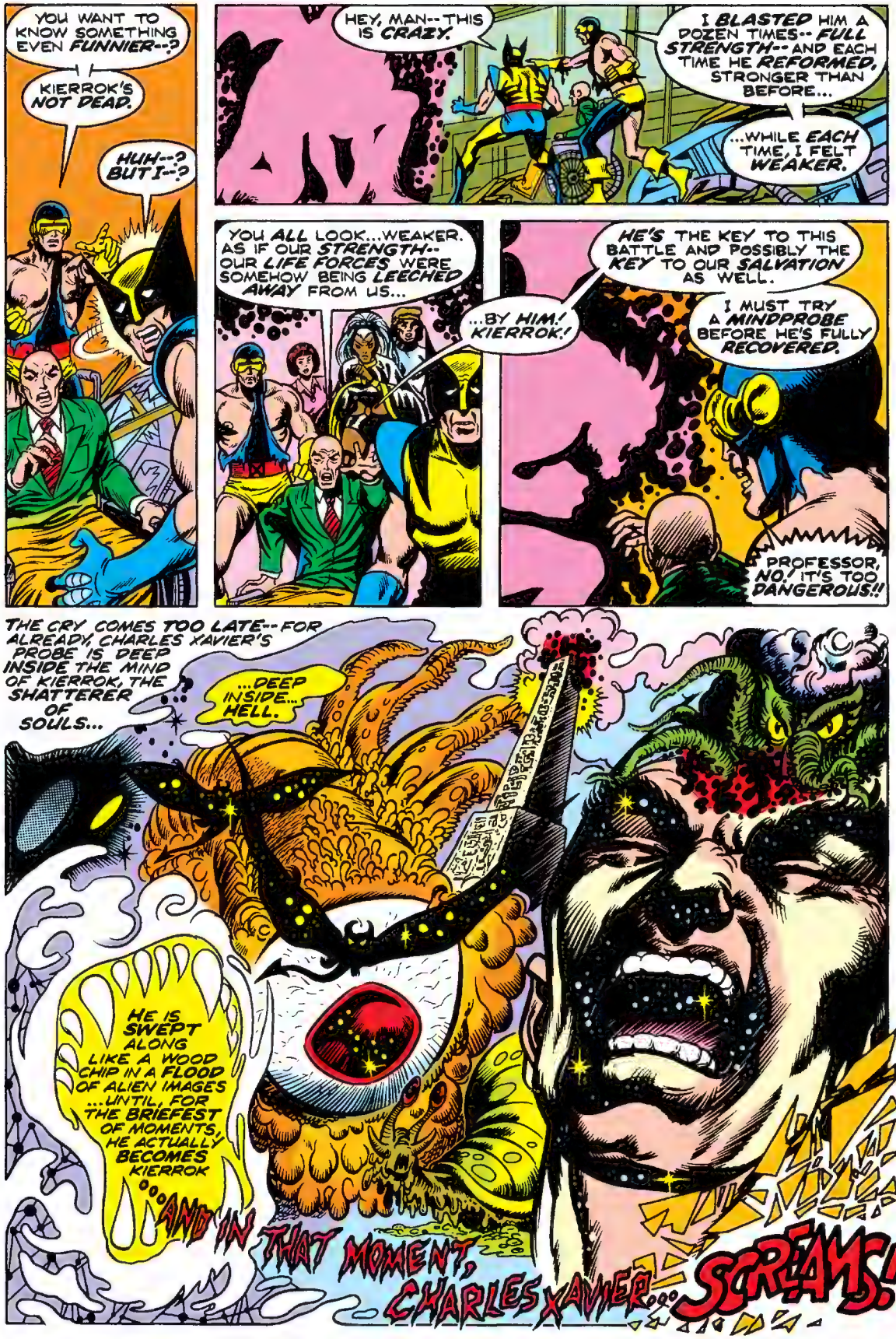

HE THREATENED YOU, ORORO--HE TRIED TO KILL YOU--!
BRUHMM!
PETER --BE CAREFUL!!

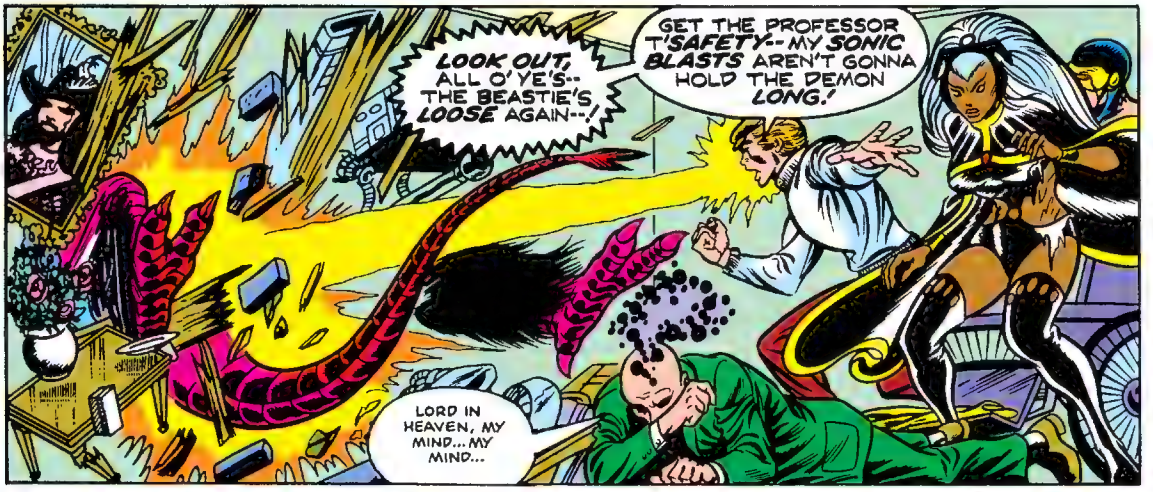
KTAKOOOM!
AND THAT COLOSSUS WILL NOT ALLOW!!

DO YOU ANIMALS THINK KIERROK IS SO EASILY DEFEATED--ARE YOU SUCH FOOLS--!?!
I AM A CHILD OF THE N'GARAI-- A CHILD OF THE ELDER GODS, WE WHO ONCE RULED THIS EARTH OF YOURS--!
I AM YOUR MASTER, HUMANS--
RRRRAAKK
--YOU CAN NEVER DEFEAT ME! NEVER!!
KRUNF!
COLOSSUS, LOOK OUT!!
PERHAPS NOT, GARGOYLE--
--BUT WE CAN ALL DIE TRYING!
BRAP!
SO FALL, MONSTROUS ABOMINATION --FALL!
KRAK!
WHY DON'T YOU FALL?!?
KIERROK DOES NOT FALL TO SUCH AS YOU, CHANGELING.
TRAAN!
ZZKRAP


YYRRRRAIII!!
FELLA, YOU JUST SAID THE WRONG THING--
--'CAUSE THE MISFIT MAY BE A MISFIT, BUT HE'S WOLVERINE'S BUDDY--
--AN' NOBODY BEATS ON WOLVERINE'S BUDDIES!
YOU-- HURT-- ME!!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN COUNTLESS AEONS A HUMAN HAS HURT ME!
HURT YOU?
BABY, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET.
THERE'S A SAYING ABOUT WOLVERINES-- THE FOUR-LEGGED KIND-- YOU CAN PUSH THEM JUST SO FAR... AND THEN THEY'LL GO FOR YOUR THROAT!
HAAAIIIII!--
AND THEY WON'T BACK OFF UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD --OR THEY ARE!


THE SAME GOES FOR THE MUTANT KNOWN ONLY AS... WOLVERINE.
--YAAAHHH!!
PUSH HIM TOO FAR AND HE GOES MAD-- AND WHEN HE DOES, HE KILLS.
CASE IN POINT:
TEN YEARS O' PSYCHO-TRAINING, O' HYPNOTISM, O' DRUG THERAPY, TEN YEARS O' PRAYIN'...
...AN' I CUT HIM TO PIECES WITHOUT A THOUGHT.
NOTHING CHANGES, PROF-- I THOUGHT I'D LEARNED TO CONTROL MYSELF--I GUESS I WAS WRONG-- AN' YA WANTA KNOW SOMETHIN' FUNNY--
--I'M GLAD!

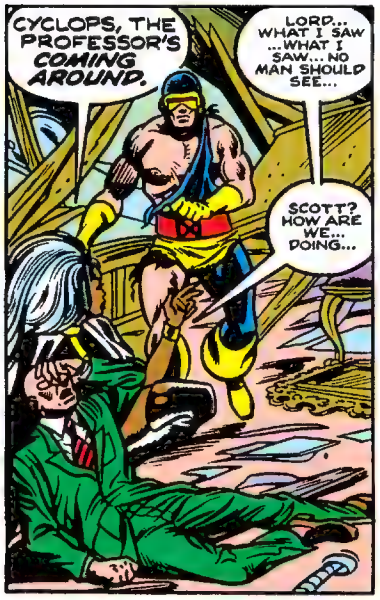

YOU WANT TO KNOW SOMETHING EVEN FUNNIER--?
KIERROK'S NOT DEAD.
HUH--? BUT I--?
HEY, MAN--THIS IS CRAZY.
I BLASTED HIM A DOZEN TIMES-- FULL STRENGTH-- AND EACH TIME HE REFORMED, STRONGER THAN BEFORE...
...WHILE EACH TIME, I FELT WEAKER.
YOU ALL LOOK...WEAKER. AS IF OUR STRENGTH-- OUR LIFE FORCES WERE SOMEHOW BEING LEECHED AWAY FROM US...
...BY HIM! KIERROK!
HE'S THE KEY TO THIS BATTLE AND POSSIBLY THE KEY TO OUR SALVATION AS WELL.
I MUST TRY A MINDPROBE BEFORE HE'S FULLY RECOVERED.
PROFESSOR, NO! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!!
THE CRY COMES TOO LATE-- FOR ALREADY, CHARLES XAVIER'S PROBE IS DEEP INSIDE THE MIND OF KIERROK, THE SHATTERER OF SOULS...
...DEEP INSIDE... HELL.
HE IS SWEPT ALONG LIKE A WOOD CHIP IN A FLOOD OF ALIEN IMAGES ...UNTIL, FOR THE BRIEFEST OF MOMENTS, HE ACTUALLY BECOMES KIERROK
AND IN THAT MOMENT, CHARLES XAVIER... SCREAMS!


LOOK OUT, ALL O' YE'S-- THE BEASTIE'S LOOSE AGAIN--!
GET THE PROFESSOR T'SAFETY-- MY SONIC BLASTS AREN'T GONNA HOLD THE DEMON LONG!
LORD IN HEAVEN, MY MIND... MY MIND...

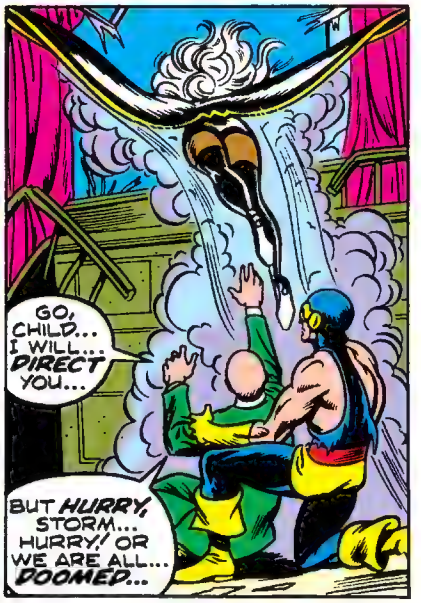
WELL, IF SONIC BLASTS'LL DO NAE GUID, LET'S SEE HOW YON KELPIE FARES--
ARMORY
BRRRRRP
--AGAINST CLOSE-RANGE MACHINE-GUN FIRE!

MOIRA, ME DARLIN'--YE'RE A FOINE FIGURE OF A WOMAN--AN' A BRAVE ONE T' BOOT--AN' I'M THINKIN' I LIKE YE A LOT--
--BUT HERE AN' NOW, LASSIE--YE'RE PLAYIN' WAY OUTA YER LEAGUE.

SO STAY UNDER COVER, STAY OUTA TROUBLE--
--AN' STAY ALIVE!


CYCLOPS, THE PROFESSOR'S COMING AROUND.
LORD... WHAT I SAW ...WHAT I SAW... NO MAN SHOULD SEE...
SCOTT? HOW ARE WE... DOING...

NOT WELL, SIR. HOLDING OUR OWN...
WE... CANNOT DEFEAT KIERROK FIGHTING HAND-TO-HAND... MUST DESTROY HIM AT... SOURCE.
THE CAIRN, STORM... YOU MUST... SEAL THE CAIRN...


GO, CHILD... I WILL... DIRECT YOU...
BUT HURRY, STORM... HURRY! OR WE ARE ALL... DOOMED...

THE NIGHTWIND IS A WELCOME CARESS ON HER BARE SKIN AS SHE SOARS HIGH AND AWAY INTO THE MIDNIGHT SKY...
...SHE IS FREE NOW-- OF HOUSES, WALLS, PEOPLE --OF THE CAGES MANKIND BUILDS TO LOCK HIMSELF INTO ...FREE AND HAPPY AND ALIVE...

...FOR THE MOMENT.
THERE IS THE CAIRN THE PROFESSOR SPOKE OF--AND HE WAS RIGHT. THERE IS EVIL HERE...ANCIENT, MONSTROUS EVIL...

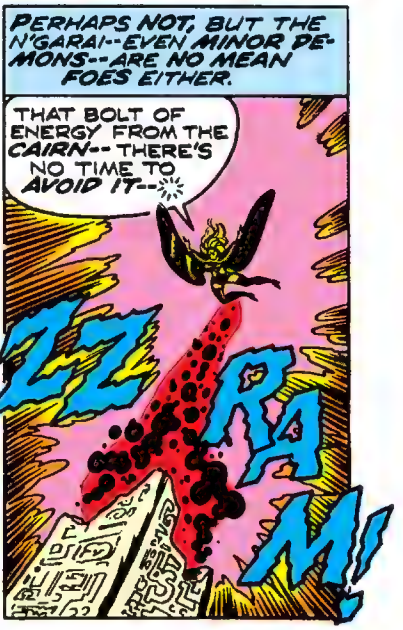
...AN EVIL THAT HUNGERS FOR PREY.

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO DESTROY IT--
AAARRRGH!
THERE IS NO WARNING--ONLY A LASH OF BLINDING AGONY DOWN STORM'S BACK AS THE PHANTOM SPEAR STRIKES HOME...

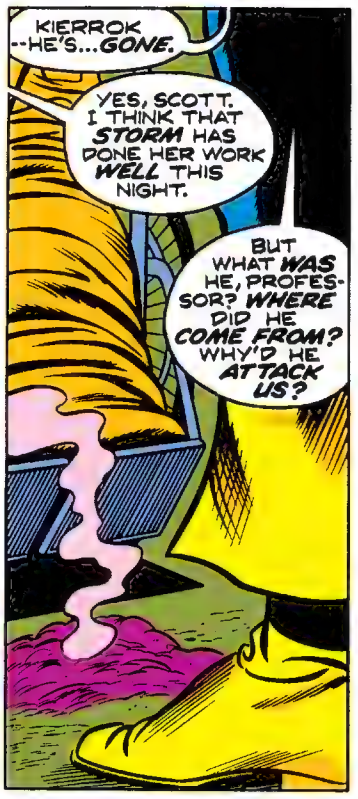
GODS--THE COLD --THE COLD!
CAN'T LET THEM HIT ME AGAIN--IF THEY DO, I'M DEAD--!

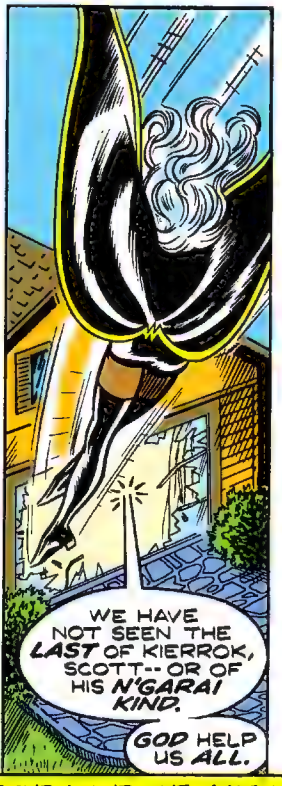
BUT WHAT ARE THEY--? THEY'RE NOT REAL--THEY'RE JUST THINGS OF SMOKE AND LIGHT--
--THINGS CREATED BY THE CAIRN!

DEMONSPAWN, THEN--CREATIONS OF THE N'GARAI!
WELL--WHATEVER THEY ARE, FROM WHATEVER HELL THAT SPAWNED THEM--THEY'LL FIND STORM NO EASY PREY!


PERHAPS NOT, BUT THE N'GARAI--EVEN MINOR DEMONS--ARE NO MEAN FOES EITHER.
THAT BOLT OF ENERGY FROM THE CAIRN-- THERE'S NO TIME TO AVOID IT--
ZZ-RA-M!

MY MIND... FUZZY... NOTHING FITS TOGETHER ...I CAN'T CONCENTRATE ...I...
OH NO. OH DEAR GOD, NO-- THE CAIRN! I'M BEING PULLED INTO THE CAIRN-- INTO THE DARK--!
I'M BEING PULLED IN AND NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY, I CAN'T BREAK FREE--
--BUT I MUST!
I MUST BE FREE--
--AND I SHALL BE FREE!!
BRRRRBBMMM!





NEXT ISSUE:

SOME OLD FRIENDS RETURN AND THE X-MEN SUDDENLY FIND THEMSELVES LOCKED IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH IN THE SHOCKER WE CALL--

MY BROTHER, MY ENEMY!

X-MEN
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT
X-MEN
STAY BACK, MY FELLOW X-MEN!
THIS IS ONE BATTLE THAT CYCLOPS MUST FIGHT ALONE!
BUCKLER & COCKRUM
CYCLOPS VS HAVOK IN A DUEL TO THE DEATH!
MY BROTHER..MY ENEMY!

Cyclops. Storm. Banshee. Nightcrawler. Wolverine. Colossus. Children of the atom, students of Charles Xavier, MUTANTS——feared and hated by the world they have sworn to protect. These are the STRANGEST heroes of all!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!™

my BROTHER, my enemy!

CHRIS CLAREMONT * DAVE COCKRUM
WRITER ARTIST

SAM GRAINGER, INKER
ANNETTE KAYE, LETTERER
DON WARFIELD, COLORIST

MARV WOLFMAN
EDITOR

BUT THE DREAM DOESN'T **HEAR** XAVIER'S ANGUISHED, SOUL-TORN **CRY**--OR, IF IT **DOES**, IT DOESN'T CARE TO **ANSWER**.

AND, **ONCE AGAIN**, CHARLES XAVIER FINDS HIMSELF DRAWN OUT ACROSS THE **INFINITE**, DRAWN INTO **NIGHTMARE**...

...**DRAWN INTO HELL!**

HE HAS SEEN THIS BATTLE A **HUNDRED** TIMES BEFORE, ON A HUNDRED **SLEEPLESS NIGHTS**--

--TWO MIGHTY **STARFLEETS** CREATING THEIR OWN PRIVATE **ARMAGEDDON** IN THE DESOLATE SPACE AROUND A GIANT **BINARY SUN.**

AGAIN, HE WATCHES **HELPLESSLY** AS TEN-METER ENERGY BEAMS TURN TRICARDIAN STEEL TO **PUDDLED SLAG**, AS RUPTURED HULLS VOID PRECIOUS **ATMOSPHERE** INTO SPACE AND MEN **DIE**, QUICKLY, BRUTALLY, **MERCILESSLY**...

AGAIN, HE FEELS THE **TERRIBLE** COLD OF THIS... **ALIEN** SPACE, THE TERRIBLE **PAIN** OF THESE ALIEN DEATHS...

AND AGAIN, FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME IN A HUNDRED NIGHTS, CHARLES XAVIER **WONDERS** IF HE ISN'T GOING **MAD.**

THEN, AS **SUDDENLY**, AS SILENTLY, AS THE BATTLE BEGAN, IT **ENDS**...

STRANGE, THAT SO MUCH DEATH SHOULD OCCUR IN SO MUCH **SILENCE**--SOMEHOW, IT DOESN'T SEEM **RIGHT.**

STILL, **ONE** SMALL SCOUT-CRAFT SURVIVES THE **HOLOCAUST**...

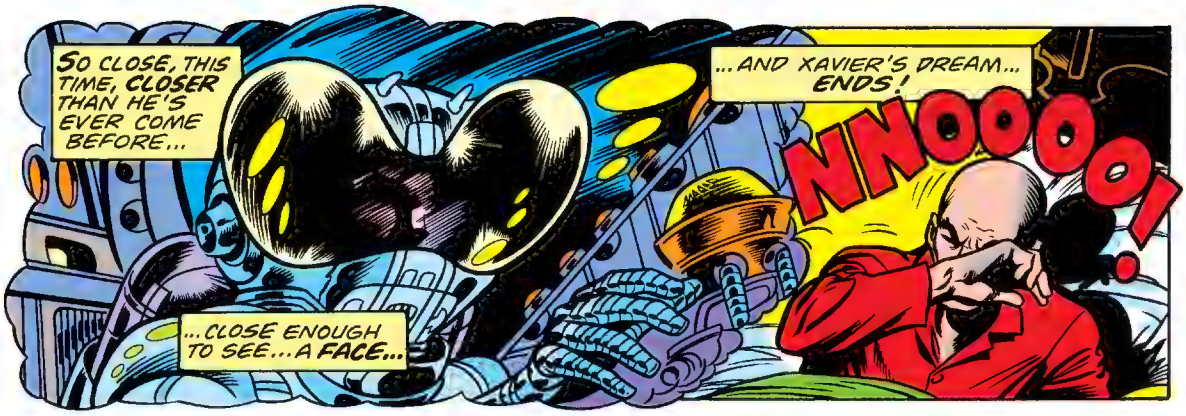
...SURVIVES TO **RUN** AND HIDE AND, **PERHAPS**, LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY...

...AND, AS IT RUNS, IT DRAWS HIM IN, A **MOTH** DRAWN UNWILLINGLY INTO THE **FLAME.**

DRAWS HIM CLOSER, **EVER CLOSER**...

...TANTALIZINGLY CLOSE...

...AND TRY AS HE MIGHT, XAVIER CANNOT **RESIST**--THE DREAM HAS HIM **BODY AND SOUL**, AND IT WILL RELEASE HIM WHEN **IT** WANTS, NOT BEFORE...

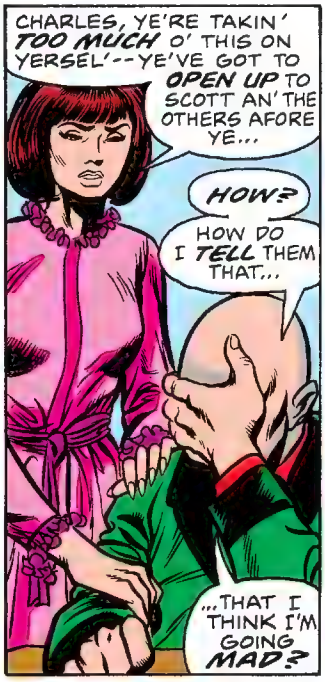

SO CLOSE, THIS TIME, CLOSER THAN HE'S EVER COME BEFORE...
...AND XAVIER'S DREAM... ENDS!
NNOOOO!
...CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE... A FACE...

HE SITS THERE A LONG TIME, THE ECHO OF HIS SCREAM RINGING IN HIS EARS, HIS BODY CLAMMY-COLD WITH SWEAT... HIS MIND IN TURMOIL...
IRONIC, ISN'T IT, XAVIER-- YOU PRIDE YOURSELF ON POSSESSING THE STRONGEST MUTANT BRAIN ON EARTH...

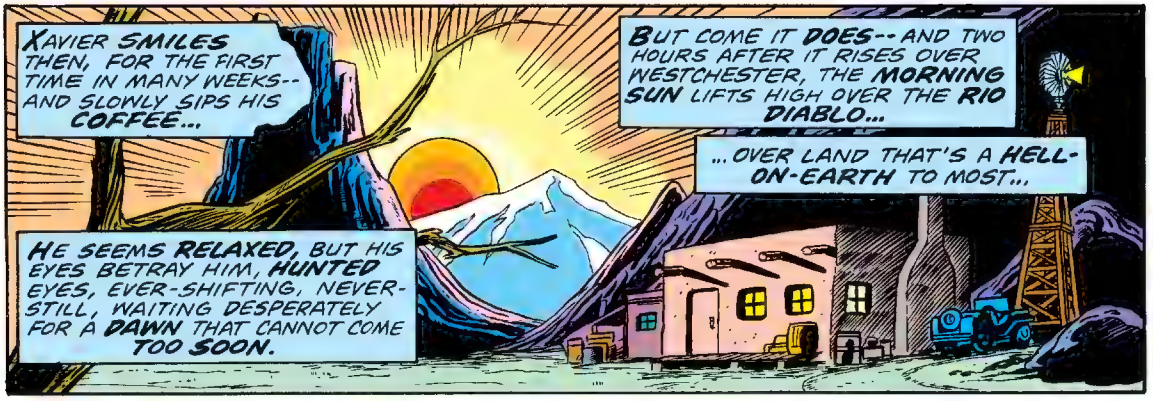
...YET THIS DREAM TEARS YOUR MIND APART AT WILL.
LIKE IT OR NOT, XAVIER, IT'S TIME YOU FACED THE TRUTH...
...YOUR MIND IS NO LONGER YOUR OWN.

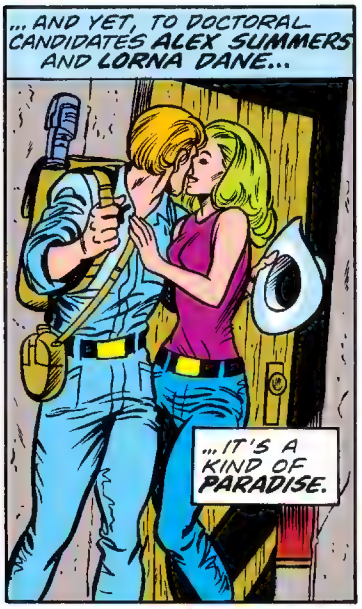
HEY, CHARLES, I HEARD YE CRY OUT-- DID YE HAVE A NIGHTMARE, THEN?
LORD ABOVE, YE'RE SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF--WHAT'S WRONG, MAN?

HERE, GIVE ME THA' COFFEE POT AFORE YE BURN YERSEL'.
THANK YOU, MOIRA.
I... I HAD THE DREAM AGAIN, STRONGER THAN EVER...
THERE'S SUCH POWER BEHIND IT, MOIRA, SUCH INCREDIBLE POWER.

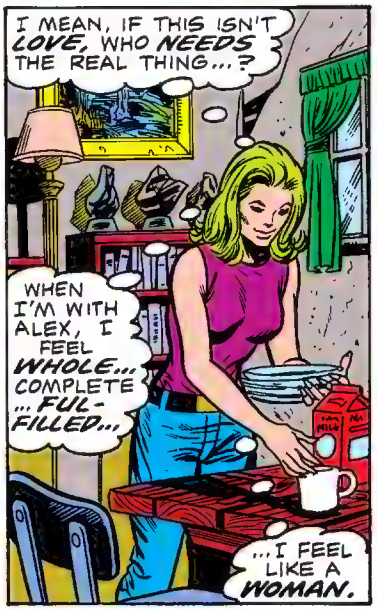

CHARLES, YE'RE TAKIN' TOO MUCH O' THIS ON YERSEL'--YE'VE GOT TO OPEN UP TO SCOTT AN' THE OTHERS AFORE YE...
HOW?
HOW DO I TELL THEM THAT...
...THAT I THINK I'M GOING MAD?

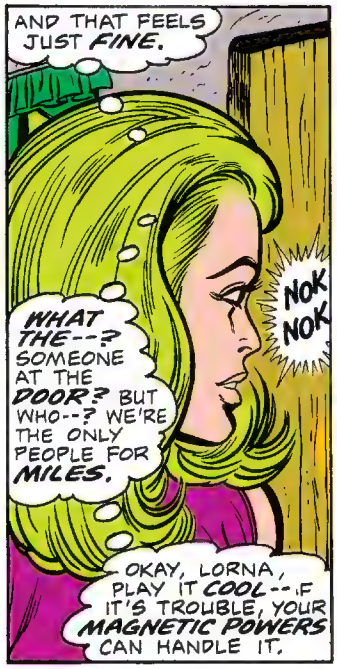
HEY, IT'S NA' AS BAD AS ALL THAT-- YE CALLED FOR HELP, AN' I CAME...
...AS I SAID I WOULD.
I HAD NO RIGHT TO ASK YOU, NOT AFTER...
DON'T BE SILLY --WHA' ELSE ARE FRIENDS FOR?

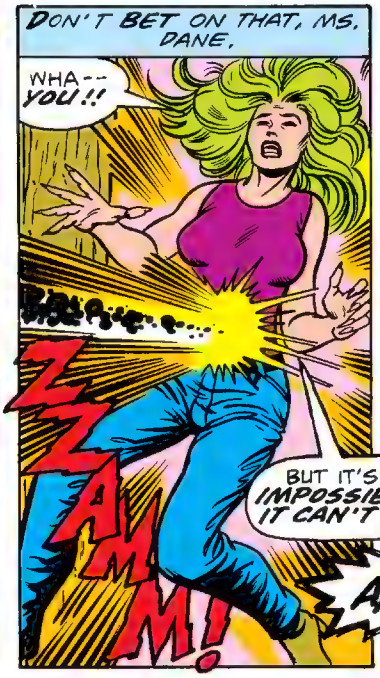

XAVIER SMILES THEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY WEEKS--AND SLOWLY SIPS HIS COFFEE...
BUT COME IT DOES--AND TWO HOURS AFTER IT RISES OVER WESTCHESTER, THE MORNING SUN LIFTS HIGH OVER THE RIO DIABLO...
...OVER LAND THAT'S A HELL-ON-EARTH TO MOST...
HE SEEMS RELAXED, BUT HIS EYES BETRAY HIM, HUNTED EYES, EVER-SHIFTING, NEVER-STILL, WAITING DESPERATELY FOR A DAWN THAT CANNOT COME TOO SOON.

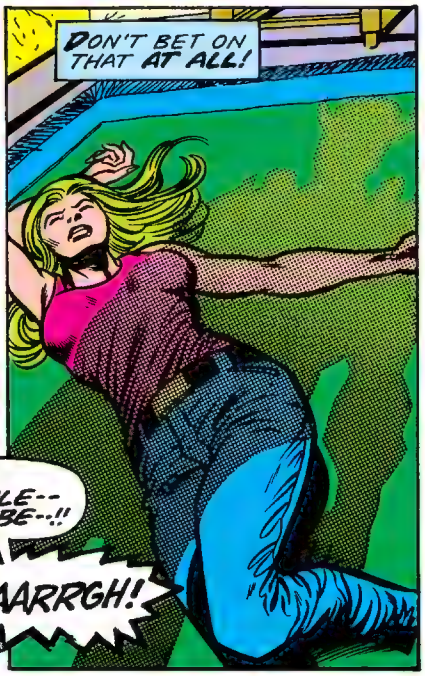

...AND YET, TO DOCTORAL CANDIDATES ALEX SUMMERS AND LORNA DANE...
...IT'S A KIND OF PARADISE.

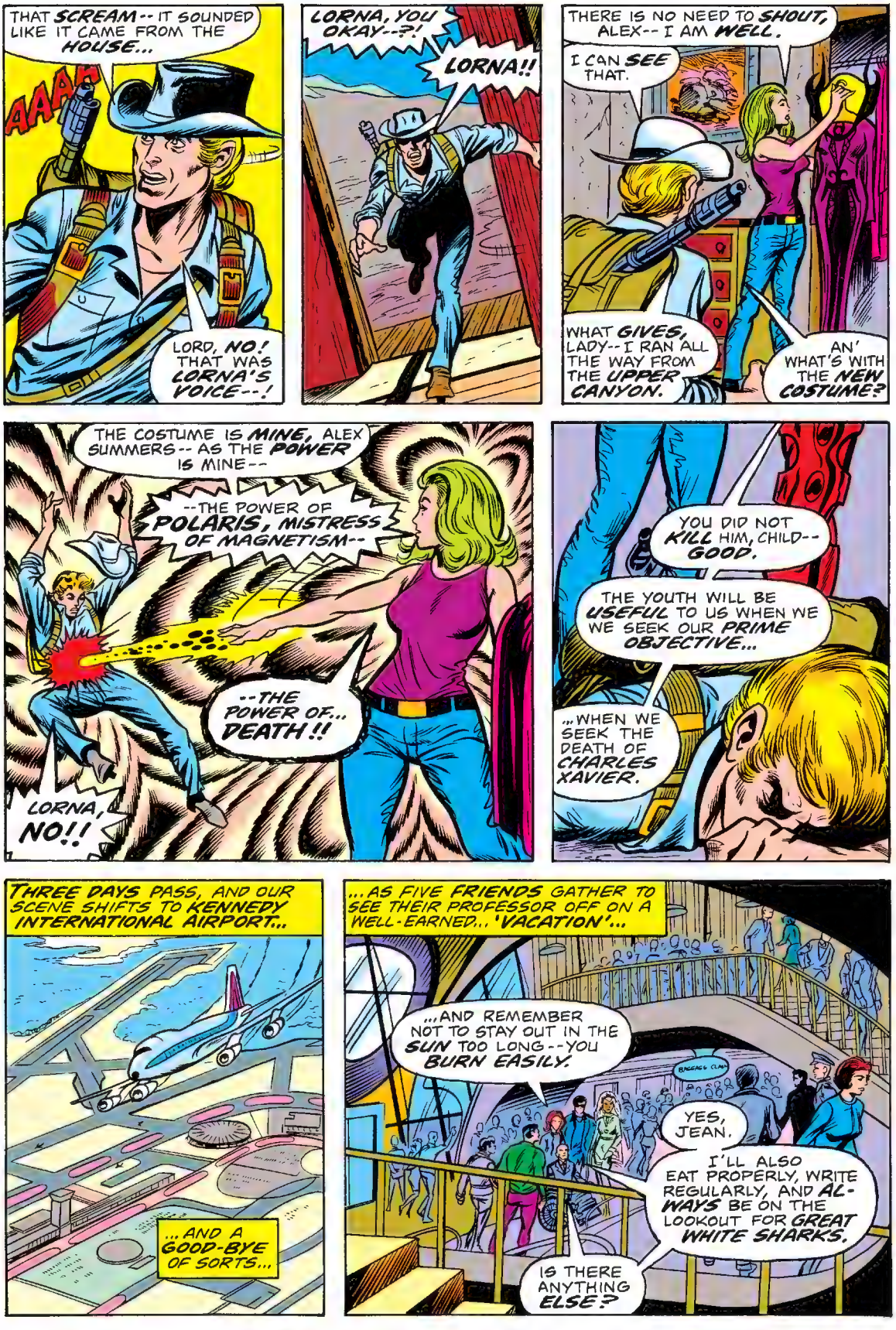
SIX MONTHS THEY'VE BEEN HERE, WORKING THE JAGGED DIABLO RANGE--AND IN THOSE MONTHS, WHAT BEGAN AS FRIENDSHIP HAS BECOME SOMETHING...MORE.
FACE IT, LITTLE LORNA, AFTER ALL THE HASSLES, ALL THE GRIEF, YOU'VE STRUCK GOLD WITH THIS MAN...
...PURE GOLD.

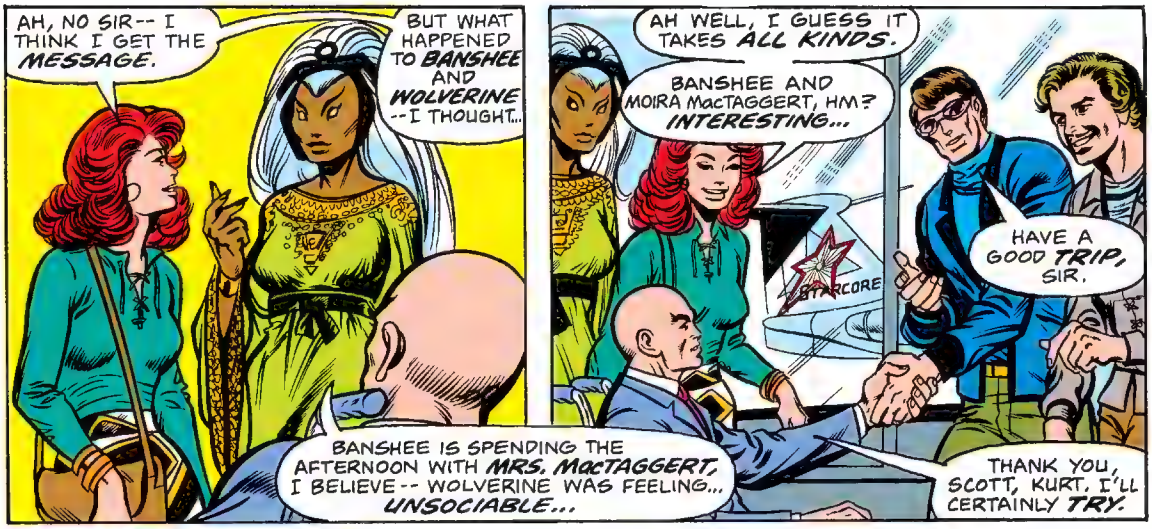

I MEAN, IF THIS ISN'T LOVE, WHO NEEDS THE REAL THING...?
WHEN I'M WITH ALEX, I FEEL WHOLE... COMPLETE ...FULFILLED...
...I FEEL LIKE A WOMAN.

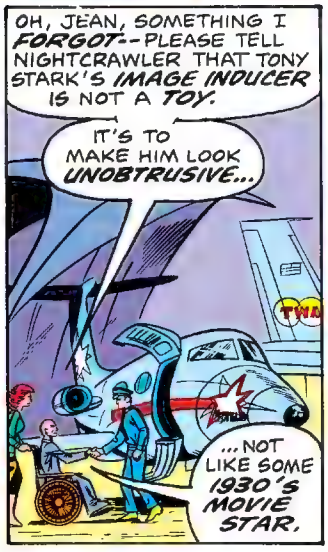

AND THAT FEELS JUST FINE.
NOK NOK
WHAT THE--? SOMEONE AT THE DOOR? BUT WHO--? WE'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE FOR MILES.
OKAY, LORNA, PLAY IT COOL--IF IT'S TROUBLE, YOUR MAGNETIC POWERS CAN HANDLE IT.


DON'T BET ON THAT, MS. DANE.
WHA--YOU!!
ZZAAMM!
BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--IT CAN'T BE--!!

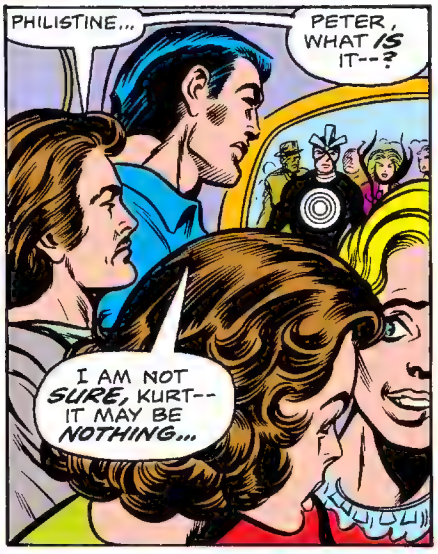

DON'T BET ON THAT AT ALL!
AAARRGH!


THAT SCREAM -- IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME FROM THE HOUSE...
AAAH
LORD, NO! THAT WAS LORNA'S VOICE --!
LORNA, YOU OKAY--?!
LORNA!!
THERE IS NO NEED TO SHOUT, ALEX -- I AM WELL.
I CAN SEE THAT.
WHAT GIVES, LADY -- I RAN ALL THE WAY FROM THE UPPER CANYON.
AN' WHAT'S WITH THE NEW COSTUME?
THE COSTUME IS MINE, ALEX SUMMERS -- AS THE POWER IS MINE --
--THE POWER OF POLARIS, MISTRESS OF MAGNETISM--
--THE POWER OF... DEATH!!
LORNA, NO!!
YOU DID NOT KILL HIM, CHILD -- GOOD.
THE YOUTH WILL BE USEFUL TO US WHEN WE SEEK OUR PRIME OBJECTIVE...
...WHEN WE SEEK THE DEATH OF CHARLES XAVIER.
THREE DAYS PASS, AND OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT...
...AND A GOOD-BYE OF SORTS...
...AS FIVE FRIENDS GATHER TO SEE THEIR PROFESSOR OFF ON A WELL-EARNED... 'VACATION'...
...AND REMEMBER NOT TO STAY OUT IN THE SUN TOO LONG -- YOU BURN EASILY.
YES, JEAN.
I'LL ALSO EAT PROPERLY, WRITE REGULARLY, AND ALWAYS BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR GREAT WHITE SHARKS.
IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?

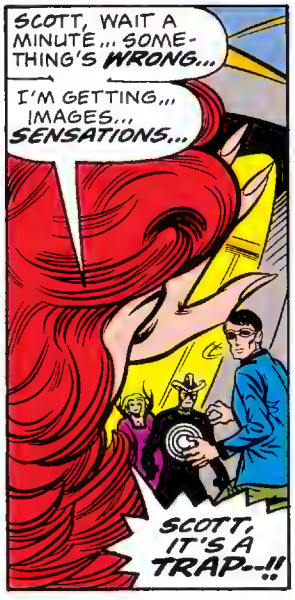

AH, NO SIR-- I THINK I GET THE MESSAGE.
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO BANSHEE AND WOLVERINE --I THOUGHT...
BANSHEE IS SPENDING THE AFTERNOON WITH MRS. MacTAGGERT, I BELIEVE-- WOLVERINE WAS FEELING... UNSOCIABLE...
AH WELL, I GUESS IT TAKES ALL KINDS.
BANSHEE AND MOIRA MacTAGGERT, HM? INTERESTING...
STARCORE
HAVE A GOOD TRIP, SIR.
THANK YOU, SCOTT, KURT. I'LL CERTAINLY TRY.


OH, JEAN, SOMETHING I FORGOT-- PLEASE TELL NIGHTCRAWLER THAT TONY STARK'S IMAGE INDUCER IS NOT A TOY.
IT'S TO MAKE HIM LOOK UNOBTRUSIVE...
...NOT LIKE SOME 1930'S MOVIE STAR.

SPEAKING OF WHICH...
LOOK THERE, MY FRIEND, ARE THOSE NOT MAGNIFICENT LEGS?
I... DO NOT KNOW.
THE GIRLS ON THE UST-ORDYNSKI COLLECTIVE DID NOT WEAR SUCH... SHORT SKIRTS,

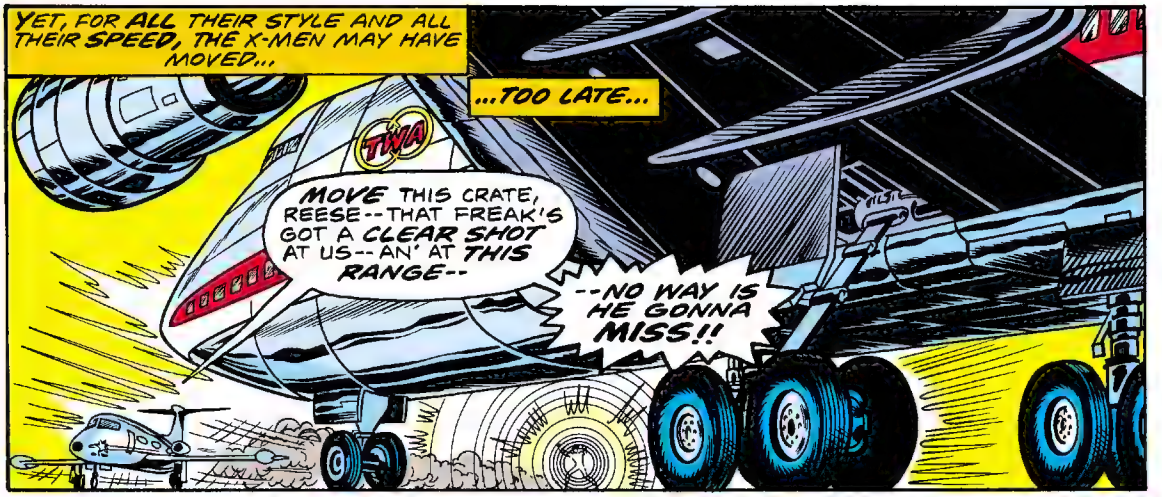

PHILISTINE...
PETER, WHAT IS IT--?
I AM NOT SURE, KURT-- IT MAY BE NOTHING...

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND...
HAVOC--!
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY ARE YOU AND LORNA IN COSTUME?
SPEAK UP, MAN!

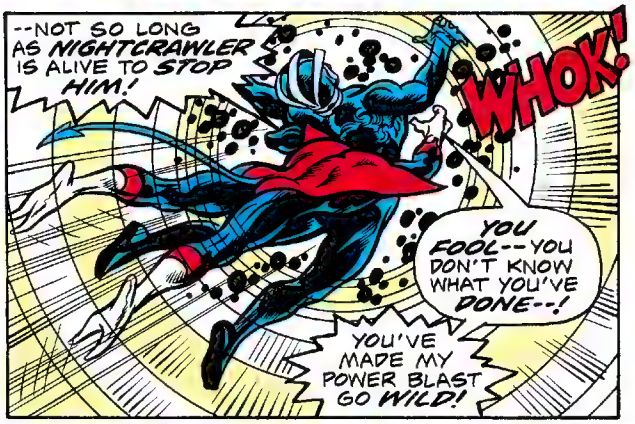

SCOTT, WAIT A MINUTE... SOMETHING'S WRONG...
I'M GETTING... IMAGES... SENSATIONS...
SCOTT, IT'S A TRAP--!!

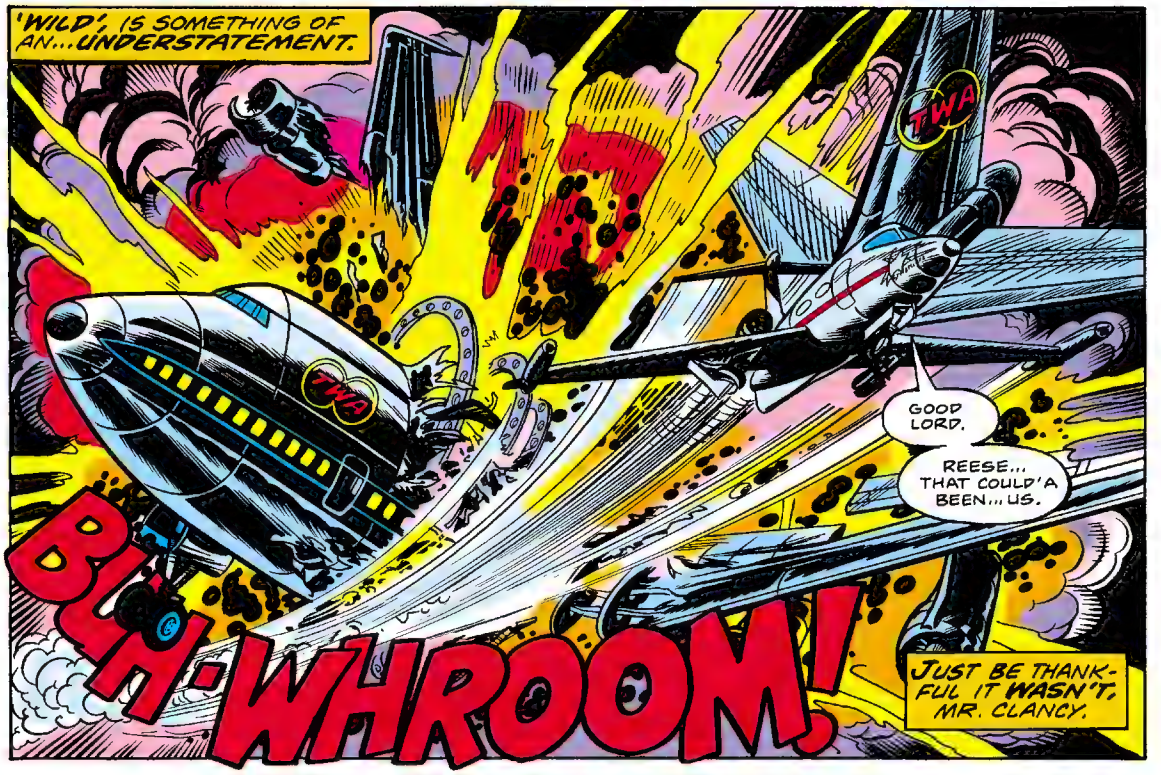
FOOL, YOU'VE JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT!
ZZRAK!

JEAN!!
HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY, LORNA?! WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!?!
WE'RE DOING WHAT WE HAVE TO, SCOTT.
NOW GET OUT OF OUR WAY-- IT'S XAVIER WE WANT.
OVER MY DEAD BODY.
OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT...
HEY, REESE, TAKE A LOOK--THESE CLOWNS ARE TRYIN' TA KILL EACH OTHER...
Y'KNOW, I'M THINKIN WE OUGHTTA GET OUTTA HERE WHILE WE STILL GOT THE CHANCE.
I'M WAY AHEAD O' YA, CLANCY, AS USUAL.
WE'RE ROLLIN', BABY.
AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON.
KRAKOW!
LORD ABOVE--! WHAT'RE THEY TRYIN' TA' DO IN THERE-- START WORLD WAR III?
SURE LOOKS LIKE IT.
WELL THEN, YOU BETTER STEP ON IT, REESE...
...'CAUSE I THINK WORLD WAR III'S COMIN' AFTER US--!
THEY'RE GOING FOR THE PROFESSOR'S PLANE--
--GET AFTER THEM, X-MEN--STOP THEM ANY WAY YOU CAN--!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, PEOPLE-- MOVE IT!!
AND MOVE IT THEY DO, EACH IN THEIR OWN UNIQUE STYLE.
QUICKLY, MY FRIEND--WE'VE NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!

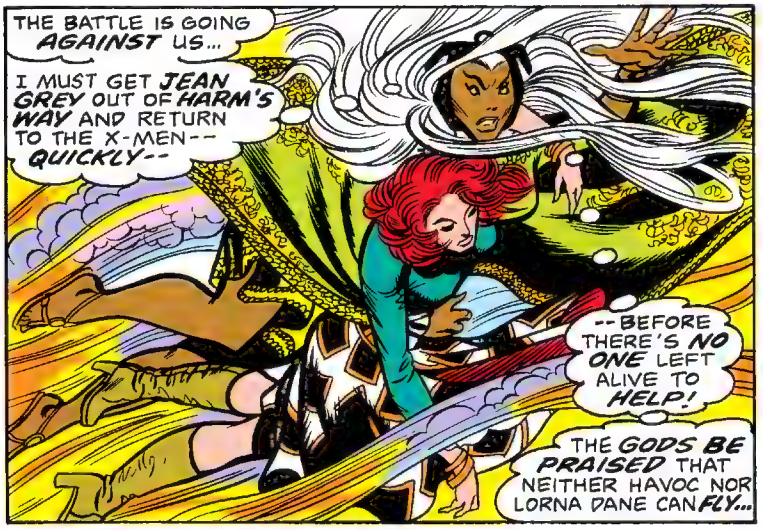

YET, FOR ALL THEIR STYLE AND ALL THEIR SPEED, THE X-MEN MAY HAVE MOVED...
...TOO LATE...
TWA
MOVE THIS CRATE, REESE--THAT FREAK'S GOT A CLEAR SHOT AT US--AN' AT THIS RANGE--
--NO WAY IS HE GONNA MISS!!

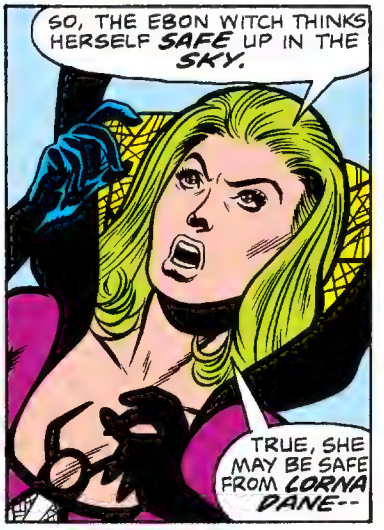
NIGHTCRAWLER, LOOK --HAVOC IS ABOUT TO FIRE--!
NO, MY FRIEND--HE'LL NOT FIRE--

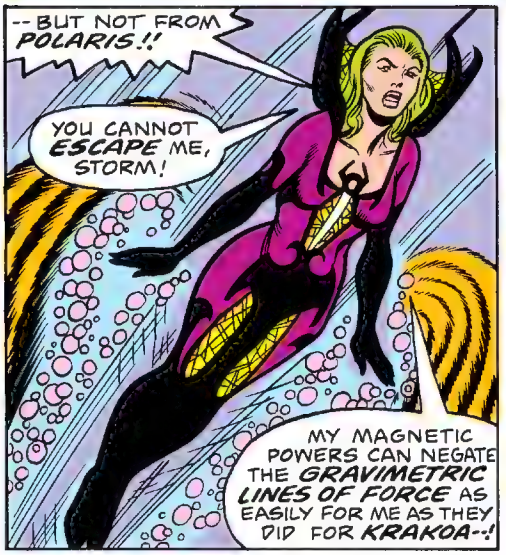

--NOT SO LONG AS NIGHTCRAWLER IS ALIVE TO STOP HIM!
WHOK!
YOU FOOL--YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE--!
YOU'VE MADE MY POWER BLAST GO WILD!

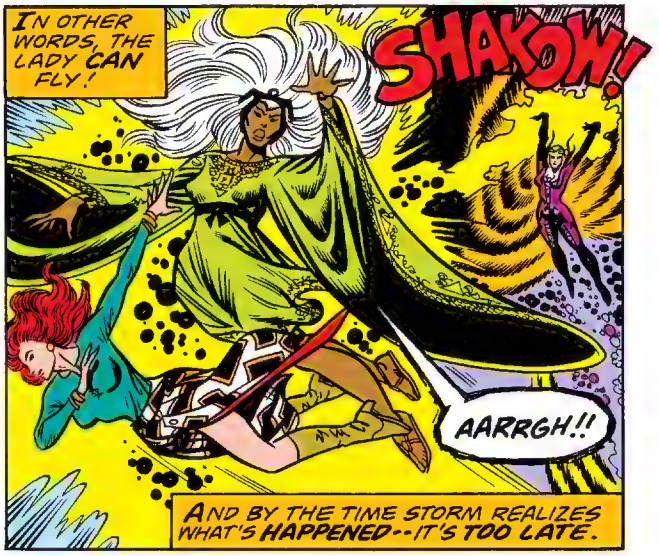

'WILD', IS SOMETHING OF AN...UNDERSTATEMENT.
TWA
TWA
BLAM-WHROOM!
GOOD LORD.
REESE... THAT COULD'A BEEN... US.
JUST BE THANK-FUL IT WASN'T, MR. CLANCY.

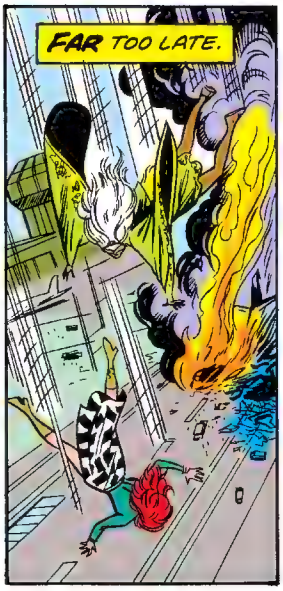
JUST AS THE X-MEN ARE THANKFUL THAT THE 747 WAS UNDERGOING ROUTINE MAINTENANCE...
...THAT IT WAS EMPTY OF PASSENGERS AND CREW...
ALEX SUMMERS, HAVE YOU COMPLETELY LOST YOUR MIND--?!
WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!?!
SCOTT, I... I...
HE IS FOLLOWING ORDERS, CYCLOPS.
MY ORDERS.
AND WHO THE-- HUH!?!
YOU?!?
YOU'RE ERIC THE RED!
BUT YOU CAN'T BE ERIC THE RED--
--I WAS ERIC THE RED!*
IT MATTERS NOT WHO I AM, MUTANT.
I AM POWER INCARNATE -- AND NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN STAND AGAINST ME!
*ANYONE REMEMBER CYKE'S EPIC PORTRAYAL FROM X-MEN #'S 51 & 52 ? --MARV.
MISTER, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MASQUERADE IS ALL ABOUT, BUT IF YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT THE X-MEN--
--YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!
TAKE HIM!
NO, CYCLOPS, YOU WILL NOT TAKE ME.
ALL YOU WILL DO...
...IS DIE!


THE BATTLE IS GOING AGAINST US...
I MUST GET JEAN GREY OUT OF HARM'S WAY AND RETURN TO THE X-MEN--QUICKLY--
--BEFORE THERE'S NO ONE LEFT ALIVE TO HELP!
THE GODS BE PRAISED THAT NEITHER HAVOC NOR LORNA DANE CAN FLY...


SO, THE EBON WITCH THINKS HERSELF SAFE UP IN THE SKY.
TRUE, SHE MAY BE SAFE FROM LORNA DANE--


--BUT NOT FROM POLARIS!!
YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME, STORM!
MY MAGNETIC POWERS CAN NEGATE THE GRAVIMETRIC LINES OF FORCE AS EASILY FOR ME AS THEY DID FOR KRAKOA--!

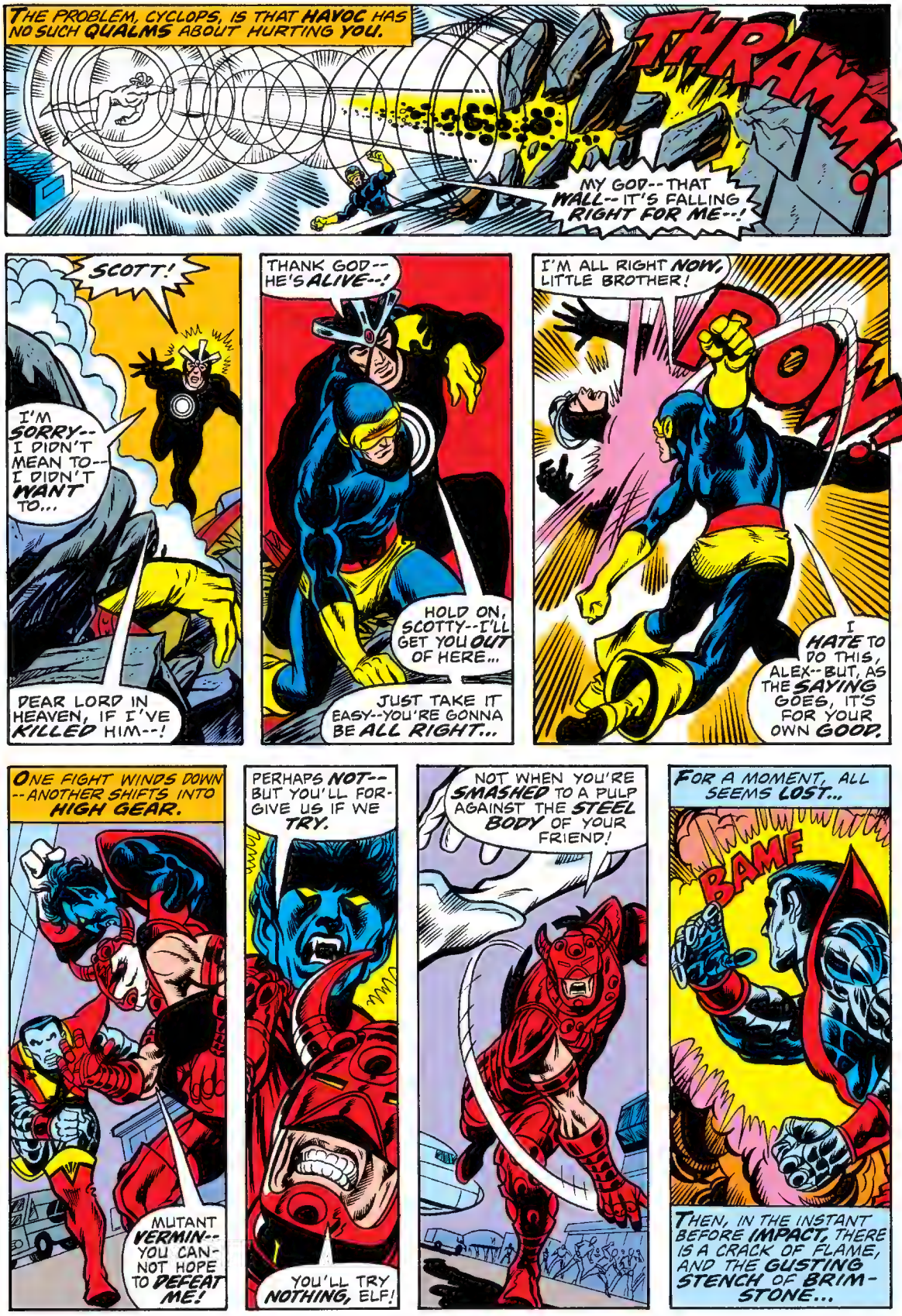

IN OTHER WORDS, THE LADY CAN FLY!
SHAKOW!
AARRGH!!
AND BY THE TIME STORM REALIZES WHAT'S HAPPENED--IT'S TOO LATE.


FAR TOO LATE.

MY MIND... GROGGY FROM THE BLAST... CAN'T CONCENTRATE ENOUGH TO GET TO JEAN. AND THE GROUND'S SO CLOSE... TOO CLOSE...
BUT I MUST GET TO HER--IF I DON'T, SHE'LL DIE--!

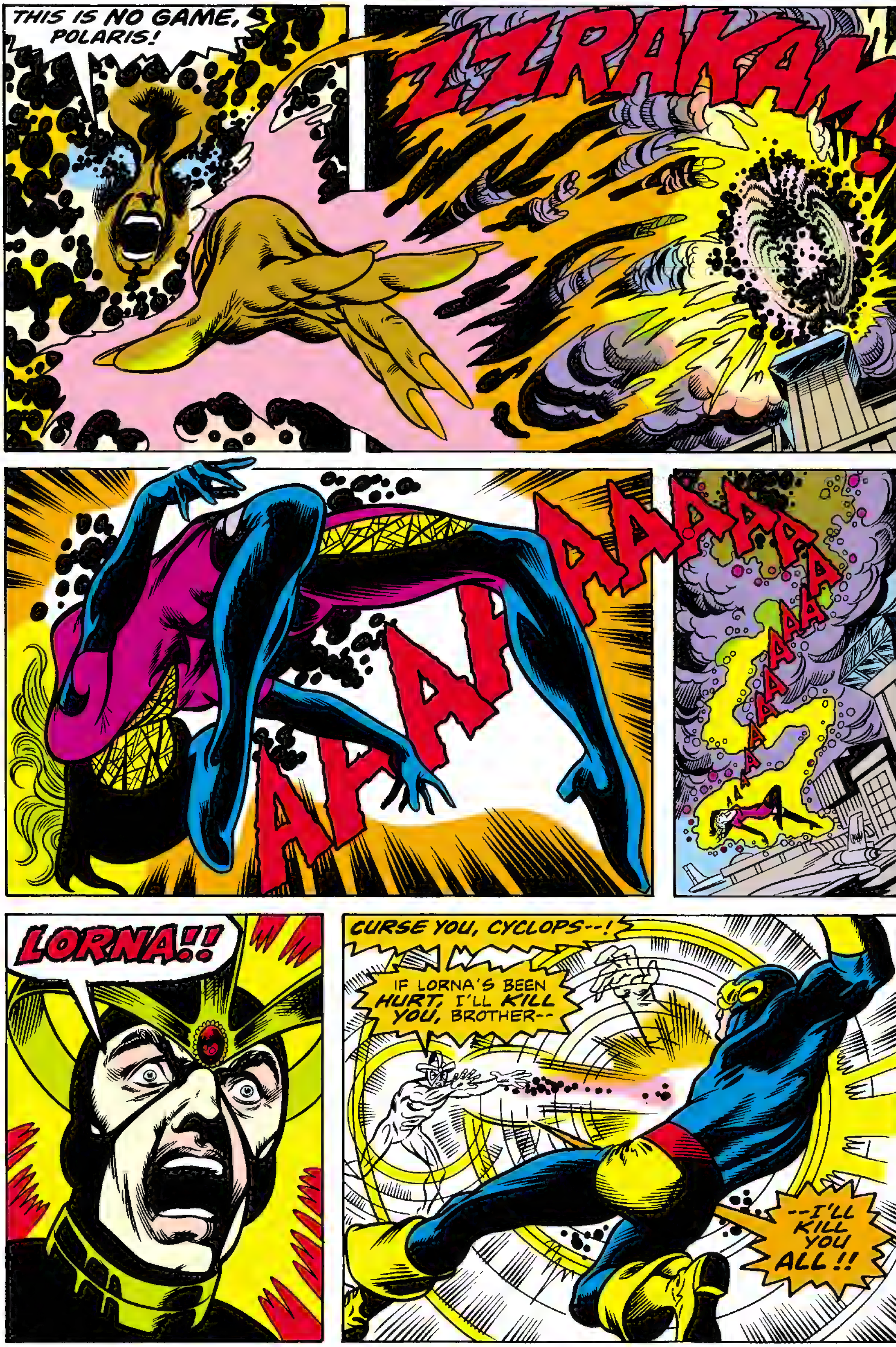
I'LL ONLY HAVE ONE CHANCE...
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT--
--GOT TO--!

MADE IT!!
JEAN SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH HERE ON THIS ROOF-TOP...
...WHICH LEAVES ME FREE TO DEAL WITH POLARIS.
AND DEAL WITH HER I SHALL.
ONLY THIS TIME, SHE'LL NOT BE FACING ORORO--
--THIS TIME SHE FACES STORM!!
SO IT GOES--ONE BATTLE BEGINS ANEW, ANOTHER PAUSES FOR BREATH.
LET US GO, SCOTT. PLEASE-- BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS WE'LL ALL REGRET...
NO WAY, ALEX-- NOT 'TIL I GET SOME ANSWERS, NOT 'TIL I FIND OUT WHY.
YOU TURNED ON US, BROTHER--YOU TRIED TO KILL US-- WHY!?
BE-CAUSE I... HAD TO...
IT WAS ERIC...HE... MY MIND...
SCOTTY, HE DID SOMETHING TO MY MIND--!
FIGHT IT, ALEX--!
BREAK FREE-- YOU CAN DO IT!
I'M... TRYING, SCOTT... BUT I... I...
I CAN'T!!
IT'S NO GOOD-- ALEX CAN'T BREAK FREE OF ERIC'S CONTROL...
... GOT TO HIT HIM HARD, KEEP HIM OFF-BALANCE...
I DON'T WANT TO HURT HIM, BUT IF HE CUTS LOOSE AT ME FULL STRENGTH, I'VE HAD IT!
RRAK!

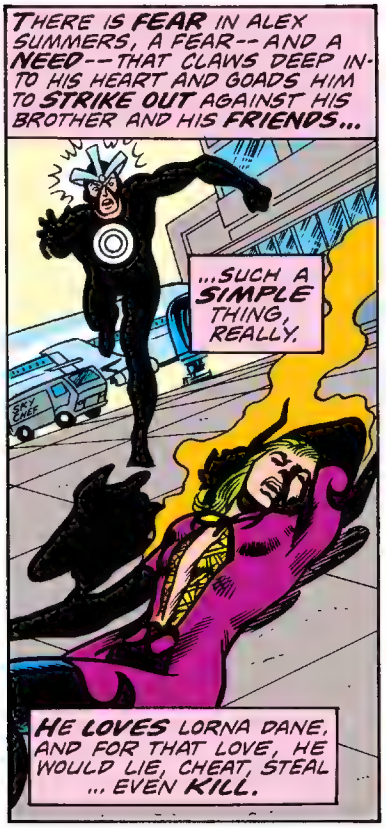

THE PROBLEM, CYCLOPS, IS THAT HAVOC HAS NO SUCH QUALMS ABOUT HURTING YOU.
THRAMM!
MY GOD--THAT WALL--IT'S FALLING RIGHT FOR ME--!
SCOTT!
I'M SORRY--I DIDN'T MEAN TO--I DIDN'T WANT TO...
DEAR LORD IN HEAVEN, IF I'VE KILLED HIM--!
THANK GOD--HE'S ALIVE--!
HOLD ON, SCOTTY--I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE...
JUST TAKE IT EASY--YOU'RE GONNA BE ALL RIGHT...
I'M ALL RIGHT NOW, LITTLE BROTHER!
POW!
I HATE TO DO THIS, ALEX--BUT, AS THE SAYING GOES, IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
ONE FIGHT WINDS DOWN--ANOTHER SHIFTS INTO HIGH GEAR.
MUTANT VERMIN--YOU CANNOT HOPE TO DEFEAT ME!
PERHAPS NOT--BUT YOU'LL FORGIVE US IF WE TRY.
YOU'LL TRY NOTHING, ELF!
NOT WHEN YOU'RE SMASHED TO A PULP AGAINST THE STEEL BODY OF YOUR FRIEND!
FOR A MOMENT, ALL SEEMS LOST...
BAMF
THEN, IN THE INSTANT BEFORE IMPACT, THERE IS A CRACK OF FLAME, AND THE GUSTING STENCH OF BRIMSTONE...

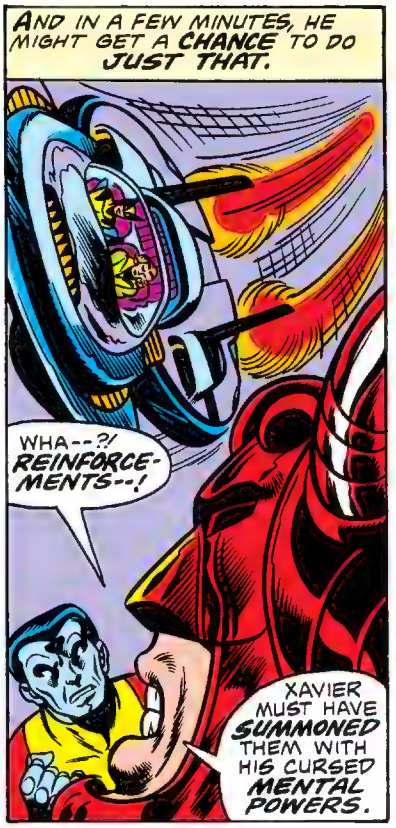
AND THE MUTANT NAMED NIGHT-CRAWLER IS SUDDENLY...
...SOMEWHERE ELSE.
NOT TO WORRY, MY FRIEND, I AM ALL RIGHT...
...WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR OUR FRIEND HERE.
HIT HIM HIGH, COLOSSUS--
--WHILE NIGHTCRAWLER HITS HIM LOW!!
WILL YOU NEVER LEARN, CHANGELING--? YOUR STRONGEST BLOWS ARE AS NOTHING TO ME!
OOF!
WHAT ABOUT MY BLOWS, HORNED ONE--?
IS COLOSSUS NOTHING, TOO?!
YES!!
SKAK!
DÉJÀ VU--A FEELING THAT SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE...
THOOOMM!
EASTERN
COLOSSUS!!

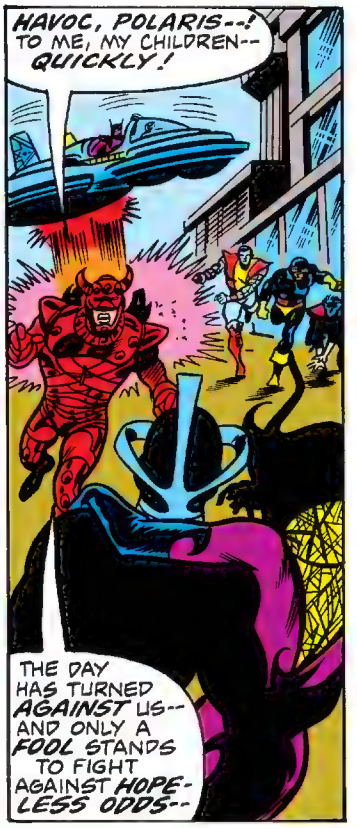
PETER, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT--?! PETER--!!
BY ALL THAT'S HOLY, HORNED ONE, IF YOU'VE KILLED HIM--
DO NOT WORRY YOURSELF, FRIEND KURT--
--COLOSSUS IS FAR FROM DEAD!
PTHAMM!
AND WHEN I DIE, IT WILL TAKE FAR MORE THAN ERIC THE RED TO KILL ME--!
FOOM
HERE, VILLAIN-- COLOSSUS HAS BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT--
--CATCH!
IMAGES--COMING FAST NOW, ALMOST TOO FAST...
...ERIC THE RED SMASHING THRU A PILE OF FUEL DRUMS, LYING BROKEN AND STILL...
...AS THE SKY ABOVE KENNEDY AIRPORT GOES SUDDENLY DARK--AND TWO MUTANT ELEMENTALS COME TOGETHER IN A DEATH-DUEL THAT ALL-TOO-SOON BECOMES...
...A STALEMATE.
WE'RE TOO EVENLY MATCHED, STORM--
--I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO CALL THIS GAME A DRAW...
A... GAME?
IS THAT ALL THIS IS TO YOU, POLARIS--A GAME?!
YOU ATTACKED US WITHOUT WARNING, WITHOUT PROVOCATION--
...YOU SOUGHT OUR DEATHS WITHOUT A THOUGHT FOR THE INNOCENTS WHO MIGHT BE ENDANGERED--EVEN SLAIN--BY YOUR ATTACK--!
AND YOU DARE CALL THIS... A GAME!?!

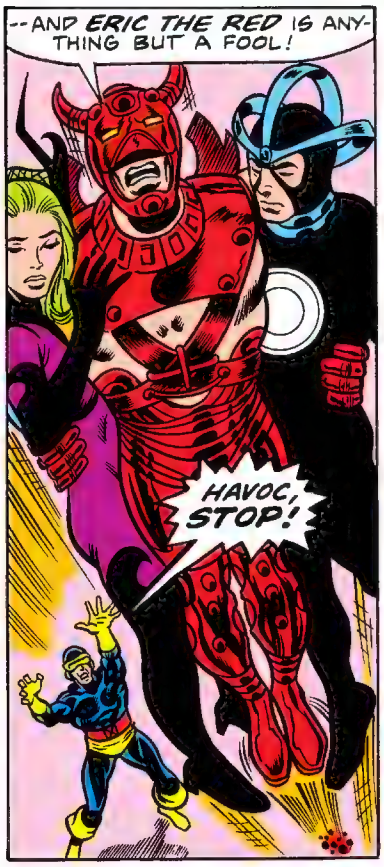


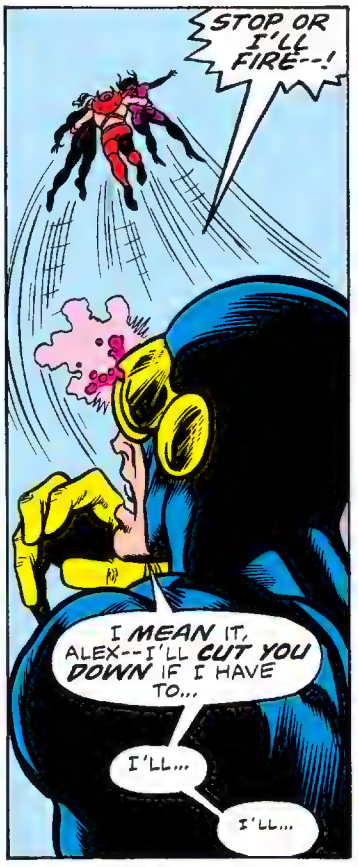
THIS IS NO GAME, POLARIS!
ZZRAKAM!
AAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAA
LORNA!!
CURSE YOU, CYCLOPS--!
IF LORNA'S BEEN HURT, I'LL KILL YOU, BROTHER--
--I'LL KILL YOU ALL!!

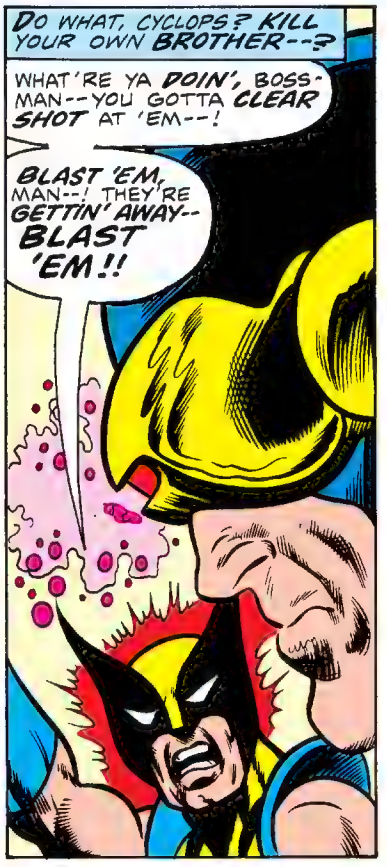

THERE IS FEAR IN ALEX SUMMERS, A FEAR-- AND A NEED-- THAT CLAWS DEEP INTO HIS HEART AND GOADS HIM TO STRIKE OUT AGAINST HIS BROTHER AND HIS FRIENDS...
...SUCH A SIMPLE THING, REALLY.
HE LOVES LORNA DANE, AND FOR THAT LOVE, HE WOULD LIE, CHEAT, STEAL ... EVEN KILL.

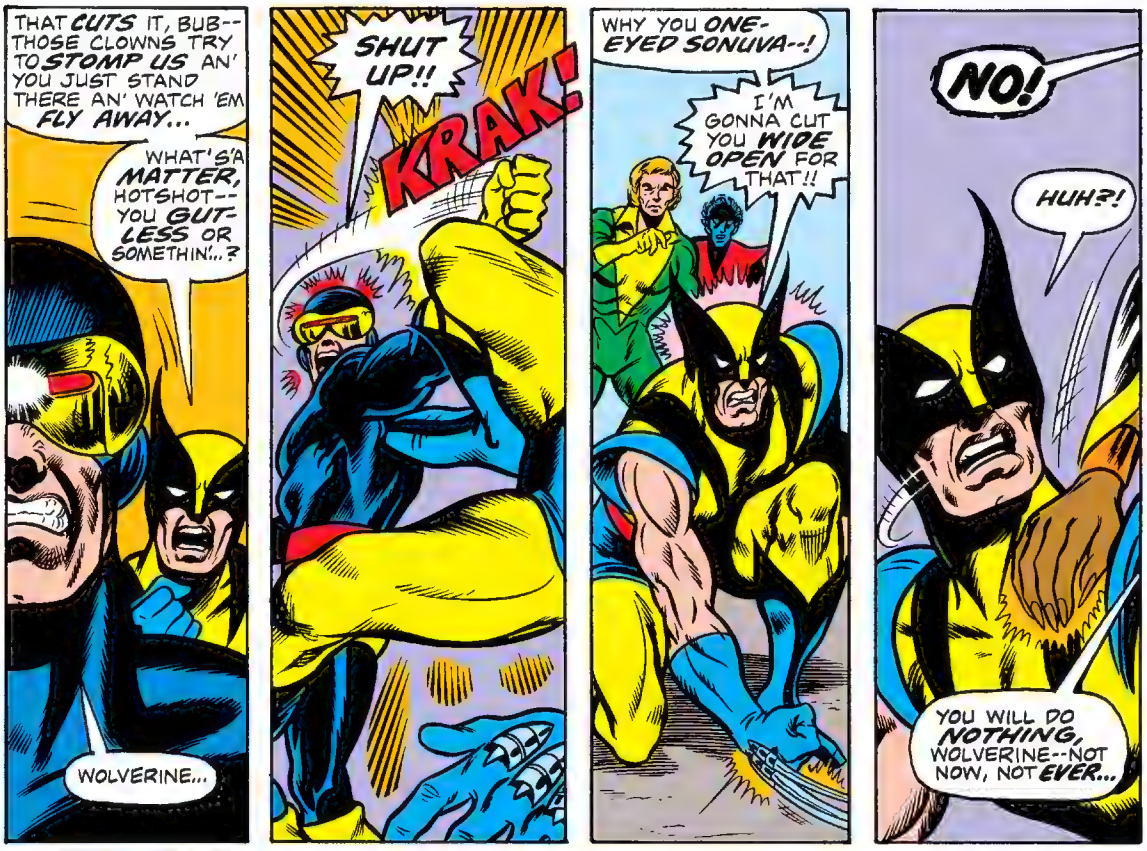

AND IN A FEW MINUTES, HE MIGHT GET A CHANCE TO DO JUST THAT.
WHA--?! REINFORCEMENTS--!
XAVIER MUST HAVE SUMMONED THEM WITH HIS CURSED MENTAL POWERS.

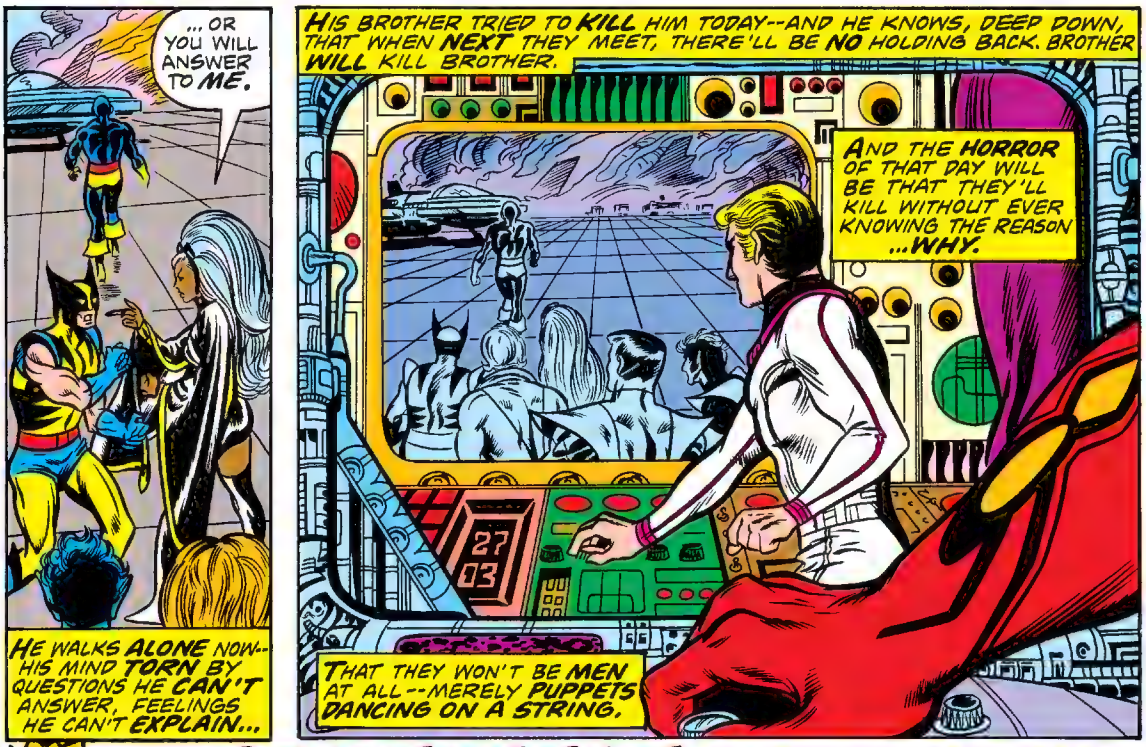

HAVOC, POLARIS--! TO ME, MY CHILDREN-- QUICKLY!
THE DAY HAS TURNED AGAINST US-- AND ONLY A FOOL STANDS TO FIGHT AGAINST HOPELESS ODDS--


--AND ERIC THE RED IS ANYTHING BUT A FOOL!
HAVOC, STOP!


STOP OR I'LL FIRE--!
I MEAN IT, ALEX--I'LL CUT YOU DOWN IF I HAVE TO...
I'LL...
I'LL...


DO WHAT, CYCLOPS? KILL YOUR OWN BROTHER--?
WHAT'RE YA DOIN', BOSSMAN--YOU GOTTA CLEAR SHOT AT 'EM--!
BLAST 'EM, MAN--! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY-- BLAST 'EM!!





NEXT ISSUE: THE SENTINELS RETURN!

'NUFF SAID.

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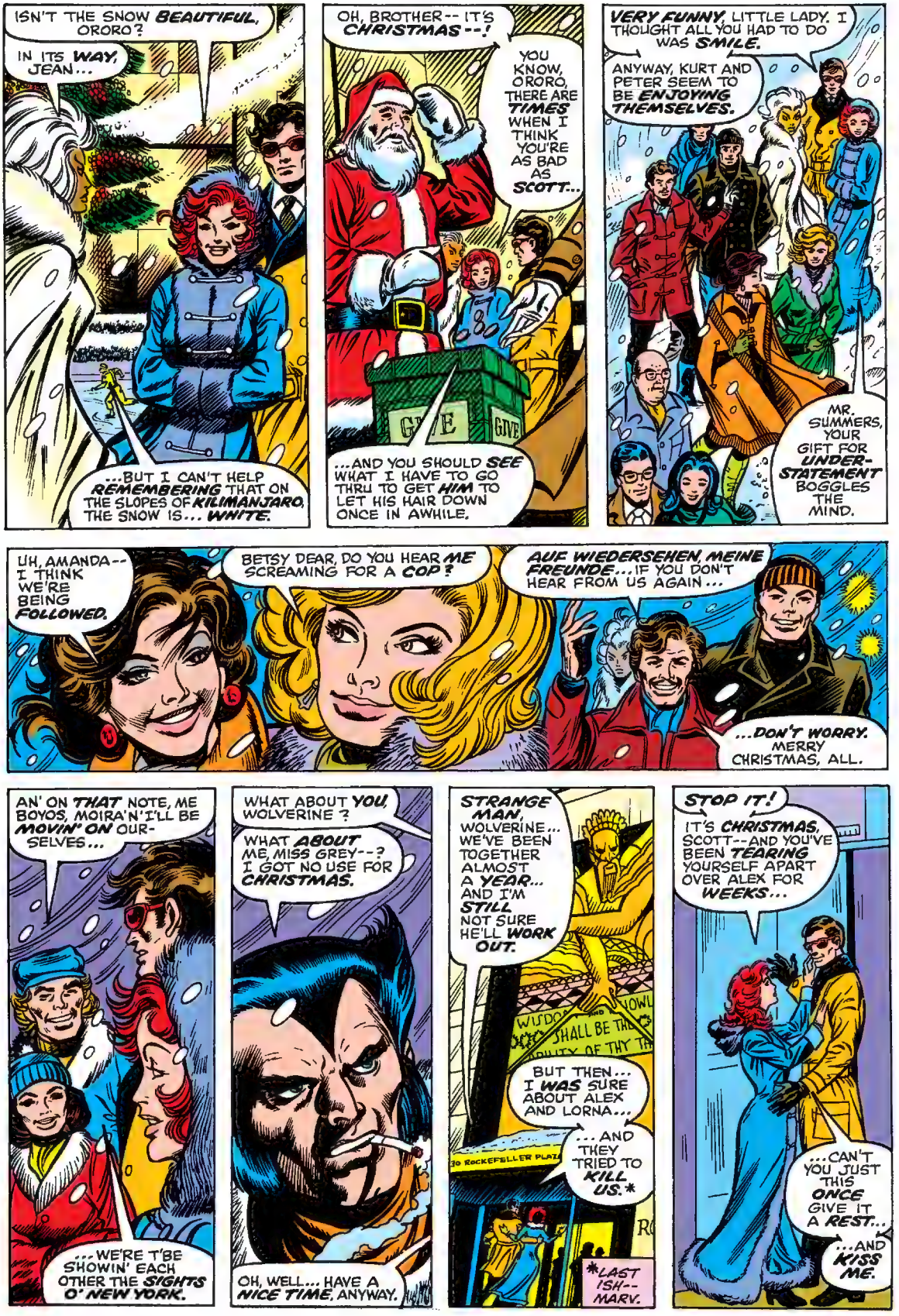
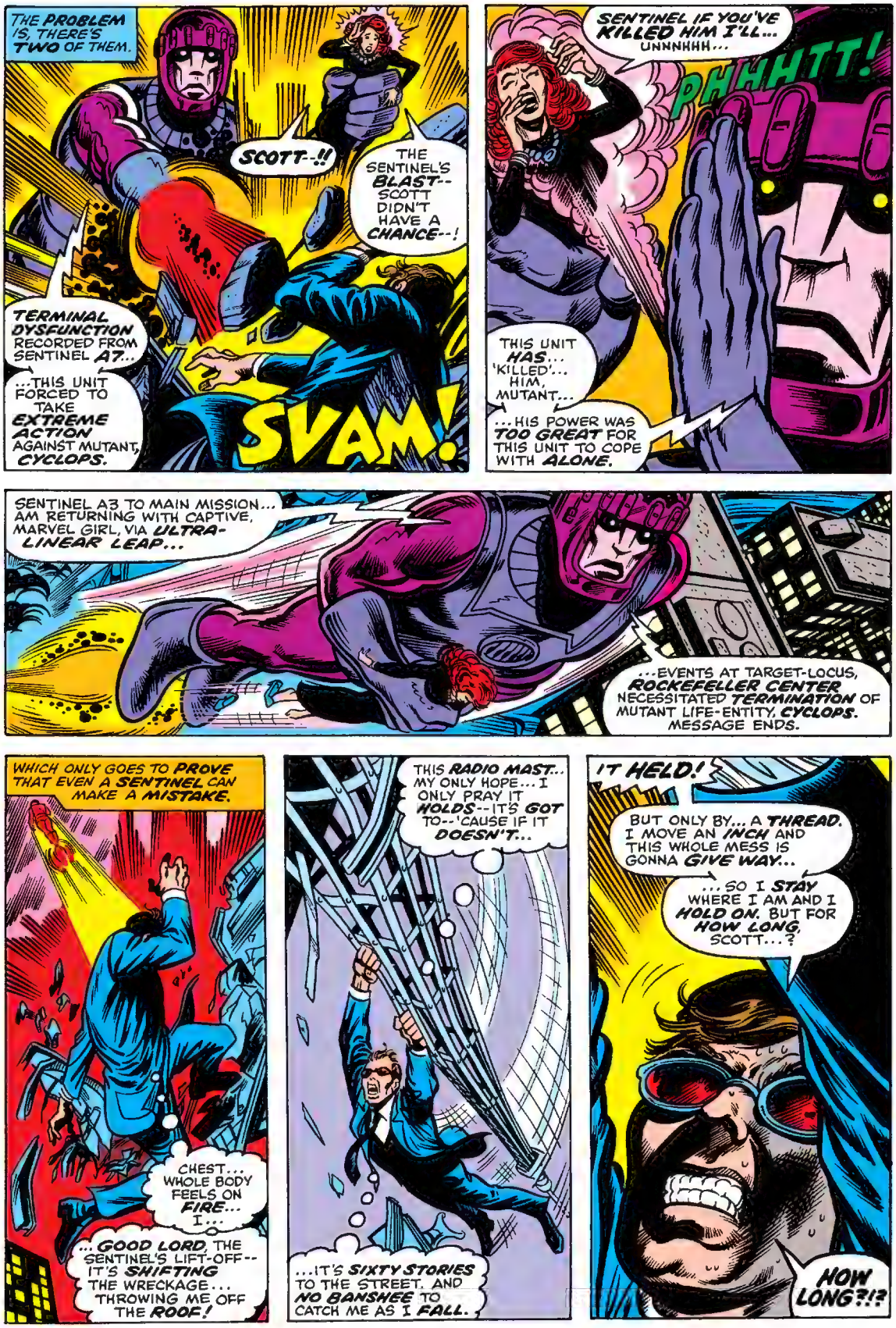
Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, X-MEN...
CHRIS CLAREMONT * writer
DAVE COCKRUM artist
SAM GRAINGER, inker
JOE ROSEN, letterer
JANICE COHEN, colorist
MARV WOLFMAN, editor
CHRISTMAS IN THE BIG APPLE: A QUIET TIME, FOR ONCE--A TIME OF JOY AND BEAUTY, A TIME WHEN PEOPLE CAN RELAX, AND FORGET ABOUT DEFAULT AND LAY-OFFS AND GARBAGE AND POLITICIANS WHO COULDN'T CARE LESS...
MIDTOWN'S A FAERY KINGDOM THIS YEAR, A MAGIC LAND OF LIGHT AND COLOR, OF CAROLS BEGUN IN SAINT PAT'S AND SPREADING OUT AMONG THE FIFTH AVENUE CROWDS...
IN SHORT, IT'S A TIME FOR LOVE...
...AND THE X-MEN ARE RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT.
SCOTT, STORM, ALL OF YOU--CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?
A WHITE CHRISTMAS!
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS, NEW YORK'S GOT ITSELF A REAL HONEST-TO-GOODNESS WHITE CHRISTMAS!
JV 157


ISN'T THE SNOW BEAUTIFUL, ORORO?
IN ITS WAY, JEAN...
...BUT I CAN'T HELP REMEMBERING THAT ON THE SLOPES OF KILIMANJARO, THE SNOW IS... WHITE.
OH, BROTHER-- IT'S CHRISTMAS--!
YOU KNOW, ORORO, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I THINK YOU'RE AS BAD AS SCOTT...
...AND YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT I HAVE TO GO THRU TO GET HIM TO LET HIS HAIR DOWN ONCE IN AWHILE.
VERY FUNNY, LITTLE LADY. I THOUGHT ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS SMILE.
ANYWAY, KURT AND PETER SEEM TO BE ENJOYING THEMSELVES.
MR. SUMMERS, YOUR GIFT FOR UNDER-STATEMENT BOGGLES THE MIND.
UH, AMANDA-- I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED.
BETSY DEAR, DO YOU HEAR ME SCREAMING FOR A COP?
AUF WIEDERSEHEN, MEINE FREUNDE... IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM US AGAIN...
...DON'T WORRY. MERRY CHRISTMAS, ALL.
AN' ON THAT NOTE, ME BOYOS, MOIRA'N'I'LL BE MOVIN' ON OUR-SELVES...
...WE'RE T'BE SHOWIN' EACH OTHER THE SIGHTS O' NEW YORK.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, WOLVERINE ?
WHAT ABOUT ME, MISS GREY--? I GOT NO USE FOR CHRISTMAS.
OH, WELL... HAVE A NICE TIME, ANYWAY.
STRANGE MAN, WOLVERINE... WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER ALMOST A YEAR... AND I'M STILL NOT SURE HE'LL WORK OUT.
BUT THEN... I WAS SURE ABOUT ALEX AND LORNA...
... AND THEY TRIED TO KILL US.*
*LAST ISH-- MARV.
STOP IT!
IT'S CHRISTMAS, SCOTT--AND YOU'VE BEEN TEARING YOURSELF APART OVER ALEX FOR WEEKS...
...CAN'T YOU JUST THIS ONCE GIVE IT A REST...
...AND KISS ME.

DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME, YOU BIG LUG--I SAID...
...KISS ME!
JEAN, I... I... MMMMMM.
HEY, STAN, YOU KNOW WHO THEY WERE? I TELL YA, THEY NEVER USED TO DO THAT WHEN WE HAD THE BOOK.
AH, JACK, YOU KNOW THESE YOUNG KIDS--THEY GOT NO RESPECT.
MS. GREY, I EVER TELL YOU THAT YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL?
NOT TONIGHT.
WELL, YOU ARE.
MY TURN, NOW--DO YOU LOVE ME, SCOTT?
DO I...
...YES. I LOVE YOU.
I'M GLAD.
AS WE SAID, A NIGHT OF JOY--SUCH A PITY IT COULDN'T LAST.
WHAT--?! SOMETHING HUGE IS OUTSIDE... TEARING AT THE ROOF--!
JEAN!
OH MY GOD, NO!
NO!!
IT CAN'T BE THEM!
NOT THEM!!
BUT IT IS!
PREPARE TO FACE YOUR DOOM, MUTANT! FOR--
THE SENTINELS HAVE RETURNED!

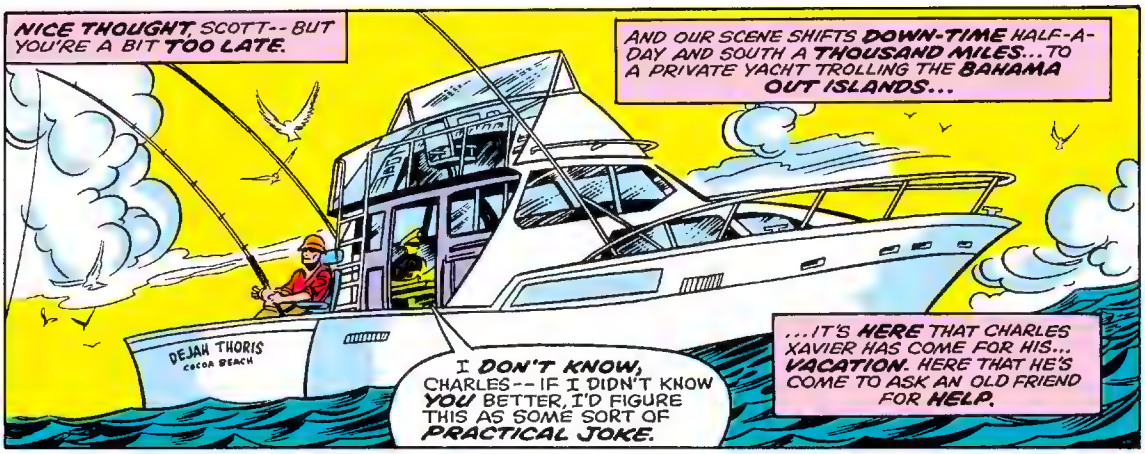
MAIN MISSION PROGRAMMING REQUIRES CAPTURE OF MUTANT ENTITIES, CYCLOPS AND MARVEL GIRL...
RESISTANCE IS USELESS... WE ARE EQUIPPED TO NEGATE THE POWERS OF ALL THE X-MEN...
HE'S RIGHT--MY EYE BEAMS AREN'T EVEN SLOWING HIM DOWN--!
MAYBE NOT--WHAT IF HE'S REFERRING TO THE OLD X-MEN, THE ONES THEY FOUGHT BACK IN 1969--?!
IT COULD BE THAT THIS UGLY DOESN'T KNOW MY TELEKINETIC POWER'S A LOT STRONGER NOW THAN IT WAS THEN--!
WARNING: MUTANT MINDBLAST HAS THROWN THIS UNIT OFF-BALANCE...
BEAUTIFUL MOVE, JEAN--!
THE SENTINEL'S OUTSIDE THE BUILDING--NOW I CAN LET HIM HAVE IT FULL POWER!
IN OTHER WORDS, SCRATCH ONE SENTINEL!
GOT HIM!
SPA-KOW!


THE PROBLEM IS, THERE'S TWO OF THEM.
SCOTT-!!
THE SENTINEL'S BLAST-- SCOTT DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE--!
SVAM!
TERMINAL DYSFUNCTION RECORDED FROM SENTINEL A7...
...THIS UNIT FORCED TO TAKE EXTREME ACTION AGAINST MUTANT, CYCLOPS.
SENTINEL IF YOU'VE KILLED HIM I'LL... UNNNHHH...
PHHHTT!
THIS UNIT HAS... 'KILLED'... HIM, MUTANT...
...HIS POWER WAS TOO GREAT FOR THIS UNIT TO COPE WITH ALONE.
SENTINEL A3 TO MAIN MISSION... AM RETURNING WITH CAPTIVE, MARVEL GIRL, VIA ULTRA-LINEAR LEAP...
...EVENTS AT TARGET-LOCUS, ROCKEFELLER CENTER NECESSITATED TERMINATION OF MUTANT LIFE-ENTITY, CYCLOPS. MESSAGE ENDS.
WHICH ONLY GOES TO PROVE THAT EVEN A SENTINEL CAN MAKE A MISTAKE.
CHEST... WHOLE BODY FEELS ON FIRE... I...
...GOOD LORD, THE SENTINEL'S LIFT-OFF-- IT'S SHIFTING THE WRECKAGE... THROWING ME OFF THE ROOF!
THIS RADIO MAST... MY ONLY HOPE... I ONLY PRAY IT HOLDS-- IT'S GOT TO-- 'CAUSE IF IT DOESN'T...
...IT'S SIXTY STORIES TO THE STREET. AND NO BANSHEE TO CATCH ME AS I FALL.
IT HELD!
BUT ONLY BY... A THREAD. I MOVE AN INCH AND THIS WHOLE MESS IS GONNA GIVE WAY...
...SO I STAY WHERE I AM AND I HOLD ON. BUT FOR HOW LONG, SCOTT...?
HOW LONG?!?

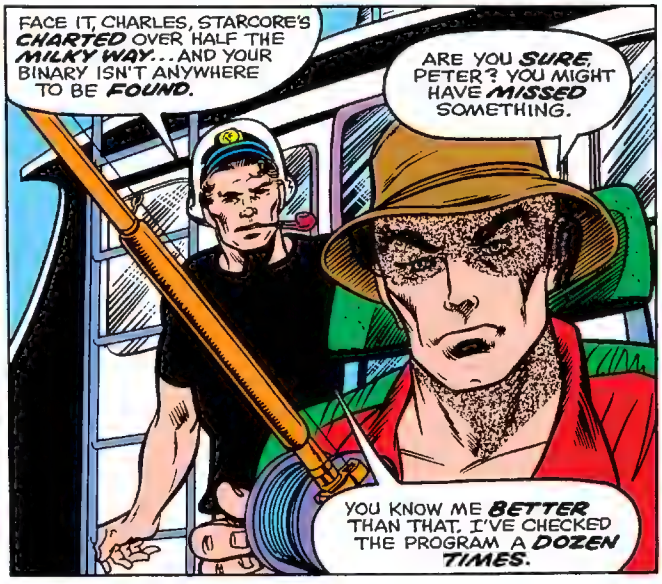
BACKTRACK A MINUTE NOW, AND WITNESS THE ARRIVAL OF SOME RATHER UNIQUE WRECKAGE RIGHT ON RADIO CITY'S DOOR-STEP...
RUN FOR IT--! EVERYONE FIND SOME COVER-- FAST!!
IT SOUNDS LIKE THE WHOLE BUILDIN'S COMIN' DOWN!!
THAT'S NO BUILDIN', FRIEND-- SAINTS PRESERVE US ALL--
--THAT'S A SENTINEL!
NO TIME FOR SUBTLETY, BANSHEE-ME-BOYO--
--IF THE SENTINELS ARE HUNTIN' MUTANTS AGAIN, SCOTT AN' JEAN ARE GONNA NEED ALL THE HELP THEY CAN GET!
MOIRA--! YE AN' STORM FIND NIGHT-CRAWLER AN' COLOSSUS, WARN 'EM--!
'CAUSE IF THE SENTINELS ARE BACK...
BANSHEE-- WHAT IS A SENTINEL?
TO A MUTANT, ORORO-- SENTINEL'S ANOTHER NAME FOR DEATH!
WAIT UP, BUB-- IF THERE'S A FIGHT BREWIN', THEN THE WOLVERINE'S GONNA BE IN ON IT--!
DIDJA HEAR--? THAT GREEN GUY SAID THEY WUZ MUTIES--!
AN' THAT BLACK CHICK, SHE'S GLOWIN' LIKE THE SUN--!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE, ANYWAY?!
MORE THAN YOU CAN EVER KNOW, HUMAN!
HEY--!!

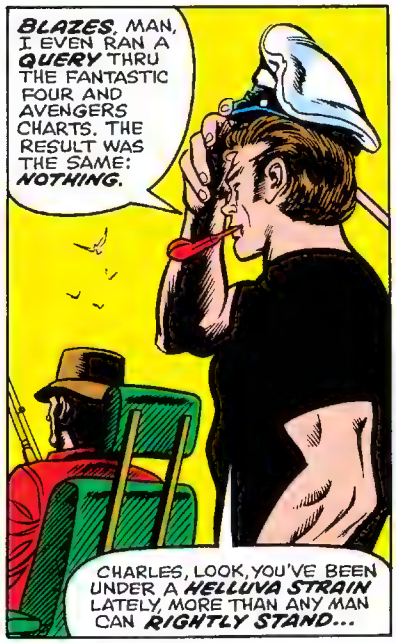
BUT IF BANSHEE THINKS STORM WILL REMAIN AWAY FROM THE HEART OF THIS BATTLE...
...HE IS MISTAKEN.
WAIT--! HANGING FROM THAT RADIO MAST-- IT'S CYCLOPS! AND HE'S ABOUT TO FALL!
DON'T BE AFRAID, MY FRIEND -- YOU ARE SAFE NOW.
STORM! THANK GOD THE SENTINELS DIDN'T GET YOU ALL.
ALL? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.
A BUNCH OF THEM NAILED BANSHEE AND WOLVERINE...
...JUST PLUCKED THEM OUT OF THE SKY AND THERE WASN'T A THING I COULD DO TO STOP IT.
AH, SCOTT... THESE SENTINELS... ARE THEY LARGE, METALLIC ROBOTS...?
HUH? OF COURSE THEY ARE... WHY?
OH NO.
SENTINEL A3 REPORTED YOUR LIFE FUNCTIONS TERMINATED, CYCLOPS -- IT SEEMS A3 WAS IN ERROR.
SAID ERROR WILL BE CORRECTED-- NOW!
ZPOW!
NO!!
OUR PROGRAMMING IS SPECIFIC AND BINDING, MUTANT--
--ALL WHO RESIST US MUST BE DESTROYED.
WELL I AM STORM, MONSTER...
...AND I RESIST YOU--!
AND I WILL NOT BE DESTROYED!!

FEMALE, THIS UNIT IS PROGRAMMED TO DEAL WITH ALL MUTANT POWERS...THIS UNIT...
...WARNING... WARNING... WIND VELOCITY INCREASING... TURBULENCE THREATENING SYSTEMS OVERLOAD...
YOU ARE ONLY A MACHINE, SENTINEL--AND HOW CAN A MERE MACHINE STAND AGAINST THE POWER OF STORM--?
THE POWER OF A RAMPAGING HURRICANE!!
CHRIS, LOOK UP IN THE SKY--DO YOU SEE IT?
YEAH, I SEE IT, BONNIE--BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
A HURRICANE! A FREAKIN' HURRICANE FLOATING SEVENTY STORIES ABOVE ROCKEFELLER CENTER!
AND IN THE EYE OF THAT HURRICANE, ONE SLIGHT WIND-CARESSED WOMAN, WHO MOLDS THIS TEMPEST AS A MASTER SCULPTRESS MOLDS HER CLAY...
OH MY GOD.
ORORO-- FOR PITY'S SAKE, STOP! BEFORE YOU DESTROY THE ENTIRE CITY!
IT IS DONE.
THERE WAS NO NEED FOR WORRY, SCOTT. I HAVE TOTAL CONTROL OVER MY ABILITIES--NOTHING WAS HARMED SAVE THE SENTINEL.
SO I SEE...
...BUT IF PROFESSOR X WERE HERE, I'M SURE HE'D...
GOOD LORD, THE PROFESSOR!
HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THESE NEW SENTINELS--HE'S GOT TO BE WARNED!

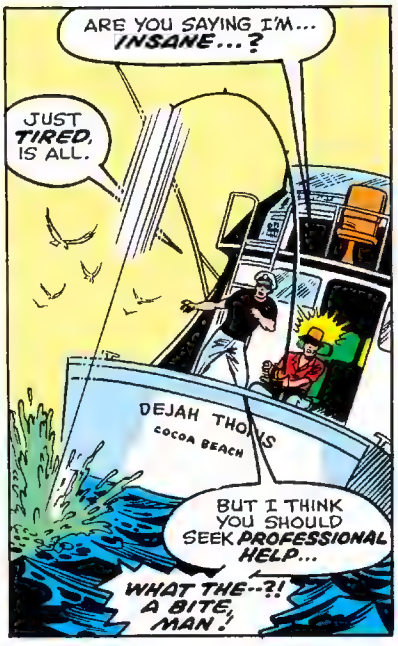

NICE THOUGHT, SCOTT-- BUT YOU'RE A BIT TOO LATE.
AND OUR SCENE SHIFTS DOWN-TIME HALF-A-DAY AND SOUTH A THOUSAND MILES... TO A PRIVATE YACHT TROLLING THE BAHAMA OUT ISLANDS...
DEJAH THORIS
COCOA BEACH
I DON'T KNOW, CHARLES-- IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BETTER, I'D FIGURE THIS AS SOME SORT OF PRACTICAL JOKE.
...IT'S HERE THAT CHARLES XAVIER HAS COME FOR HIS... VACATION. HERE THAT HE'S COME TO ASK AN OLD FRIEND FOR HELP.

ENTER PETER CORBEAU, PhD, DSc, TWICE NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER AND DIRECTOR OF THE UN'S PROJECT STARCORE.*
I MEAN, THE BINARY SYSTEM YOU DESCRIBED ISN'T MIZAR A, OR ALSEVAR PRIME, OR DUNSINANE...
* AS READERS OF THE HULK WILL NO DOUBT REMEMBER-- MARV.


FACE IT, CHARLES, STARCORE'S CHARTED OVER HALF THE MILKY WAY... AND YOUR BINARY ISN'T ANYWHERE TO BE FOUND.
ARE YOU SURE, PETER? YOU MIGHT HAVE MISSED SOMETHING.
YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT. I'VE CHECKED THE PROGRAM A DOZEN TIMES.

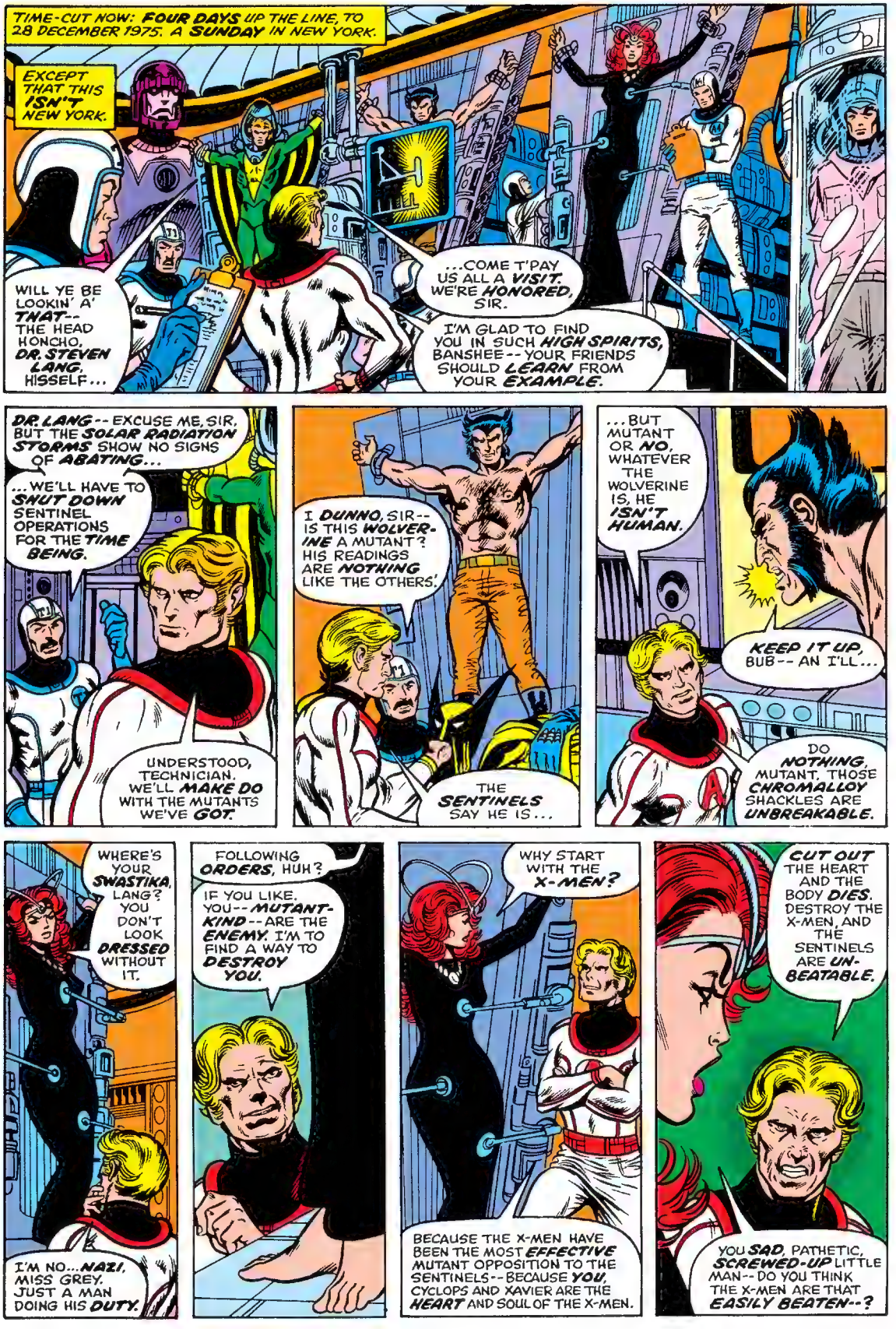

BLAZES. MAN, I EVEN RAN A QUERY THRU THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND AVENGERS CHARTS. THE RESULT WAS THE SAME: NOTHING.
CHARLES, LOOK, YOU'VE BEEN UNDER A HELLUVA STRAIN LATELY, MORE THAN ANY MAN CAN RIGHTLY STAND...

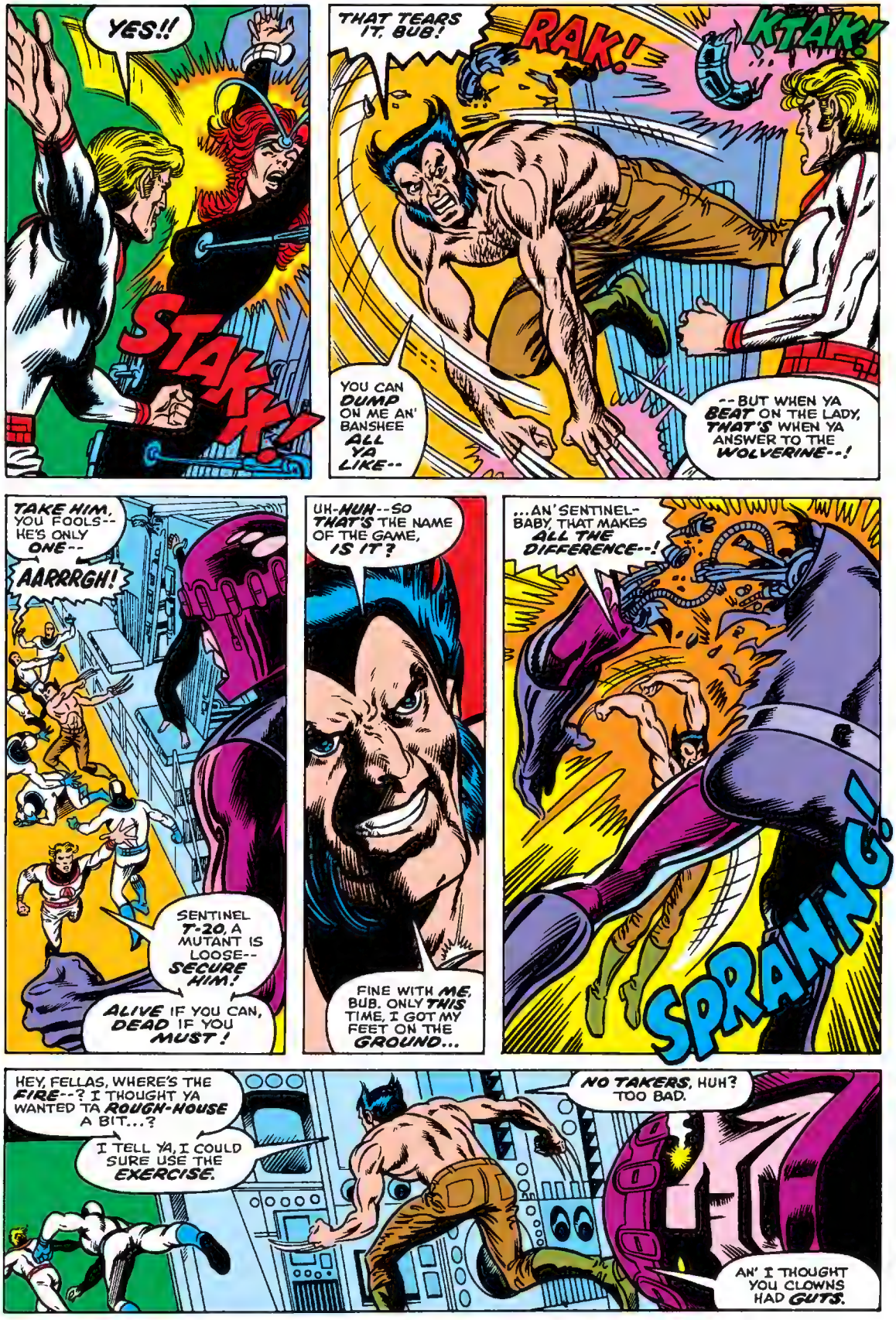
...IT COULD BE THAT THIS BINARY OF YOURS ISN'T REAL AT ALL...
...IT COULD BE ALL IN YOUR MIND.

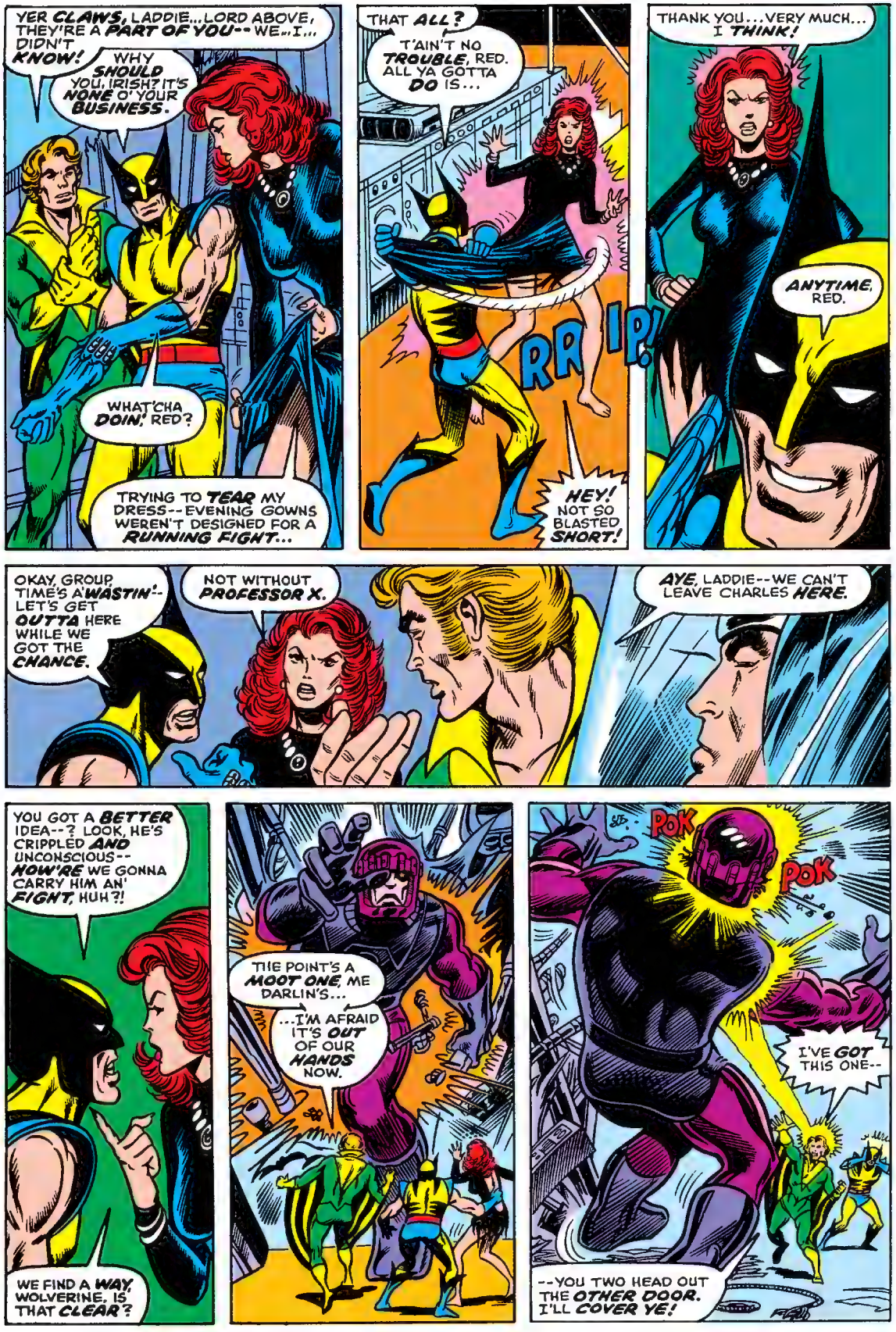

ARE YOU SAYING I'M... INSANE...?
JUST TIRED, IS ALL.
DEJAH THORIS
COCOA BEACH
BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEEK PROFESSIONAL HELP...
WHAT THE--?! A BITE, MAN!

THAT'S ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT, ALL RIGHT.
CHARLES XAVIER, I HAVE COME FOR YOU!
A SENTINEL! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- MY MENTAL DEFENSES SHOULD HAVE SHIELDED ME...
...BUT THEY HAVEN'T.
VERY WELL, SENTINEL-- YOU HAVE FOUND ME...
...BUT YOU'LL FIND THAT CAPTURING ME IS ANOTHER MATTER ALTOGETHER!
DANGER... DANGER... MUTANT MINDBLAST PENETRATING SHIELDS...THIS UNIT UNABLE TO COMPENSATE IN TIME...
...THIS UNIT IS FALLING...
CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY, SENTINEL--THAT MINDBLAST SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED YOU.
IT SEEMS THAT MY DREAM MUST HAVE SAPPED MY POWERS FAR MORE THAN I'D THOUGHT.
I'VE DONE MY BEST, PETER-- THE REST IS UP TO YOU!
YOU'VE GIVEN US TIME, CHARLES-- AND WITH THIS LITTLE HYDROFOIL O' MINE, TIME IS ALL WE NEED.
I DESIGNED THIS BABY MYSELF--THERE'S NOTHING AFLOAT CAN CATCH HER WHEN SHE'S RUNNING.
AND RIGHT NOW, SHE'S RUNNING FINE!
DO ME A FAVOR, THOUGH-- WATCH OUT FOR OUR TIN PLAYMATE WHILE I CALL IN THE AIR FORCE.

IMAGES... WORDS NEVER TASTED... COLORS NEVER SMELT... WORLDS BEYOND IMAGINING CRASHING TOGETHER AND DYING... SO MANY IMAGES...
...AND THRU THEM ALL, A TERRIBLE, ACHING NEED...
...AND A FACE...
NNOOOO
MAYDAY! MAYDAY! ANY STATION--
WHAT-- CHARLES!!
LORD, THAT SCREAM! THE POOR SOD'S GONE TOTALLY ROUND THE BEND.
CORBEAU WOULD HAVE DONE SOMETHING...
...BUT HE NEVER GOT THE CHANCE.
YOU CANNOT ESCAPE US, MUTANT!
SPRA-KAMM!
IMPACT THRU ME DEEP UNDER... HAVEN'T MUCH AIR IN MY LUNGS...
...CAN'T TELL HOW FAR TO THE SURFACE...INSIDE ...LUNGS STARTING TO BURN...
MADE IT!
BUT WHAT ABOUT XAVIER?!
CHARLES! CHARLES!
SENTINEL A1 TO MAIN MISSION: RETURNING TO BASE VIA ULTRA-LINEAR LEAP..
...SENSORS INDICATE SOLAR RADIATION NEARING SENTINEL TOLERANCE LEVELS.
OH.
LOOKS BAD, CHUM-- YOU'RE TWO HUNDRED MILES FROM LAND...
...AND IF NO ONE HEARD YOUR MAYDAY, IT'S GOING TO BE ONE LONG SWIM...


TIME-CUT NOW: FOUR DAYS UP THE LINE, TO 28 DECEMBER 1975. A SUNDAY IN NEW YORK.
EXCEPT THAT THIS ISN'T NEW YORK.
WILL YE BE LOOKIN' A' THAT-- THE HEAD HONCHO, DR. STEVEN LANG, HISSELF...
...COME T'PAY US ALL A VISIT. WE'RE HONORED, SIR.
I'M GLAD TO FIND YOU IN SUCH HIGH SPIRITS, BANSHEE-- YOUR FRIENDS SHOULD LEARN FROM YOUR EXAMPLE.
DR. LANG-- EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THE SOLAR RADIATION STORMS SHOW NO SIGNS OF ABATING...
...WE'LL HAVE TO SHUT DOWN SENTINEL OPERATIONS FOR THE TIME BEING.
UNDERSTOOD, TECHNICIAN. WE'LL MAKE DO WITH THE MUTANTS WE'VE GOT.
I DUNNO, SIR-- IS THIS WOLVERINE A MUTANT? HIS READINGS ARE NOTHING LIKE THE OTHERS'.
THE SENTINELS SAY HE IS...
...BUT MUTANT OR NO, WHATEVER THE WOLVERINE IS, HE ISN'T HUMAN.
KEEP IT UP, BUB-- AN I'LL...
DO NOTHING, MUTANT. THOSE CHROMALLOY SHACKLES ARE UNBREAKABLE.
WHERE'S YOUR SWASTIKA, LANG? YOU DON'T LOOK DRESSED WITHOUT IT.
I'M NO...NAZI, MISS GREY. JUST A MAN DOING HIS DUTY.
FOLLOWING ORDERS, HUH?
IF YOU LIKE. YOU-- MUTANT-KIND-- ARE THE ENEMY. I'M TO FIND A WAY TO DESTROY YOU.
WHY START WITH THE X-MEN?
BECAUSE THE X-MEN HAVE BEEN THE MOST EFFECTIVE MUTANT OPPOSITION TO THE SENTINELS-- BECAUSE YOU, CYCLOPS AND XAVIER ARE THE HEART AND SOUL OF THE X-MEN.
CUT OUT THE HEART AND THE BODY DIES. DESTROY THE X-MEN, AND THE SENTINELS ARE UN-BEATABLE.
YOU SAD, PATHETIC, SCREWED-UP LITTLE MAN-- DO YOU THINK THE X-MEN ARE THAT EASILY BEATEN--?


YES!!
STAK!
THAT TEARS IT, BUB!
RAK!
KTAK!
YOU CAN DUMP ON ME AN' BANSHEE ALL YA LIKE--
--BUT WHEN YA BEAT ON THE LADY, THAT'S WHEN YA ANSWER TO THE WOLVERINE--!
TAKE HIM, YOU FOOLS-- HE'S ONLY ONE--
AARRRGH!
SENTINEL T-20, A MUTANT IS LOOSE-- SECURE HIM!
ALIVE IF YOU CAN, DEAD IF YOU MUST!
UH-HUH--SO THAT'S THE NAME OF THE GAME, IS IT?
FINE WITH ME, BUB. ONLY THIS TIME, I GOT MY FEET ON THE GROUND...
...AN' SENTINEL-BABY, THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE--!
SPRANNG!
HEY, FELLAS, WHERE'S THE FIRE--? I THOUGHT YA WANTED TA ROUGH-HOUSE A BIT...?
I TELL YA, I COULD SURE USE THE EXERCISE.
NO TAKERS, HUH? TOO BAD.
AN' I THOUGHT YOU CLOWNS HAD GUTS.


YER CLAWS, LADDIE...LORD ABOVE, THEY'RE A PART OF YOU--WE...I... DIDN'T KNOW!
WHY SHOULD YOU, IRISH? IT'S NONE O' YOUR BUSINESS.
WHAT'CHA DOIN', RED?
TRYING TO TEAR MY DRESS--EVENING GOWNS WEREN'T DESIGNED FOR A RUNNING FIGHT...
THAT ALL?
T'AIN'T NO TROUBLE, RED. ALL YA GOTTA DO IS...
RRIP!
HEY! NOT SO BLASTED SHORT!
THANK YOU...VERY MUCH... I THINK!
ANYTIME, RED.
OKAY, GROUP TIME'S A'WASTIN'--LET'S GET OUTTA HERE WHILE WE GOT THE CHANCE.
NOT WITHOUT PROFESSOR X.
AYE, LADDIE--WE CAN'T LEAVE CHARLES HERE.
YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA--? LOOK, HE'S CRIPPLED AND UNCONSCIOUS--NOW'RE WE GONNA CARRY HIM AN' FIGHT, HUH?!
WE FIND A WAY, WOLVERINE. IS THAT CLEAR?
THE POINT'S A MOOT ONE, ME DARLIN'S...
...I'M AFRAID IT'S OUT OF OUR HANDS NOW.
POK
POK
I'VE GOT THIS ONE--
--YOU TWO HEAD OUT THE OTHER DOOR. I'LL COVER YE!

MOVE IT BOTH O' YE'S!
THEY'RE POPPIN' OUTTA THE WOODWORK!
TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKE.
OH LORDY.
TAKE 'EM!!
HIT 'EM WITH EVERYTHIN' YE'VE GOT BEFORE THEY CAN REACT--THAT'S OUR ONLY HOPE--!
WAY TO GO, IRISH!
NO...SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE, BANSHEE--OUR POWERS ARE CHOPPING THESE SENTINELS INTO BITS...
LISTEN, RED, DON'T LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH, Y'KNOW?
HEY--!!
WOLVERINE, BEHIND YOU--!
IT'S...GOT MY ARMS PINNED... NO LEVERAGE... CAN'T SLASH FREE...
I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST OR HE'LL BE CRUSHED...
...FOCUS ALL MY TELEKINETIC POWER INTO A TIGHT BEAM MINDBLAST...TRY TO FUSE THE SENTINEL'S COMPUTER BRAIN...
FZZAKT!
DONE IT!!

OH NO...IT'S TOPPLING RIGHT FOR ME...NO TIME...
JEAN!
HAVE NO FEAR, LASS...
...BANSHEE'S HERE.
CUTTIN' IT A LITTLE CLOSE AGAIN, AREN'T YOU, MR. CASSIDY?
NOW IS THAT ANY WAY TA TALK--I SAVED YE, DIDN'T I?
GRAB AHOLD, SHORTIE--WE'RE BUSTIN' OUTTA HERE--!
AN' NOTHIN' 'TWEEN HEAVEN AN' HELL IS GONNA STOP US--!!
POK!
EEEEEEE
EEEEEE*
WANNA BET, BANSHEE?
SO NEAR, BANSHEE, AND YET SO FAR...NEW YORK CLOSE ENOUGH TO SEE ON A CLEAR DAY...TANTALIZING... UNREACHABLE...
...IF ONLY YOUR FRIENDS KNEW... BUT PERHAPS IT'S BETTER THAT THEY DON'T.
ANYTHING, CYCLOPS?
HM? OH, KURT--I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN.
NO. THERE'S NOTHING.

CEREBRO'S SCANNED THE ENTIRE WORLD TWICE OVER AND THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF THEM ANYWHERE...
...NO THEM, NO DEFENSIVE SHIELDS, NOTHING!
CYCLOPS.. SCOTT, YOU'VE BEEN WORKING FOUR DAYS STRAIGHT WITH NO REST, PRECIOUS LITTLE FOOD...
YOU'RE BURNING YOURSELF OUT, MY FRIEND...
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, NIGHTCRAWLER-- WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE, I'LL ASK FOR IT-- EH?!
INTRUDER ALERT
CEREBRO'S FLASHING INTRUDER ALERT-- THERE'S SOMEONE COMING OVER THE BACK WALL...
STAY HERE KURT, I'M GOING TO CHECK...
INTRUDER ALERT
BAMF
...KURT...?
WHERE'D HE GO?
OH.
WAIT A MINUTE. I CAN SEE OUR INTRUDER'S FACE ON THE MONITOR...
...AND I KNOW WHO HE IS... HE'S...
DR. PETER CORBEAU, AN OLD FRIEND OF THE PROFESSOR'S.
HE SAYS HE'S HERE TO HELP US--AND I'VE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF BRIEFING HIM ON ALL THAT'S HAPPENED.
AND THE GIST OF IT, DR. CORBEAU, IS THAT CEREBRO CAN'T FIND THEM, NOT EVEN A RESIDUAL TRACE... AND THE ONLY WAY FOR THAT TO HAPPEN...
...IS FOR JEAN AND THE OTHERS... TO BE DEAD.
I DON'T ACCEPT THAT-- BUT WHAT OTHER CHOICE HAVE WE? IT'S LIKE THEY'VE VANISHED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH...
THAT'S IT--! THAT'S WHY THE SENTINEL WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT SOLAR FLARES...
DON'T YOU SEE, CYCLOPS...?
"THEY'RE NOT ON THE EARTH AT ALL!"
--TO BE CONTINUED--

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THE ALL-NEW, ALL-DIFFERENT
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HOW CAN WE SURVIVE IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE?
COCKRUM

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Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE UNCANNY X-MEN!

CHRIS CLAREMONT AUTHOR | DAVE COCKRUM ARTIST | FRANK CHIARA INKER | IRVING W. LETTERER | MICHELE W. COLORIST | MARV WOLFMAN EDITOR

Deathstar, RISING!

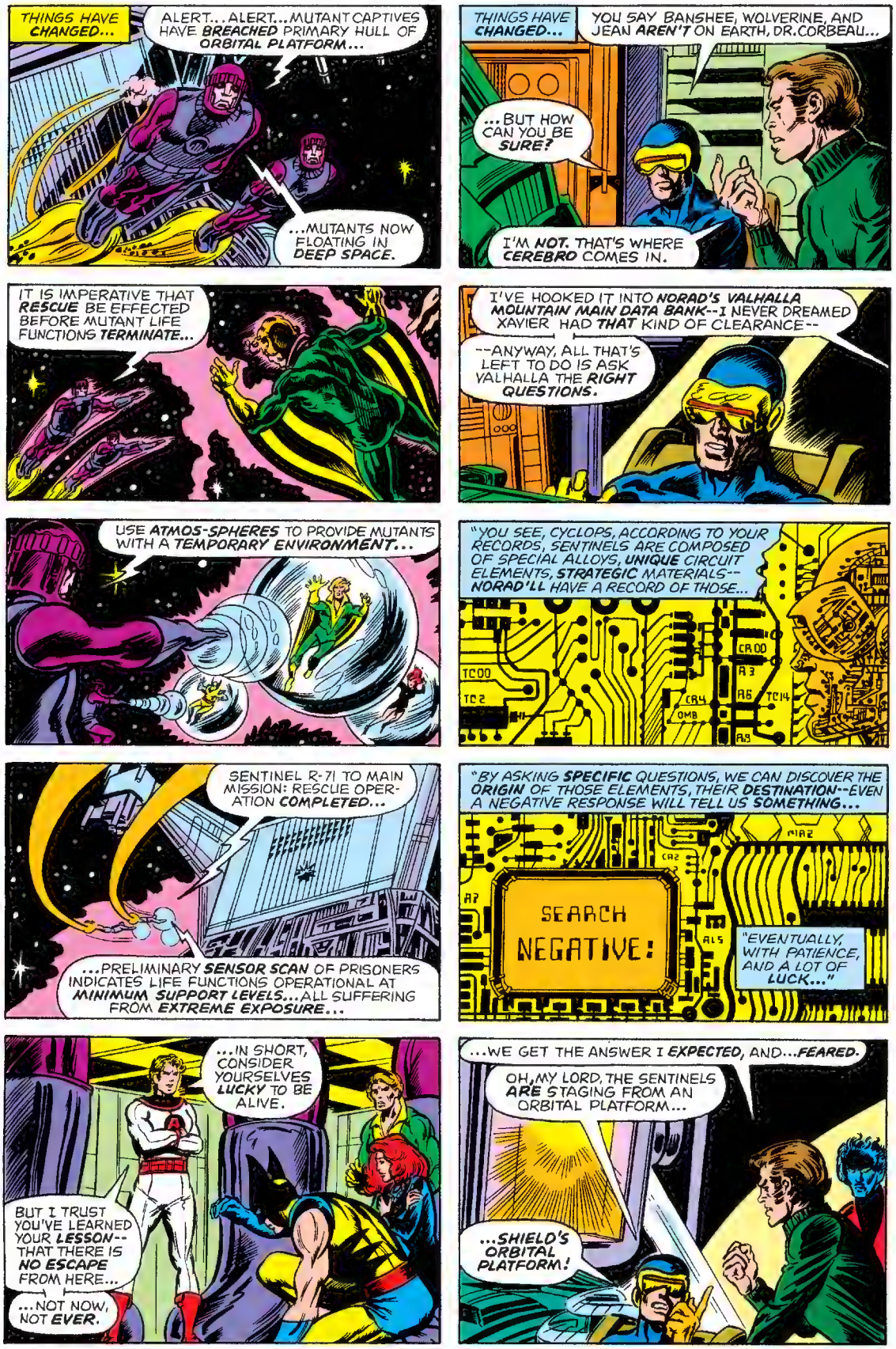
A MINUTE AGO, THEY HAD IT MADE...

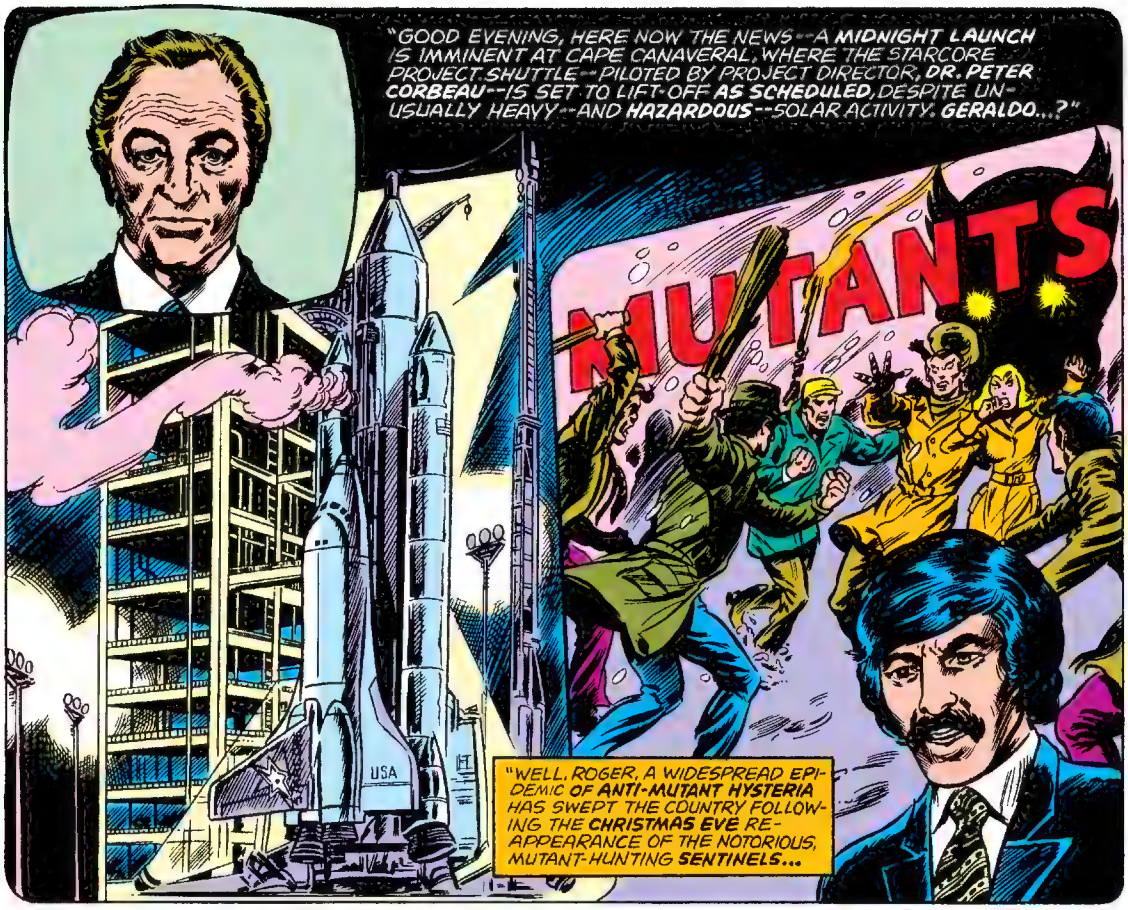
A MINUTE AGO, THEY WERE SMASHING THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM. BANSHEE'S SONIC SCREAM TEARING SENTINELS APART LIKE THEY'D BEEN BUILT OF TISSUE PAPER INSTEAD OF STEEL...

A MINUTE AGO, IT HAD BEEN SO BEAUTIFUL. STEVEN LANG, THE MASTERMIND BEHIND PROJECT ARMAGEDDON, HAD THOUGHT THEM HELPLESS, BUT BANSHEE, WOLVERINE AND JEAN GREY HAD PROVEN HIM WRONG. THEY WERE BUSTING OUT OF HIS PRISON AND NOTHING BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL WAS GOING TO STOP THEM!*

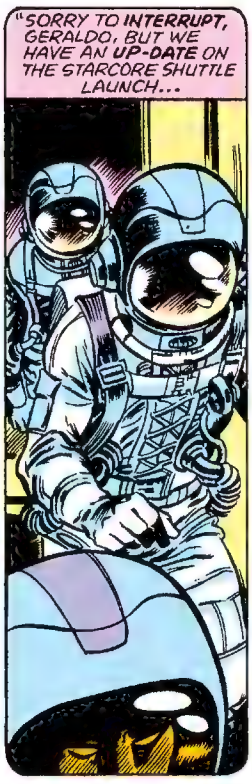
* IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US, CHECK OUT LAST ISH AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES-- marv.

BUT THAT WAS A MINUTE AGO...


THINGS HAVE CHANGED...
ALERT... ALERT... MUTANT CAPTIVES HAVE BREACHED PRIMARY HULL OF ORBITAL PLATFORM...
...MUTANTS NOW FLOATING IN DEEP SPACE.
THINGS HAVE CHANGED...
YOU SAY BANSHEE, WOLVERINE, AND JEAN AREN'T ON EARTH, DR. CORBEAU...
...BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?
I'M NOT. THAT'S WHERE CEREBRO COMES IN.
IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT RESCUE BE EFFECTED BEFORE MUTANT LIFE FUNCTIONS TERMINATE...
I'VE HOOKED IT INTO NORAD'S VALHALLA MOUNTAIN MAIN DATA BANK--I NEVER DREAMED XAVIER HAD THAT KIND OF CLEARANCE--
--ANYWAY, ALL THAT'S LEFT TO DO IS ASK VALHALLA THE RIGHT QUESTIONS.
USE ATMOS-SPHERES TO PROVIDE MUTANTS WITH A TEMPORARY ENVIRONMENT...
"YOU SEE, CYCLOPS, ACCORDING TO YOUR RECORDS, SENTINELS ARE COMPOSED OF SPECIAL ALLOYS, UNIQUE CIRCUIT ELEMENTS, STRATEGIC MATERIALS--NORAD'LL HAVE A RECORD OF THOSE...
SENTINEL R-71 TO MAIN MISSION: RESCUE OPERATION COMPLETED...
...PRELIMINARY SENSOR SCAN OF PRISONERS INDICATES LIFE FUNCTIONS OPERATIONAL AT MINIMUM SUPPORT LEVELS... ALL SUFFERING FROM EXTREME EXPOSURE...
"BY ASKING SPECIFIC QUESTIONS, WE CAN DISCOVER THE ORIGIN OF THOSE ELEMENTS, THEIR DESTINATION--EVEN A NEGATIVE RESPONSE WILL TELL US SOMETHING...
SEARCH NEGATIVE:
"EVENTUALLY, WITH PATIENCE, AND A LOT OF LUCK..."
...IN SHORT, CONSIDER YOURSELVES LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.
BUT I TRUST YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR LESSON--THAT THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM HERE...
...NOT NOW, NOT EVER.
...WE GET THE ANSWER I EXPECTED, AND... FEARED.
OH, MY LORD, THE SENTINELS ARE STAGING FROM AN ORBITAL PLATFORM...
...SHIELD'S ORBITAL PLATFORM!


"GOOD EVENING, HERE NOW THE NEWS--A MIDNIGHT LAUNCH IS IMMINENT AT CAPE CANAVERAL, WHERE THE STARCORE PROJECT SHUTTLE--PILOTED BY PROJECT DIRECTOR, DR. PETER CORBEAU--IS SET TO LIFT-OFF AS SCHEDULED, DESPITE UNUSUALLY HEAVY--AND HAZARDOUS--SOLAR ACTIVITY. GERALDO...?"
MUTANTS
"WELL, ROGER, A WIDESPREAD EPIDEMIC OF ANTI-MUTANT HYSTERIA HAS SWEPT THE COUNTRY FOLLOWING THE CHRISTMAS EVE RE-APPEARANCE OF THE NOTORIOUS, MUTANT-HUNTING SENTINELS...

"OVER THE WEEK-END, THE LONG ISLAND HOME OF FEDERAL JUDGE ROBERT CHALMERS NOTED JURIST AND OUT-SPOKEN FOE OF THE ANTI-MUTANT MOVEMENT, WAS FIRE-BOMBED...
"...FORTUNATELY, NO ONE WAS HOME. HOWEVER, IN LIGHT OF RECENT..."
JUDGE CHALMERS


"SORRY TO INTERRUPT, GERALDO, BUT WE HAVE AN UP-DATE ON THE STARCORE SHUTTLE LAUNCH...

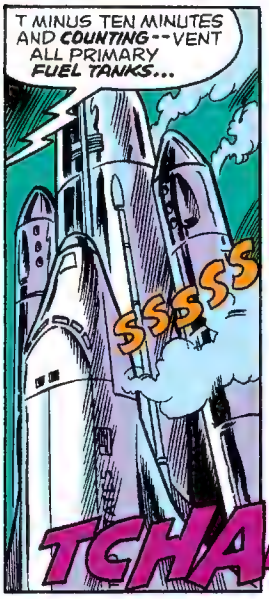
"AS YOU CAN SEE, THE TEAM OF FOUR MEN AND A WOMAN IS NOW BOARDING THE LAUNCH VEHICLE. THEY'RE TO AUGMENT STARCORE'S INTERNATIONAL CREW--INTERNATIONAL, INTER-RACIAL, INTER-SEXUAL.
"SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE.

"THIS LAUNCH WAS SCHEDULED WITH UNUSUAL SPEED BY STARCORE--PRESUMABLY TO BEAT OUT THE INCREASINGLY DEADLY SOLAR RADIATION STORMS--
"--UNFORTUNATELY, THAT SPEED HAS LEFT US WITH NO FURTHER INFORMATION ON THE FLIGHT CREW.
"IN ANY EVENT, WE'LL BE COVERING THE LAUNCH IN DETAIL AFTER THIS NEWSCAST...MELBA...?

BY ALL THE GODS, IT FEELS MARVELOUS TO GET THIS HELMET OFF...
MARVELOUS...? IS THAT REALLY THE WORD...?
ANOTHER SECOND TRAPPED INSIDE THIS CURSED SUIT AND I'D HAVE STARTED SCREAMING...

DR. CORBEAU, WON'T YOUR REAL CREW BE UPSET THAT WE HAVE TAKEN THEIR PLACE?
YOU ARE THE REAL CREW, NIGHT-CRAWLER.
THIS IS ALL FOR SHOW... A VERY ELABORATE AND EXPENSIVE DECEPTION.

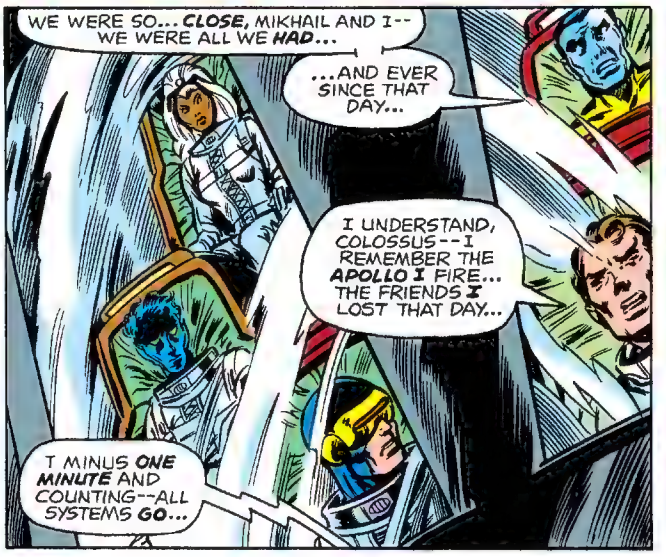
WHICH WILL GET YOU INTO A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE WHEN IT IS DISCOVERED. YOU ARE A GOOD FRIEND, I THINK, HERR DOKTOR...
PETER, WHY DO YOU NOT REMOVE YOUR HELMET?
PETER...?

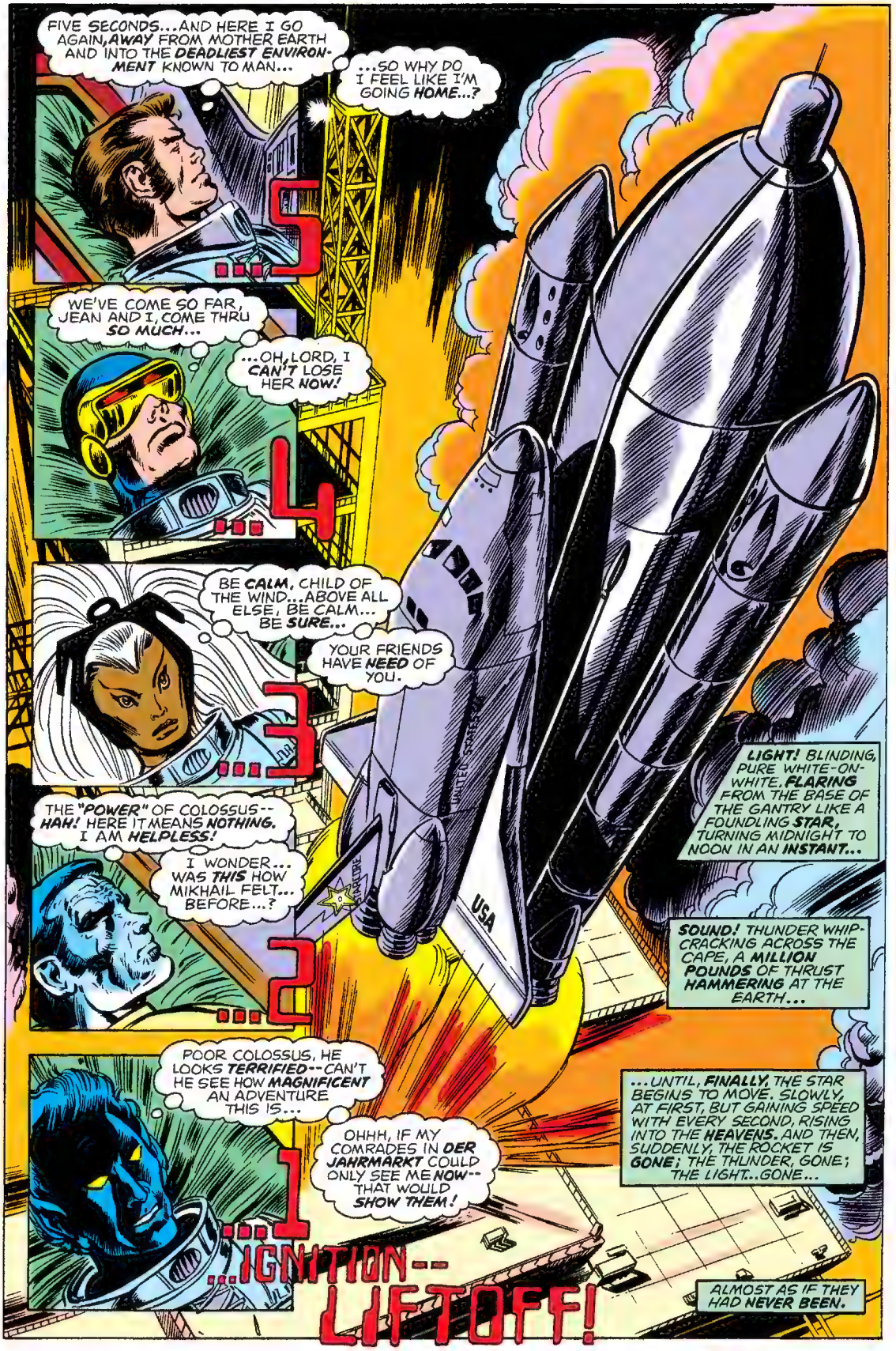

T MINUS TEN MINUTES AND COUNTING--VENT ALL PRIMARY FUEL TANKS...
SSSSS

PETER, ARE YOU--
GODS BELOW!!
MIKHAIL!!
TCHANG!

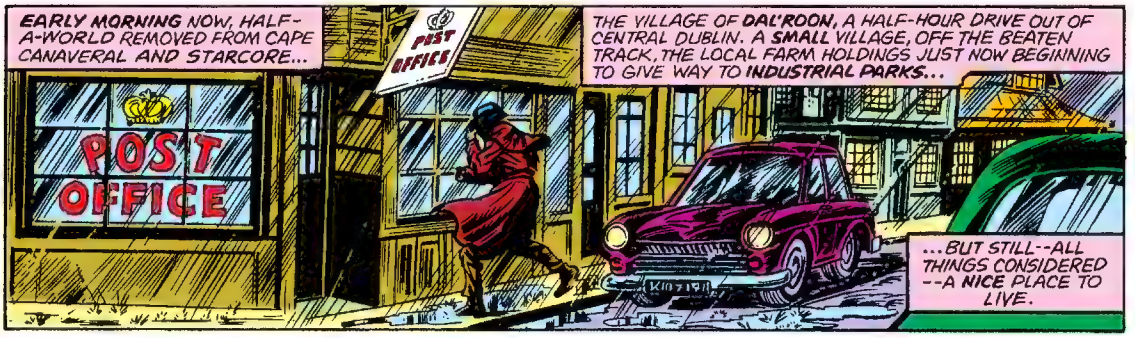
WHAT IS IT, MY FRIEND--WHAT'S THE MATTER?
N-NOTHING, TOVARISCH ...I...I'M SORRY, KURT, I DID NOT MEAN TO...
I...I WAS AFRAID, KURT. AFRAID.

I SIT HERE, INSIDE A ROCKET, AND ALL I CAN THINK OF IS MY BROTHER, MIKHAIL ...A TEST PILOT, ONE OF RUSSIA'S FIRST COSMONAUTS...
...MIKHAIL...DYING, MY FRIEND. BURNING TO DEATH ON A BAIKONUR LAUNCH PAD WHEN HIS ROCKET...EXPLODED...


WE WERE SO... CLOSE, MIKHAIL AND I--WE WERE ALL WE HAD...
...AND EVER SINCE THAT DAY...
I UNDERSTAND, COLOSSUS--I REMEMBER THE APOLLO I FIRE... THE FRIENDS I LOST THAT DAY...
T MINUS ONE MINUTE AND COUNTING--ALL SYSTEMS GO...


FIVE SECONDS...AND HERE I GO AGAIN, AWAY FROM MOTHER EARTH AND INTO THE DEADLIEST ENVIRONMENT KNOWN TO MAN...
...SO WHY DO I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING HOME...?
5...
WE'VE COME SO FAR, JEAN AND I, COME THRU SO MUCH...
...OH, LORD, I CAN'T LOSE HER NOW!
4...
BE CALM, CHILD OF THE WIND...ABOVE ALL ELSE, BE CALM... BE SURE...
YOUR FRIENDS HAVE NEED OF YOU.
3...
THE "POWER" OF COLOSSUS--HAH! HERE IT MEANS NOTHING. I AM HELPLESS!
I WONDER... WAS THIS HOW MIKHAIL FELT... BEFORE...?
2...
POOR COLOSSUS, HE LOOKS TERRIFIED--CAN'T HE SEE HOW MAGNIFICENT AN ADVENTURE THIS IS...
OHHH, IF MY COMRADES IN DER JAHRMARKT COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW--THAT WOULD SHOW THEM!
1...
...IGNITION--
LIFTOFF!
LIGHT! BLINDING, PURE WHITE-ON-WHITE. FLARING FROM THE BASE OF THE GANTRY LIKE A FOUNDLING STAR, TURNING MIDNIGHT TO NOON IN AN INSTANT...
SOUND! THUNDER WHIP-CRACKING ACROSS THE CAPE, A MILLION POUNDS OF THRUST HAMMERING AT THE EARTH...
...UNTIL, FINALLY, THE STAR BEGINS TO MOVE. SLOWLY, AT FIRST, BUT GAINING SPEED WITH EVERY SECOND, RISING INTO THE HEAVENS. AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE ROCKET IS GONE; THE THUNDER, GONE; THE LIGHT...GONE...
ALMOST AS IF THEY HAD NEVER BEEN.
USA

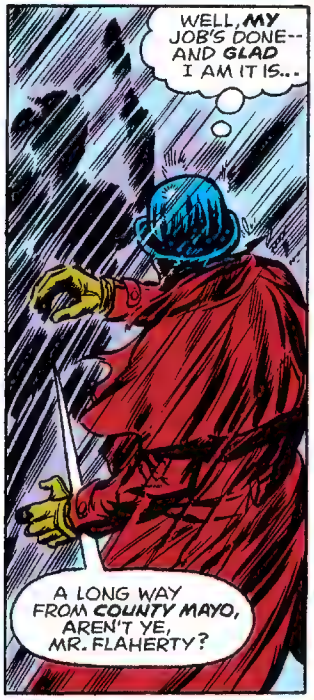
STARCORE, THIS IS CAPCOM: AT T PLUS TWO MINUTES, YOU ARE ON TRACK, ON SKED, ALL TELEMETRY READING NOMINAL.
IN OTHER WORDS, A BEAUTIFUL FLIGHT.
I THOUGHT I SAID THAT, CORBEAU.
BEAUTIFUL? FOR THE MOMENT, PERHAPS...
...BUT LET'S SHIFT OUR ATTENTION TO ANOTHER SOLAR ORBIT, TO THE VAST U.N. SPONSORED RESEARCH STATION KNOWN AS STARCORE ONE...
...AND WE'LL HEAR A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT TALE.
HILARY--THAT SUNFLARE!! MY INSTRUMENTS ARE GOING OFF THEIR SCALES--!
THEN RE-CALIBRATE, COLONEL KUTUZOV, AND FAST! THE WAY OL' SOL'S ACTING UP, WE'RE WORKING WITH NO MARGIN FOR ERROR!
COME ON, DMITRI, WHAT'S HOLDING UP THOSE SOLAR FORECASTS?!
THEY'RE JUST COMING THRU NOW...
...AND THEY ARE... VERY BAD. WORSE THAN WE'D ANTICIPATED.
"PETER CORBEAU IS FLYING STRAIGHT INTO THE WORST SOLAR STORM IN LIVING MEMORY...!"
ACH, PETER, WE ARE IN SPACE AND WE ARE ALL STILL ALIVE...
...ARE YOU DISAPPOINTED, MY FRIEND?
PLEASE, KURT WAGNER, NO JOKES... I AM NOT IN THE MOOD...
I FEEL...VERY ...STRANGE...
I ALMOST WISH I WAS DEAD...
A MILD FORM OF SPACE-SICKNESS, COLOSSUS--YOUR BODY REACTING AND ADAPTING TO ZERO-GRAVITY-- NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT...
...MEANTIME, PIPE DOWN, THE LOT OF YOU. I'VE GOT A PRIORITY MESSAGE COMING THRU FROM STARCORE...


EARLY MORNING NOW, HALF-A-WORLD REMOVED FROM CAPE CANAVERAL AND STARCORE...
POST OFFICE
POST OFFICE
THE VILLAGE OF DAL'ROON, A HALF-HOUR DRIVE OUT OF CENTRAL DUBLIN. A SMALL VILLAGE, OFF THE BEATEN TRACK, THE LOCAL FARM HOLDINGS JUST NOW BEGINNING TO GIVE WAY TO INDUSTRIAL PARKS...
...BUT STILL--ALL THINGS CONSIDERED --A NICE PLACE TO LIVE.

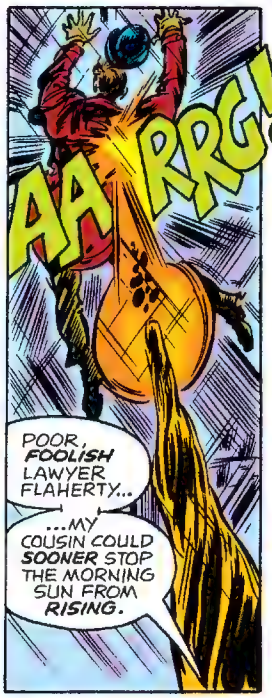
OR DIE.
WILL YE BE SHUTTIN' THE DOOR, YE FLAMIN' IDJIT--!
THERE'S A WINTER GALE BLOWIN'--OR HAVEN'T YE NOTICED...?
I...I'M SORRY.

MY NAME IS FLAHERTY. I'M A SOLICITOR. THIS LETTER IS FOR A CLIENT OF MINE IN AMERICA.
IT'S IMPERATIVE IT GET TO HIM WITH-OUT DELAY.
Mr Sean Cassidy
Prof. Xavier's Scho
for Gifted Young
1407 Graymalkin
Scarsdale, New Y
SPECIAL DELIV
U.S.A.

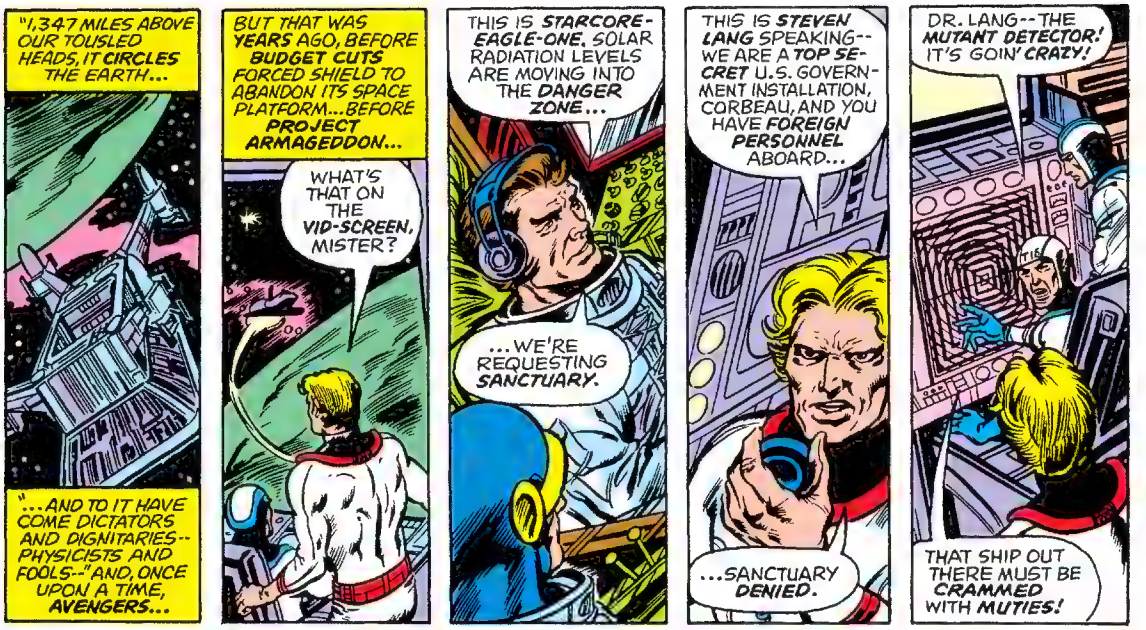
WITHOUT DELAY, YOU UNDERSTAND--!
I'LL BE KNOWIN' HOW T' DO ME OWN JOB, THANK YE VERY MUCH--I BEEN DOIN' IT NIGH ON FORTY YEARS.
NOW, FER THE LAST TIME, CLOSE THAT FLAMIN' DOOR!!

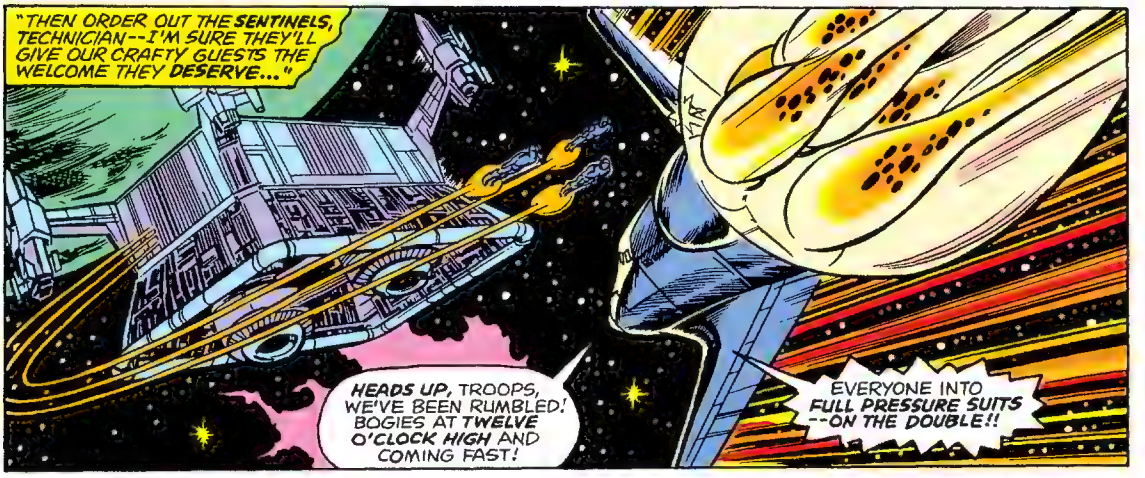

WELL, MY JOB'S DONE--AND GLAD I AM IT IS...
A LONG WAY FROM COUNTY MAYO, AREN'T YE, MR. FLAHERTY?

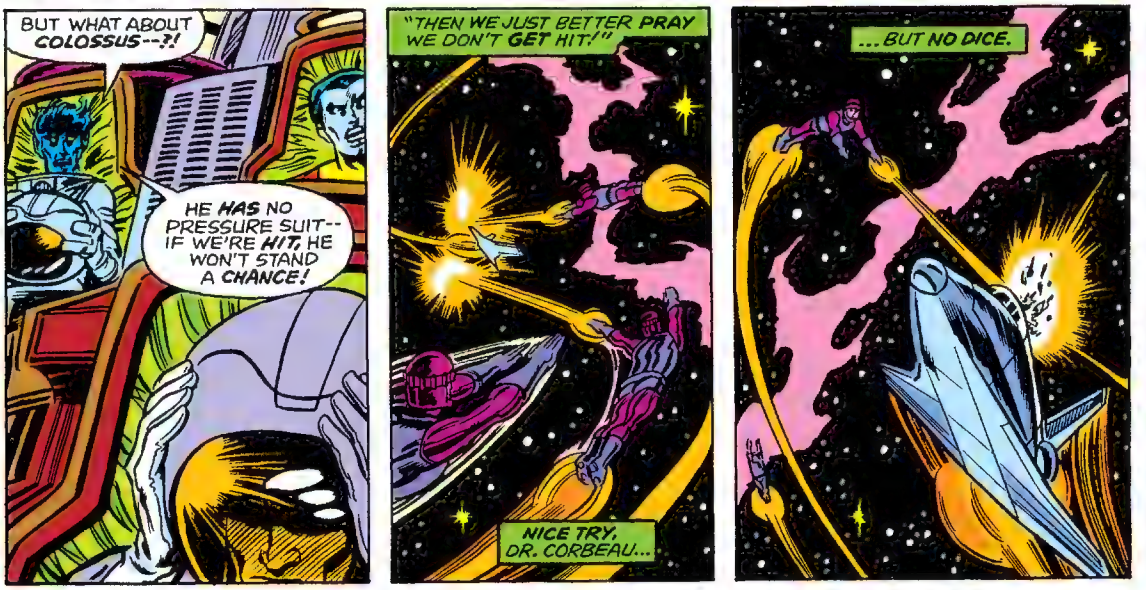
YOU!!
YOU'RE TOO LATE--YOUR COUSIN'S BEEN WARNED AND HE'LL STOP YOUR MAD PLANS!

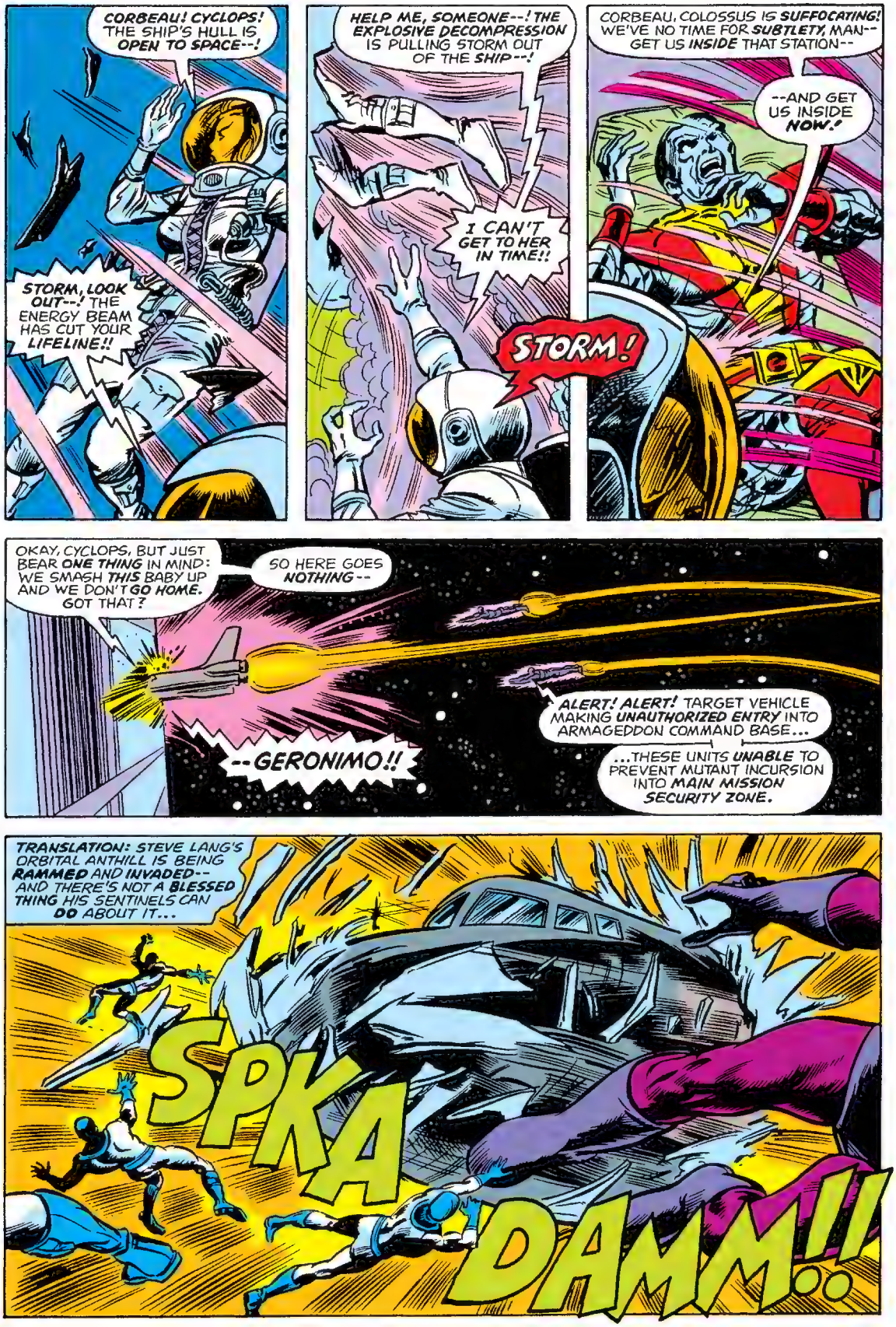

AARRG!
POOR, FOOLISH LAWYER FLAHERTY...
...MY COUSIN COULD SOONER STOP THE MORNING SUN FROM RISING.

AYE, COUSIN SEAN, YOU'LL STOP BLACK TOM, WON'T YE...?
AT LEAST, YOU'LL DIE TRYING!!

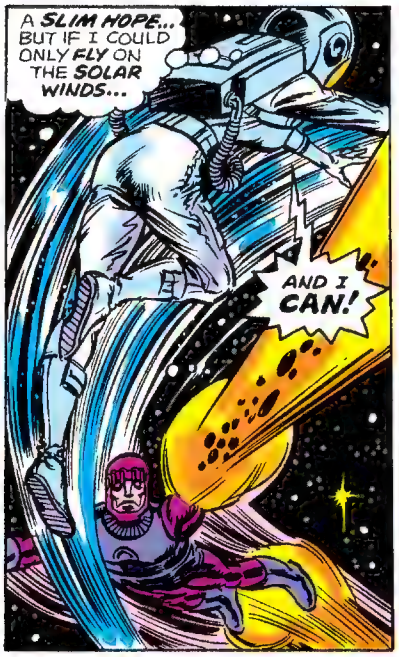

"1,347 MILES ABOVE OUR TOUSLED HEADS, IT CIRCLES THE EARTH...
"...AND TO IT HAVE COME DICTATORS AND DIGNITARIES--PHYSICISTS AND FOOLS--" AND, ONCE UPON A TIME, AVENGERS...
BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO, BEFORE BUDGET CUTS FORCED SHIELD TO ABANDON ITS SPACE PLATFORM...BEFORE PROJECT ARMAGEDDON...
WHAT'S THAT ON THE VID-SCREEN, MISTER?
THIS IS STARCORE-EAGLE-ONE. SOLAR RADIATION LEVELS ARE MOVING INTO THE DANGER ZONE...
...WE'RE REQUESTING SANCTUARY.
THIS IS STEVEN LANG SPEAKING--WE ARE A TOP SECRET U.S. GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION, CORBEAU, AND YOU HAVE FOREIGN PERSONNEL ABOARD...
...SANCTUARY DENIED.
DR. LANG--THE MUTANT DETECTOR! IT'S GOIN' CRAZY!
THAT SHIP OUT THERE MUST BE CRAMMED WITH MUTIES!

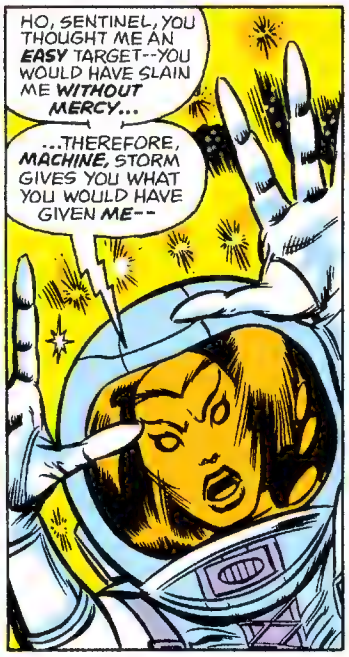

"THEN ORDER OUT THE SENTINELS, TECHNICIAN--I'M SURE THEY'LL GIVE OUR CRAFTY GUESTS THE WELCOME THEY DESERVE..."
HEADS UP, TROOPS, WE'VE BEEN RUMBLED! BOGIES AT TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH AND COMING FAST!
EVERYONE INTO FULL PRESSURE SUITS --ON THE DOUBLE!!

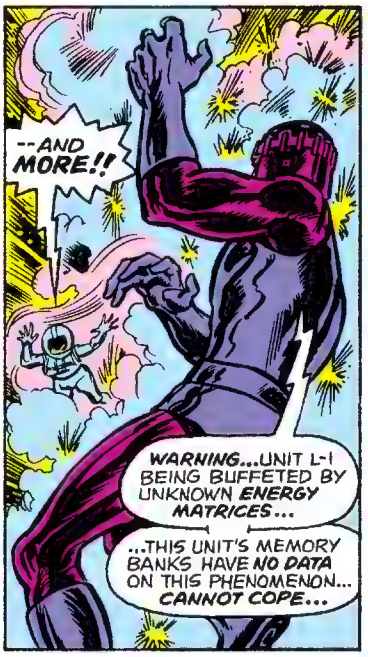

BUT WHAT ABOUT COLOSSUS--?!
HE HAS NO PRESSURE SUIT--IF WE'RE HIT, HE WON'T STAND A CHANCE!
"THEN WE JUST BETTER PRAY WE DON'T GET HIT!"
NICE TRY, DR. CORBEAU...
...BUT NO DICE.

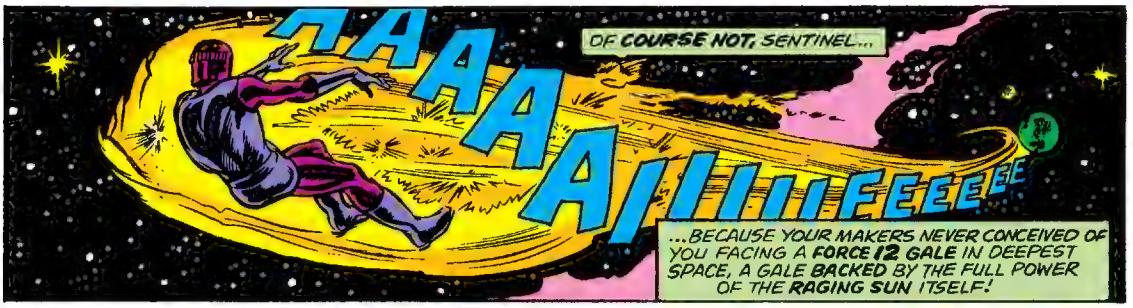

CORBEAU! CYCLOPS! THE SHIP'S HULL IS OPEN TO SPACE--!
STORM, LOOK OUT--! THE ENERGY BEAM HAS CUT YOUR LIFELINE!!
HELP ME, SOMEONE--! THE EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION IS PULLING STORM OUT OF THE SHIP--!
I CAN'T GET TO HER IN TIME!!
STORM!
CORBEAU, COLOSSUS IS SUFFOCATING! WE'VE NO TIME FOR SUBTLETY, MAN-- GET US INSIDE THAT STATION--
--AND GET US INSIDE NOW.!
OKAY, CYCLOPS, BUT JUST BEAR ONE THING IN MIND: WE SMASH THIS BABY UP AND WE DON'T GO HOME. GOT THAT?
SO HERE GOES NOTHING--
--GERONIMO!!
ALERT! ALERT! TARGET VEHICLE MAKING UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY INTO ARMAGEDDON COMMAND BASE...
...THESE UNITS UNABLE TO PREVENT MUTANT INCURSION INTO MAIN MISSION SECURITY ZONE.
TRANSLATION: STEVE LANG'S ORBITAL ANTHILL IS BEING RAMMED AND INVADED-- AND THERE'S NOT A BLESSED THING HIS SENTINELS CAN DO ABOUT IT...
SPKA
DAMM!!

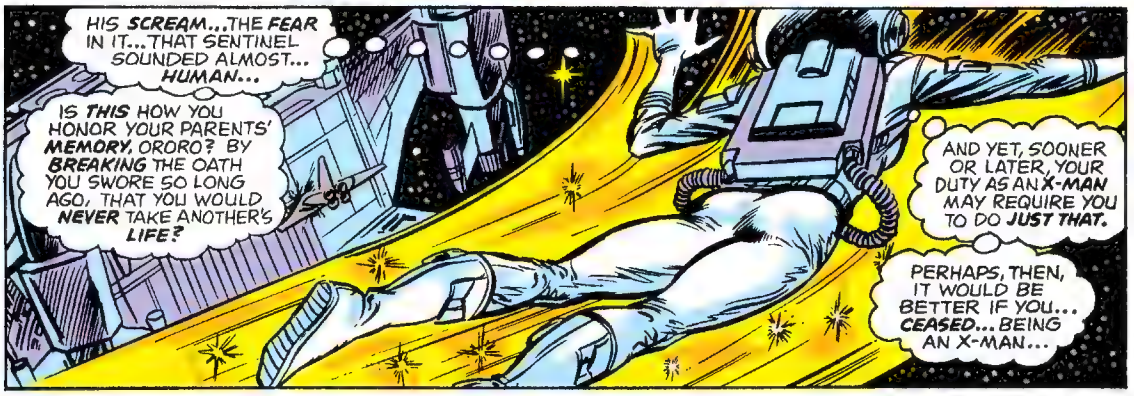
L-1 TO MAIN MISSION... AM IN PURSUIT OF LONE FEMALE MUTANT...
AS PER LATEST PROGRAMMING, THIS UNIT'S MISSION IS TO SEEK OUT... AND DESTROY!
A SENTINEL... COMING STRAIGHT FOR ME...!
AND I AM STUCK HERE... AS HELPLESS AS AN ANTELOPE IN A LION SNARE...
...UNLESS... I AM MISTRESS OF THE WIND AND STORM... BUT WHAT IF MY POWER INCLUDES THE COSMIC STORM AS WELL...?

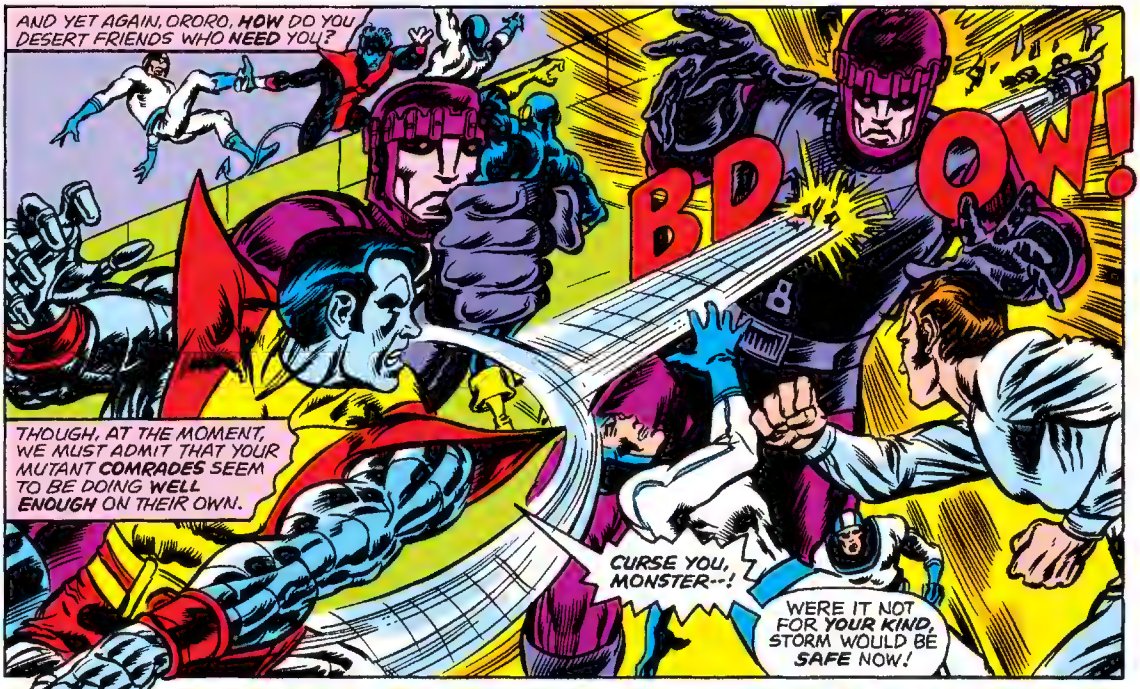

A SLIM HOPE... BUT IF I COULD ONLY FLY ON THE SOLAR WINDS...
AND I CAN!

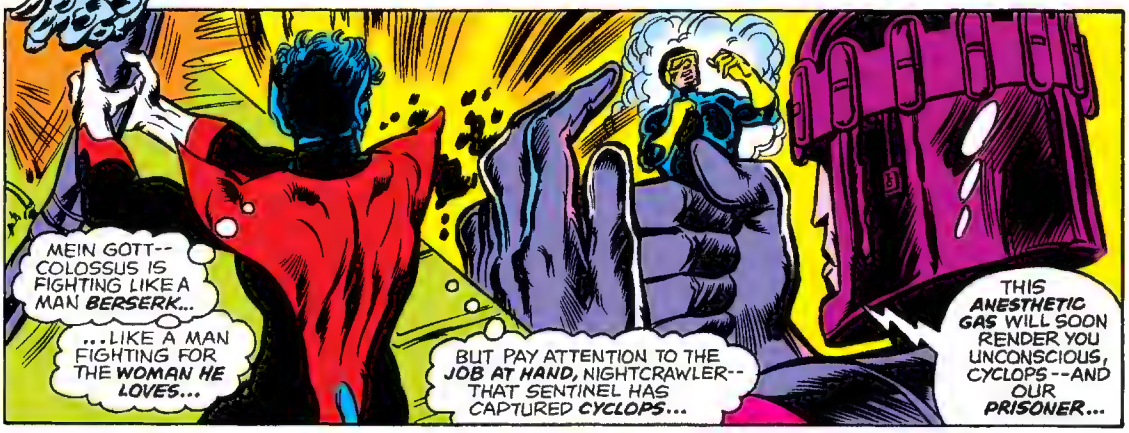

HO, SENTINEL, YOU THOUGHT ME AN EASY TARGET--YOU WOULD HAVE SLAIN ME WITHOUT MERCY...
...THEREFORE, MACHINE, STORM GIVES YOU WHAT YOU WOULD HAVE GIVEN ME--

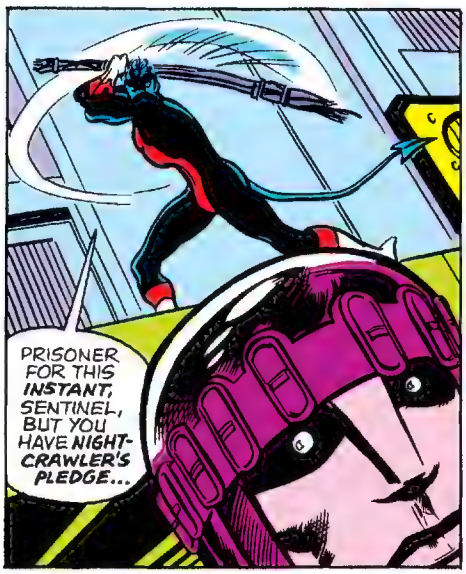

--AND MORE!!
WARNING...UNIT L-1 BEING BUFFETED BY UNKNOWN ENERGY MATRICES...
...THIS UNIT'S MEMORY BANKS HAVE NO DATA ON THIS PHENOMENON... CANNOT COPE...

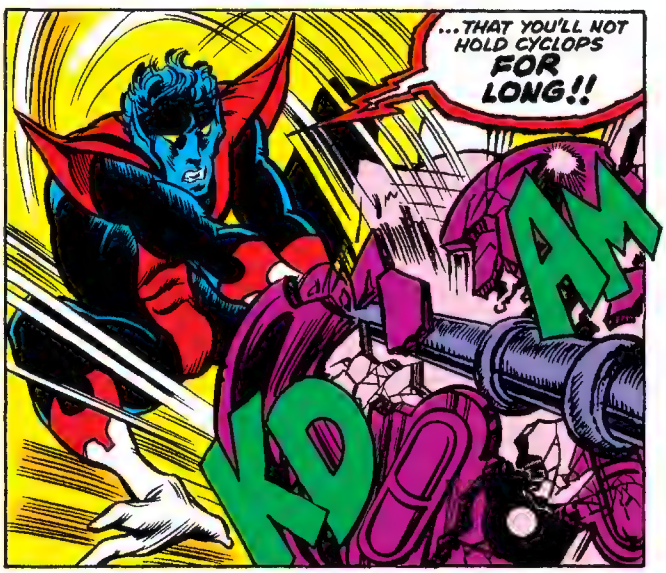

OF COURSE NOT, SENTINEL...
AAAAIIIIIEEEEEE
...BECAUSE YOUR MAKERS NEVER CONCEIVED OF YOU FACING A FORCE 12 GALE IN DEEPEST SPACE, A GALE BACKED BY THE FULL POWER OF THE RAGING SUN ITSELF!

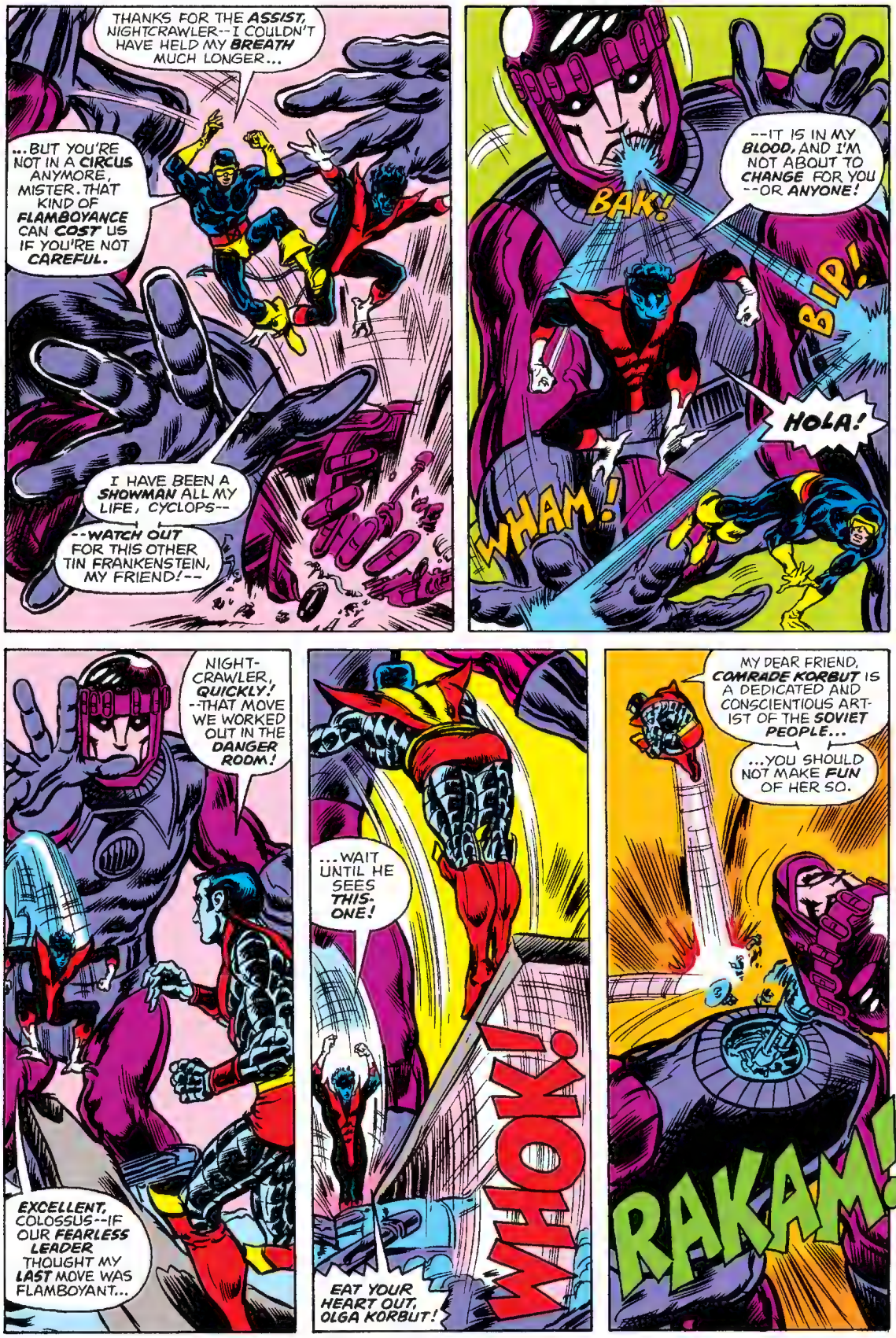

HIS SCREAM...THE FEAR IN IT...THAT SENTINEL SOUNDED ALMOST... HUMAN...
IS THIS HOW YOU HONOR YOUR PARENTS' MEMORY, ORORO? BY BREAKING THE OATH YOU SWORE SO LONG AGO, THAT YOU WOULD NEVER TAKE ANOTHER'S LIFE?
AND YET, SOONER OR LATER, YOUR DUTY AS AN X-MAN MAY REQUIRE YOU TO DO JUST THAT.
PERHAPS, THEN, IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU... CEASED... BEING AN X-MAN...


AND YET AGAIN, ORORO, HOW DO YOU DESERT FRIENDS WHO NEED YOU?
BD
OW!
THOUGH, AT THE MOMENT, WE MUST ADMIT THAT YOUR MUTANT COMRADES SEEM TO BE DOING WELL ENOUGH ON THEIR OWN.
CURSE YOU, MONSTER--!
WERE IT NOT FOR YOUR KIND, STORM WOULD BE SAFE NOW!


MEIN GOTT-- COLOSSUS IS FIGHTING LIKE A MAN BERSERK...
...LIKE A MAN FIGHTING FOR THE WOMAN HE LOVES...
BUT PAY ATTENTION TO THE JOB AT HAND, NIGHTCRAWLER-- THAT SENTINEL HAS CAPTURED CYCLOPS...
THIS ANESTHETIC GAS WILL SOON RENDER YOU UNCONSCIOUS, CYCLOPS--AND OUR PRISONER...


PRISONER FOR THIS INSTANT, SENTINEL, BUT YOU HAVE NIGHT-CRAWLER'S PLEDGE...


...THAT YOU'LL NOT HOLD CYCLOPS FOR LONG!!
KD
I AM


THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, NIGHTCRAWLER--I COULDN'T HAVE HELD MY BREATH MUCH LONGER...
...BUT YOU'RE NOT IN A CIRCUS ANYMORE, MISTER. THAT KIND OF FLAMBOYANCE CAN COST US IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL.
I HAVE BEEN A SHOWMAN ALL MY LIFE, CYCLOPS--
--WATCH OUT FOR THIS OTHER TIN FRANKENSTEIN, MY FRIEND!--
--IT IS IN MY BLOOD, AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO CHANGE FOR YOU --OR ANYONE!
BAK!
BIP!
HOLA!
WHAM!
NIGHT-CRAWLER, QUICKLY! --THAT MOVE WE WORKED OUT IN THE DANGER ROOM!
EXCELLENT, COLOSSUS--IF OUR FEARLESS LEADER THOUGHT MY LAST MOVE WAS FLAMBOYANT...
...WAIT UNTIL HE SEES THIS-ONE!
WHOK!
EAT YOUR HEART OUT, OLGA KORBUT!
MY DEAR FRIEND, COMRADE KORBUT IS A DEDICATED AND CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST OF THE SOVIET PEOPLE...
...YOU SHOULD NOT MAKE FUN OF HER SO.
RAKAM!

FZAM!
THAT'S THE LAST ONE--OVER A DOZEN SENTINELS SCRAGGED IN HALF AS MANY MINUTES...
THIS IS INSANE--THE DANGER ROOM GIVES US MORE TROUBLE THAN THESE STEEL DUMMIES HAVE. IT'S ALL A BIT TOO EASY...
YOU CALL THIS... EASY?
COMPARED TO THE TRASK SENTINELS, THIS MODEL'S A WALKING JOKE.
WHICH BEGGARS THE QUESTION: WHAT'S THE REAL THREAT IN ALL OF THIS...?
JEAN GREY AND THE OTHERS--WHAT ABOUT STORM?
SHE IS ADRIFT OUT THERE--SHE COULD BE HURT!
I HAVE A FEELING THAT THE SOONER WE FIND JEAN AND THE OTHERS, THE SOONER WE'LL KNOW.
BACK OFF, COLOSSUS--I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL...
YOU KNOW NOTHING!
SHE IS OUR FRIEND, OUR COMRADE IN BATTLE--SHE COULD BE... DEAD!
AND YOU ACT AS IF YOU DO NOT EVEN CARE! WELL, COLOSSUS CARES!!
YOU DO ME GREAT HONOR, MY FRIEND...
...AND I AM GRATEFUL.
EH--?!
STORM--ORORO!! YOU'RE HERE--!
AND YOU'RE ALIVE!!
SO IT WOULD APPEAR.
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... THIS IS TOO WONDERFUL TO BE TRUE--!
WHEN I SAW YOU BLOWN OUT OF THE SPACESHIP, I THOUGHT YOU WERE TRULY DOOMED!

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN VERY...DIFFICULT...TO KILL, YOUNG ONE...
...BUT I MUST ADMIT, I FIND THE SENTINELS EASIER TO SURVIVE THAN YOUR BEAR HUGS.
OH, I AM SORRY...IT'S JUST THAT I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU. WE ALL ARE, EH, CYCLOPS? CYCLOPS...?
SCOTT...
IMAGES... INSIDE MY MIND...I CAN'T... JEAN...!
HELP US, SCOTT. TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR THE PROFESSOR AND ME...CAN BARELY HOLD CONTACT...
BANSHEE AND WOLVERINE ARE IN THE "B"-DECK DETENTION CELLS...
...PROFESSOR X AND I ARE IN MAIN MISSION...
BUT HURRY, SCOTT, HURRY! STEVEN LANG IS COMING--HE MEANS TO...MURDER US...!
COLOSSUS, STORM, NIGHTCRAWLER--FOLLOW THE ROUTE SIGNS DOWN TO "B"-DECK; YOU'LL FIND WOLVERINE AND BANSHEE THERE.
BREAK THEM FREE AND THEN JOIN ME IN MAIN MISSION!
MOVE IT, PEOPLE --WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE!
BUT, CYCLOPS, THAT WILL LEAVE YOU ON YOUR OWN...
...SUPPOSE THERE ARE MORE SENTINELS...?
THEN I'LL HANDLE THEM, STORM.
RIGHT NOW, I'VE GIVEN YOU AN ORDER --OBEY IT!
AS FOR MR. STEVEN LANG, SO-CALLED HEAD HONCHO OF THIS BALL OF WAX...
...HE'S MINE, X-MEN. MINE ALONE!!

I'LL SAY THIS FOR THE LAST TIME, PEOPLE--GET OUT OF HERE! YOU COME WITH ME, DR. CORBEAU. CAN'T HAVE YOU RUNNING INTO A STRAY SENTINEL IN THE DARK.
UH...YES, OF COURSE... LOOK, CYCLOPS, DON'T YOU THINK YOU WERE A LITTLE ROUGH ON THEM...
...BUT...I GUESS YOU'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON YOUR MIND, HAVEN'T YOU...?
CYCLOPS DOESN'T ANSWER --HE DOESN'T REALLY HAVE TO.
IT SEEMS THE TRASK NOTES I USED TO RECONSTRUCT THE SENTINELS WERE IN-COMPLETE...THE SENTINELS SECOND-RATE...
...NOT THAT IT MATTERS. I HAVE ALL THE DATA I NEED FROM YOU MUTANTS. WHICH MAKES YOU EXPENDABLE...
YOUR FRIENDS MAY HAVE TAKEN THIS STATION, MISS GREY--
--BUT I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE ALIVE TO SHARE IN THEIR "VICTORY"--
FTHOM!
--MY GOD!
ZZZZZ
SHE'LL BE A LOT MORE ALIVE THAN YOU, SCUM--!
FREE JEAN AND THE PROFESSOR, CORBEAU...
...I'LL DEAL WITH MR. LANG, PERSONALLY!
BRAK!
HOW DOES IT FEEL, YOU ANIMAL--FACING SOMEONE ONE-ON-ONE, SOMEONE WHO CAN FIGHT BACK!?
ANSWER ME, LANG--ANSWER ME!!
CYCLOPS, FOR PITY'S SAKE, STOP! YOU'RE KILLING HIM!
ANSWER!!

SUDDENLY...
SCOTT--BEHIND YOU!! THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE NEXT ROOM!
WHAT IS IT, JEAN--ANOTHER SENTINEL?
NOT QUITE.
ZAK!
AAARRRGH!
NO. OH NO--IT CAN'T BE YOU...
...PLEASE DON'T LET IT BE YOU.
BUT IT IS, MISS GREY...THE ULTIMATE IRONY...
...THE ULTIMATE, UNDEFEATABLE ENEMY.
THIS IS THE HEART OF PROJECT ARMAGEDDON, MY DEAR--NOT THOSE RATHER PATHETIC SENTINELS...
...THOUGH I ADMIT I HAD HOPES FOR THEM.
RESISTANCE, AS THEY SAY, IS FUTILE--YOUR MENTAL POWERS ARE BEING NEUTRALIZED BY A MIND NOT...UNLIKE YOUR OWN...
"TAKE HER AWAY, MY PETS. PREPARE HER.
"WHICH MEANS, OF COURSE, THAT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO WARN YOUR FELLOW X-MEN UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE...
"BECAUSE OUR FINAL ACT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN."
BANSHEE--ALL OF YOU--LOOK!
I'M LOOKIN', BUT I'M A FAR, FAR PIECE FROM BELIEVIN'!
ACH, THIS IS A JOKE, IS IT NOT? IT MUST BE A JOKE. OR A NIGHTMARE.

IF IT IS, FELLA, THEN THE JOKE'S ON US... AND IT'S THE KIND OF JOKE THE X-MEN CAN DO WITHOUT...
...JUST LIKE WE CAN DO WITHOUT IMPOSTERS.
IMPOSTERS? NOT SO, CYCLOPS--WE ARE THE X-MEN...
LIKE HECK YOU ARE, LADY!
AGREED, ICEMAN. AND THESE IMPOSTERS ARE THE DEADLIEST FOES YOU HAVE EVER FOUGHT.
SO, ATTACK, MY X-MEN! SHOW THEM THE SAME MERCY THEY WOULD SHOW YOU...
ATTACK THESE IMPOSTERS--
--AND KILL THEM ALL!!
NEXT: OUR CATACLYSMIC HUNDREDTH ISSUE--A TALE OF TRIUMPH...AND TRAGEDY.
X-MEN VS. X-MEN--TO THE DEATH!

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AT LAST--THE SPECTACULAR 100TH ISSUE OF--
X-MEN™
X-MAN VS. X-MAN IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH-- BETRAYED BY PROFESSOR X!

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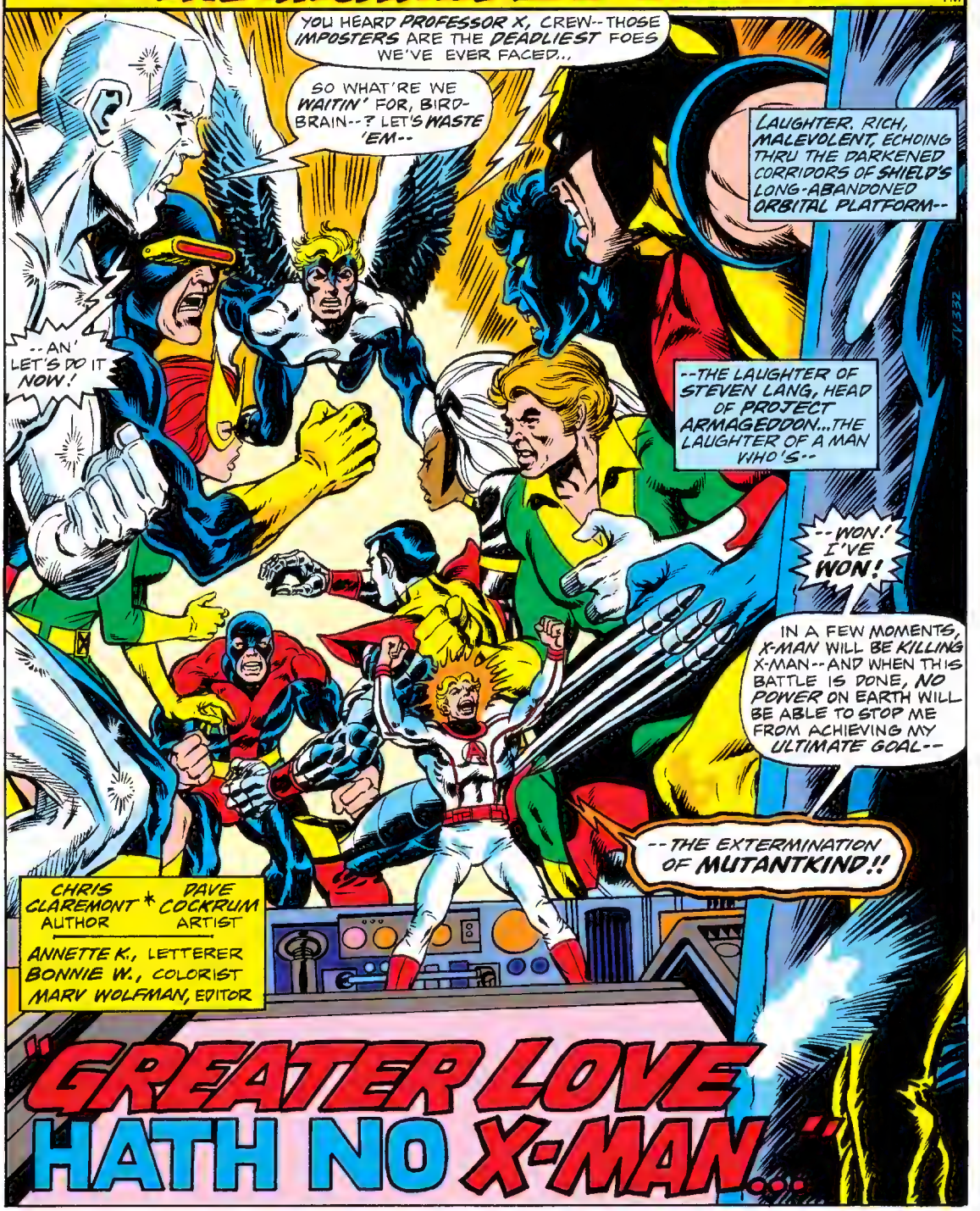


CHRIS CLAREMONT * DAVE COCKRUM
AUTHOR ARTIST

ANNETTE K., LETTERER
BONNIE W., COLORIST
MARV WOLFMAN, EDITOR

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO X-MAN..."

ONCE, THEY HAD ALL BEEN... FRIENDS...

YOU'VE GOT ONE HECK OF A NERVE, BANSHEE!

WHERE DOES A TWO-BIT CROOK LIKE YOU GET OFF CALLING HIMSELF AN X-MAN?

HEADS UP, MIDGET!

LISTEN TO ME, ALL OF YOU--THERE IS NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE!

WE WISH NONE OF YOU ANY HARM--LET US SIT DOWN AND TALK! NIGHTCRAWLER," WE MUST MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND!

IT IS TOO LATE FOR UNDERSTANDING, STORM!

LOOK AT THESE SO-CALLED 'FRIENDS' OF OURS, ACTING MORE LIKE PANICKED HUMANS THAN X-MEN--LOOK INTO THEIR EYES!

THEY ARE OUT FOR BLOOD, STORM! OUR BLOOD!

SPLOT!

BOOM!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS MADNESS--NOR WHY YOU SEEK OUR DEATHS A SECOND TIME, HAVOK--

--BUT IF YOU THINK MY COMRADES AND I ARE GOING TO GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT--

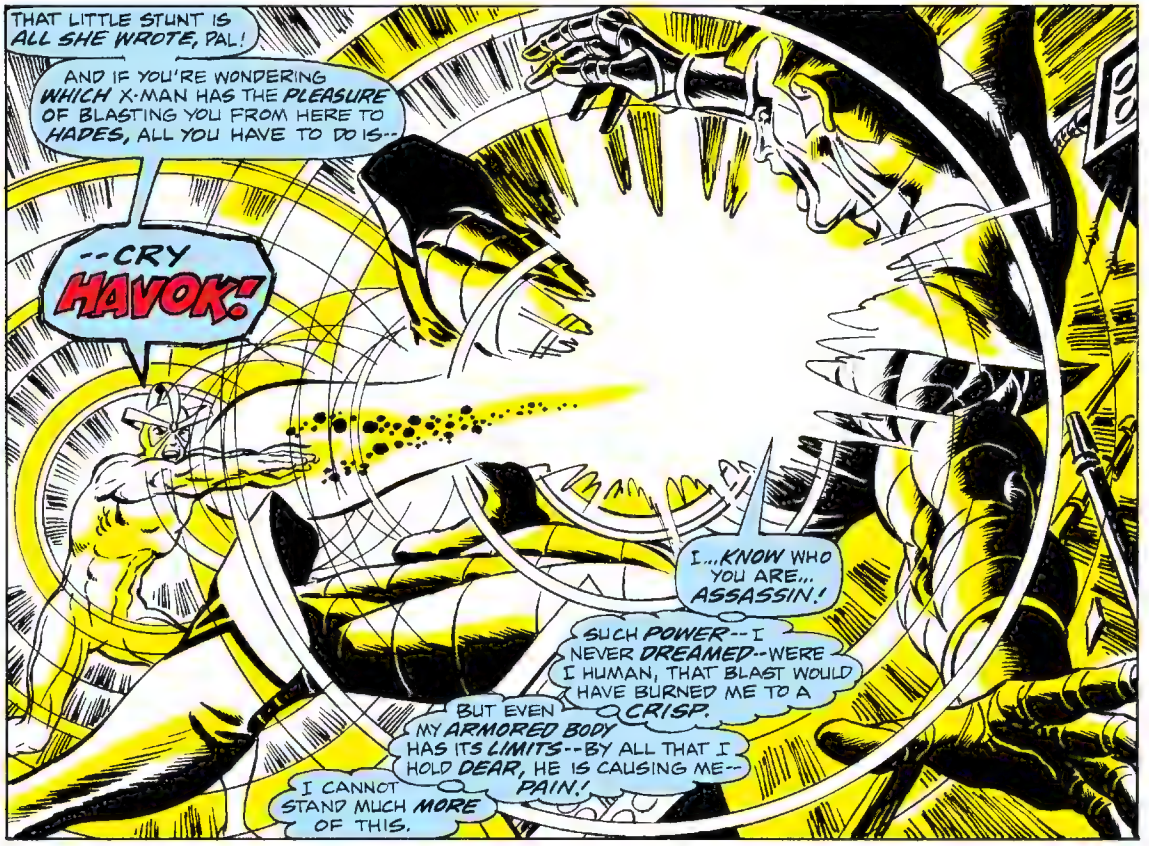
--THINK AGAIN!

KILL THE IMPOSTERS, MY X-MEN!

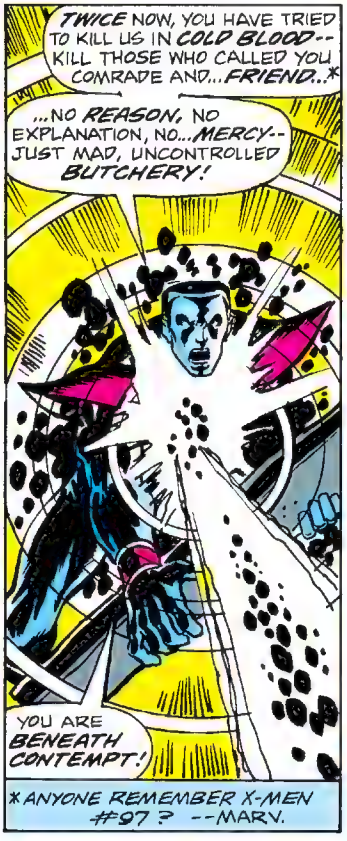
KILL THEM ALL!!

INDEED, ONE OF THEM IS AFTER ME.
BEP!
YOU ARE CALLED THE BEAST, ARE YOU NOT?
I RECOGNIZE YOU FROM SOME OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.
BUT I'D THOUGHT YOU'D GONE ALL HAIRY AND JOINED THE AVENGERS.
YOU ANTHROPOMORPHIC ELF! THE BASHFUL BEAST HAS NEVER BEEN HIRSUTE...
...AND AS FOR THE REST--
THEY THREW YOU OUT--?
ULP.
SORRY, MY FRIEND--
--BUT SINCE YOU WILL NOT COME TO ME, THE BEAST AND HIS DEXTEROUS DIGITS MUST OF A SURETY--
COME UP TO YOU!!
WOK!
HIS SPEED... AGILITY... IT IS PHENOMENAL--I HAVE NEVER SEEN THE LIKE--
UNNGHN!
OOPS. SORRY, O DAUNTLESS LEADER--
--IT SEEMS THE FLOOR IS MORE CROWDED THAN I'D THOUGHT.
HEY!
CYCLOPS, WHY ARE WE FIGHTING AMONG OURSELVES? WHAT OF THE THREAT OF STEVEN LANG--OF HIS SENTINELS?
WAIT... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR VISOR--?
YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG, MISTER.
YOU'RE THE THREAT--
--AND HERE'S WHERE YOU GET ELIMINATED!

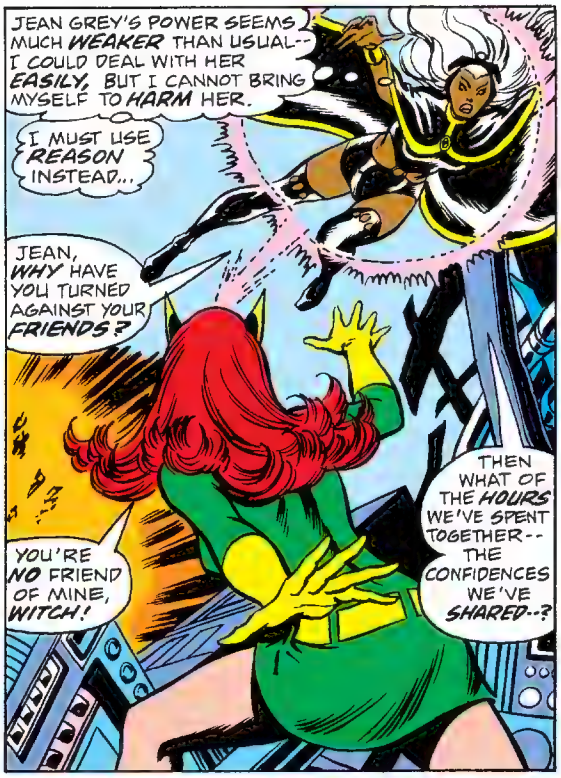
NIGHTCRAWLER!
HE TOOK CYKE'S BLAST HEAD ON!
HE'S DOWN--AN'HE AIN'T MOVIN'!
WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF, FELLA!
ANOTHER SECOND AND YOU'LL BE ON ICE --PERMANENTLY!
WELL, YOU AIN'T GOT THAT SECOND, BUB!
SHAKT!
HEY, NOW, LET'S BE NICE TO THE KID, PINT-SIZE!
HE MAY BE KINDA DUMB AT TIMES...
...BUT WE THINK HE'S LOVEABLE.
PUT ME DOWN, YA FEATHERED CREEP--OR I'LL CLIP YOUR WINGS FOR GOOD!
THREATS. ALWAYS THREATS.
YOU WANT DOWN, MIDGET--? THEN THE ANGEL WILL BE GLAD TO OBLIGE YOU.
HERE, TINHEAD--CATCH!
WOLVERINE, NO--! I CANNOT GET OUT OF YOUR WAY IN TIME--!
FLAM!
WOLVERINE--THE HATRED IN HIS VOICE--DID YOU HEAR--?
I HEARD IT, A'READY--
--NOW GET US OUTTA HERE, COLOSSUS --THAT WINGED YO-YO OWES ME A REMATCH!
AS YOU WISH, MY FRIEND...
OKAY, THEN, JUST LIKE WE DID IT IN THE DANGER ROOM--!
THE FASTBALL SPECIAL--EXECUTE--
--NOW!
WHAT THE--?

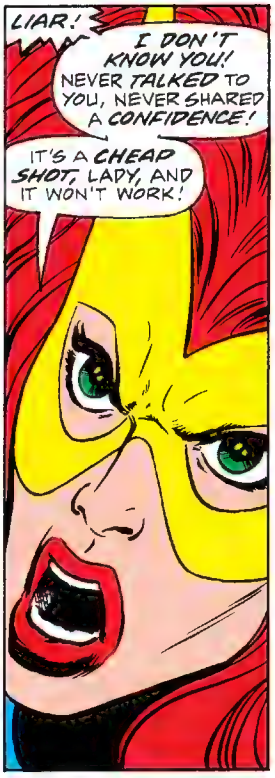

THAT LITTLE STUNT IS ALL SHE WROTE, PAL!
AND IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHICH X-MAN HAS THE PLEASURE OF BLASTING YOU FROM HERE TO HADES, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS--
--CRY HAVOK!
I...KNOW WHO YOU ARE... ASSASSIN!
SUCH POWER--I NEVER DREAMED--WERE I HUMAN, THAT BLAST WOULD HAVE BURNED ME TO A CRISP.
BUT EVEN MY ARMORED BODY HAS ITS LIMITS--BY ALL THAT I HOLD DEAR, HE IS CAUSING ME-- PAIN!
I CANNOT STAND MUCH MORE OF THIS.

BUT I WILL...STAND, I WILL--I MUST--SURVIVE!
HEAR ME, HAVOK--COLOSSUS IS COMING FOR YOU--
--AND--I--WILL-- NOT--BE-- STOPPED!


TWICE NOW, YOU HAVE TRIED TO KILL US IN COLD BLOOD--KILL THOSE WHO CALLED YOU COMRADE AND...FRIEND..*
...NO REASON, NO EXPLANATION, NO...MERCY--JUST MAD, UNCONTROLLED BUTCHERY!
YOU ARE BENEATH CONTEMPT!
*ANYONE REMEMBER X-MEN #97? --MARV.

AND COLOSSUS SWEARS THAT FROM THIS DAY FORTH, YOU WILL BUTCHER--
KROM!
--NO MORE!

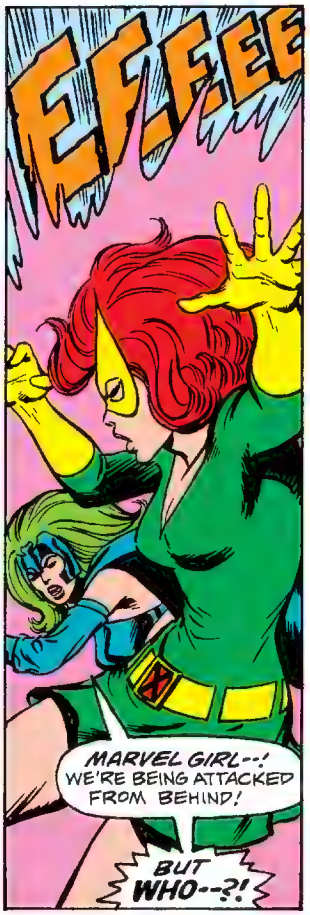

JEAN GREY'S POWER SEEMS MUCH WEAKER THAN USUAL--I COULD DEAL WITH HER EASILY, BUT I CANNOT BRING MYSELF TO HARM HER.
I MUST USE REASON INSTEAD...
JEAN, WHY HAVE YOU TURNED AGAINST YOUR FRIENDS?
THEN WHAT OF THE HOURS WE'VE SPENT TOGETHER--THE CONFIDENCES WE'VE SHARED--?
YOU'RE NO FRIEND OF MINE, WITCH!

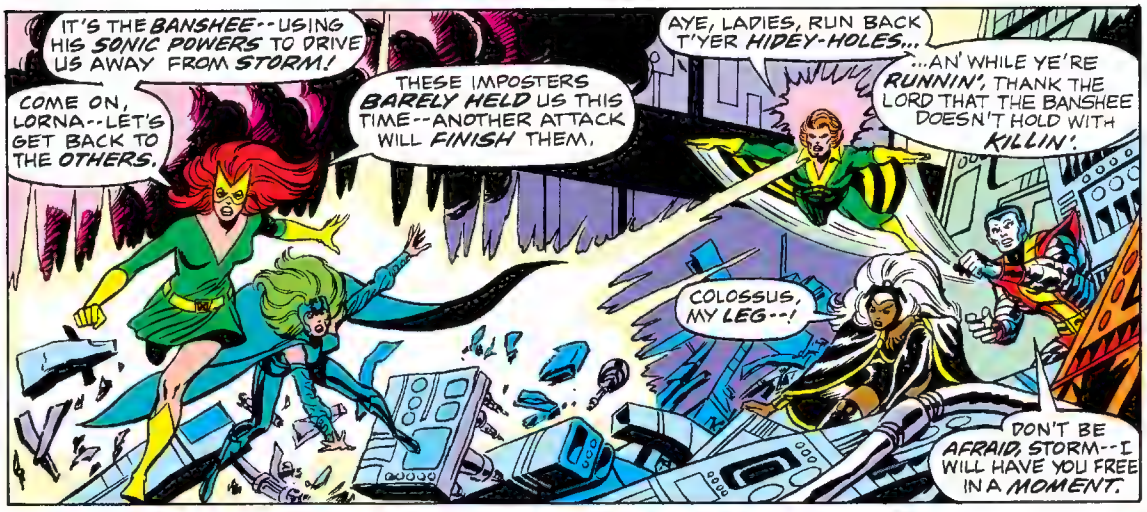

LIAR!
I DON'T KNOW YOU! NEVER TALKED TO YOU, NEVER SHARED A CONFIDENCE!
IT'S A CHEAP SHOT, LADY, AND IT WON'T WORK!

HOW CAN YOU DENY THE TRUTH--AND WITH SUCH HATRED--?
HOW COULD YOUR BRIEF CAPTIVITY HAVE MADE YOU SO UNLIKE YOURSELF ...UNLESS...
...YOU'RE NOT YOUR...'SELF' AT ALL... YOUR TRUE SELF.

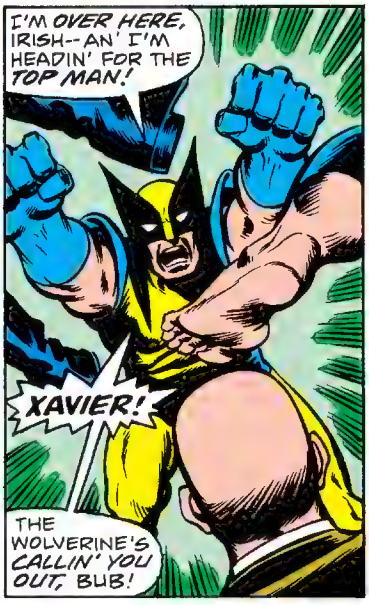
OF COURSE, THAT MUST BE IT! YOU'RE THE IMPOST--
AARRRGH!
BROK!
BEAUTIFUL MOVE, LORNA.
I KEPT THIS "STORM" CHARACTER OCCUPIED WHILE YOU SLIPPED IN AND LET HER HAVE IT WITH A MAGNETIC FORCE BLAST.

AND NOW THAT THE LADY'S DOWN AND HELPLESS--
--LET'S FINISH HER!
LEGS... PINNED UNDER THE DEBRIS... CAN'T PULL FREE...
NO CHANCE FOR... ESCAPE...
NO CHANCE AT ALL...

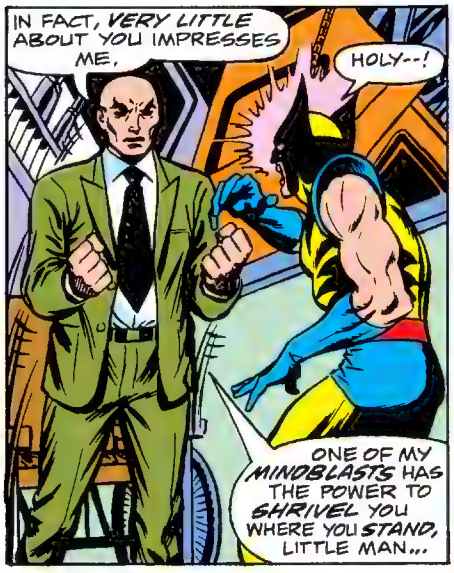

EEEEE
MARVEL GIRL--! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED FROM BEHIND!
BUT WHO--?!

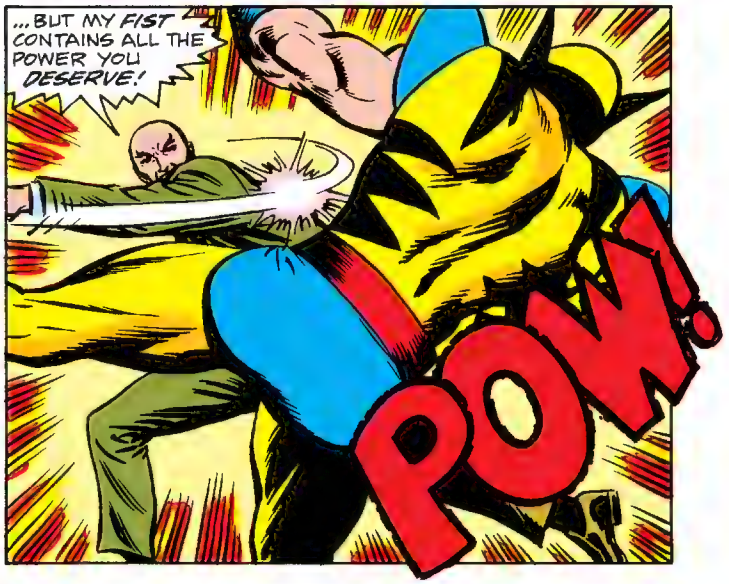

IT'S THE BANSHEE--USING HIS SONIC POWERS TO DRIVE US AWAY FROM STORM!
COME ON, LORNA--LET'S GET BACK TO THE OTHERS.
THESE IMPOSTERS BARELY HELD US THIS TIME--ANOTHER ATTACK WILL FINISH THEM.
AYE, LADIES, RUN BACK T'YER HIDEY-HOLES...
...AN' WHILE YE'RE RUNNIN', THANK THE LORD THAT THE BANSHEE DOESN'T HOLD WITH KILLIN'.
COLOSSUS, MY LEG--!
DON'T BE AFRAID, STORM--I WILL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT.

AND THEY'LL BE ON TOP OF US IN ANOTHER MOMENT.
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO FIGHT AS A TEAM, AN'...
AN' WHERE THE BLAZES HAS WOLVERINE GOT TO!?!


I'M OVER HERE, IRISH--AN' I'M HEADIN' FOR THE TOP MAN!
XAVIER!
THE WOLVERINE'S CALLIN' YOU OUT, BUB!

I'M BURNIN' ON A SHORT FUSE, CHROME-DOME, SO YOU GOT ABOUT THREE SECONDS TO MAKE WITH THE ANSWERS.
OR ELSE.
YOUR THREATS DO NOT IMPRESS ME, WOLVERINE.


IN FACT, VERY LITTLE ABOUT YOU IMPRESSES ME.
HOLY--!
ONE OF MY MINDBLASTS HAS THE POWER TO SHRIVEL YOU WHERE YOU STAND, LITTLE MAN...


...BUT MY FIST CONTAINS ALL THE POWER YOU DESERVE!
POW!

ON YOUR FEET, MY FRIEND. I WANT THE SATISFACTION OF KNOCKING YOU DOWN AGAIN.
NICE PUNCH, PROF--I'LL GIVE YA THAT...
...BUT I AIN'T GOIN' DOWN A SECOND TIME.
ON THE CONTRARY, WOLVERINE! YOU ARE GOING DOWN.
ONLY YOU WON'T BE GETTING UP AGAIN-- EVER!
GOOD GIRL, JEAN-- THIS ARROGANT FOOL HASN'T A CHANCE AGAINST YOUR MENTAL POWERS.
LORD... MY BRAIN... FEELS LIKE IT'S BURNIN'--CAN'T THINK FOR THE PAIN--
--ONLY MY INSTINCTS LEFT TO... GUIDE ME...
YEAH... MY INSTINCTS... MY... SENSES...
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, PROFESSOR.
RIGHT... THERE, LADY...
...ONLY YOU GOT IT BACKWARDS... JUS' COULDN'T SEE 'TIL NOW...
Y'SEE, FOLKS, I'M LIKE AN ANIMAL--
--I DON'T KNOW FROM FACES.
I KNOW FROM SCENTS, VOICES... FEELINGS...
I ALSO KNOW JEAN GREY.
AN', LADY, WHATEVER YOU ARE--
--YOU AIN'T JEAN GREY!!
THERE ISN'T EVEN TIME FOR A SCREAM.
LENIN'S GHOST... NO...
WOLVERINE--YE BLOODY HOMICIDAL MANIAC--
WHAT HAVE YE DONE?!
COMPUTER, SHIFT TO CAMERA 3, IMMEDIATELY!
I MUST SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.

DONE? I'VE MET THE *ENEMY*, BUB--

AN' THEY *AIN'T* US.

HOW--?!?

BY ALL THAT'S HOLY--

HOW COULD THIS *BE*!?!

MY *X-SENTINELS* WERE A STROKE OF GENIUS, THE *ULTIMATE* IN ANTI-MUTANT TECHNOLOGY--

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN *UNBEATABLE*!

"THEY HAD THEIR **OWN** PLANS FOR YOU MUTANTS. THEY OFFERED ME **MONEY**, MATERIEL, ALL THE HELP I **NEEDED**...

"MY POSITION GAVE ME ACCESS TO *LARRY TRASK'S* UPSTATE NEW YORK BASE--AND ALL HIS **NOTES**. IT WAS THERE THAT I BECAME **CONVINCED** THAT MUTANTS WERE A **THREAT** TO HUMANITY.

"I DETERMINED TO **DEAL** WITH THAT THREAT, AND SO BECAME INVOLVED WITH THE **COUNCIL OF THE CHOSEN**.

"NEVER REALIZING THAT I PLANNED TO **BETRAY** THEM.

THE *NEW X-MEN* SHOULD HAVE DIED--*NOT* MY SENTINELS--

--AND THE X-MEN *WILL* DIE. FOR THIS GAME IS *FAR* FROM OVER.

"THEY WANTED TO **CONTROL** MUTANTKIND--AND MUTANT **POWERS**--FOR THEIR OWN BENEFIT. I SIMPLY WANTED YOU ALL **DEAD**.

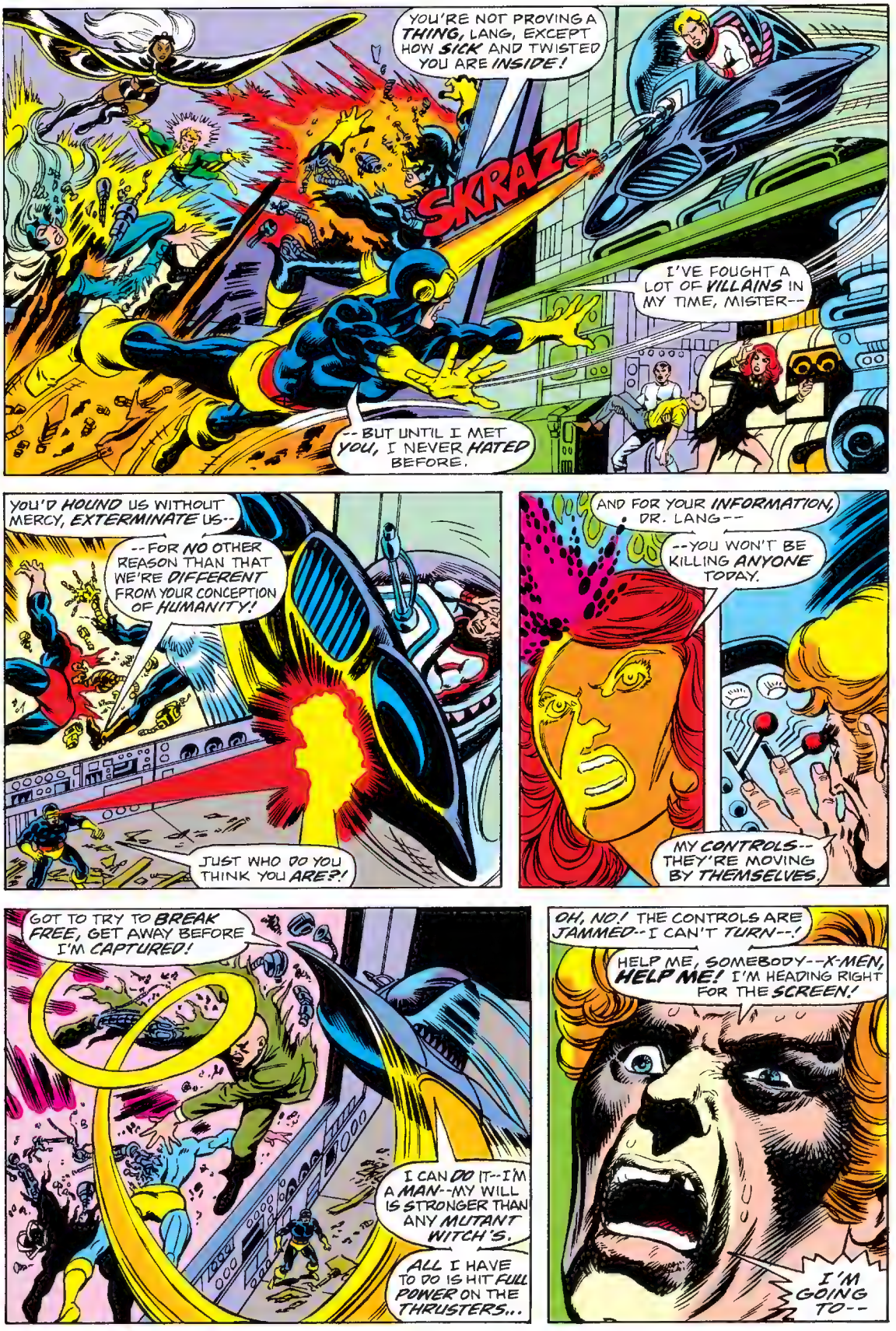
"YOU ALL LOOK **SURPRISED**. YOU SHOULDN'T **BE**. MY GOAL HAS **ALWAYS** BEEN NOT THE *INVESTIGATION* OF MUTANTKIND--BUT ITS TOTAL, COMPLETE **EXTERMINATION**!

"I BEGAN **QUIETLY** ENOUGH, THAT'S TRUE...

"...HEAD OF A **GOVERNMENT PROJECT** THAT WAS TRYING TO DETERMINE **WHY** MUTANTS EXIST.

"AND BY WHAT MORE *IRONIC* MEANS THAN THE *X-SENTINELS*--?"

--USING MUTANTKIND'S STRONGEST DEFENDERS AS THEIR EXECUTIONERS!
AND WHO BETTER FOR THE X-SENTINELS' FIRST VICTIMS THAN THE REAL X-MEN?
STILL, ONE DEFEAT DOESN'T MEAN THE WAR IS...EH?!?
LORD, THE NEGA-TUBE-- IT-- IT'S GLOWING WHITE-HOT!
RRAK!
DR. LANG--
--I THINK YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH!
OH, MY GOD.
LIBERATION DAY, FOLKS-- EVERYBODY OUT!
FRAK!
PROFESSOR X--
NOT TO WORRY, MS. GREY, I'LL CATCH HIM.
--HE'S STILL UNCONSCIOUS!
LEAVING SO SOON, LANG? THAT'S AWFULLY RUDE OF YOU...
...BUT THEN, WHAT ELSE CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A MURDERING COWARD?
SKO!!
COWARD--?! YOU DARE CALL ME COWARD?!
I'M A MAN, CYCLOPS--
--WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER BE, YOU MUTANT SWINE!
D'YOU HEAR ME, HOMO-SO-CALLED SUPERIOR?! A MAN!
I'M BETTER THAN ANY OF YOU, BETTER THAN ALL OF YOU!
AND NOW THAT I'VE REACHED MY FLYING GUNSHIP, I'LL PROVE IT!


YOU'RE NOT PROVING A THING, LANG, EXCEPT HOW SICK AND TWISTED YOU ARE INSIDE!
SKRAZ!
I'VE FOUGHT A LOT OF VILLAINS IN MY TIME, MISTER--
--BUT UNTIL I MET YOU, I NEVER HATED BEFORE.
YOU'D HOUND US WITHOUT MERCY, EXTERMINATE US--
--FOR NO OTHER REASON THAN THAT WE'RE DIFFERENT FROM YOUR CONCEPTION OF HUMANITY!
JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!
AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION, DR. LANG--
--YOU WON'T BE KILLING ANYONE TODAY.
MY CONTROLS--THEY'RE MOVING BY THEMSELVES.
GOT TO TRY TO BREAK FREE, GET AWAY BEFORE I'M CAPTURED!
I CAN DO IT--I'M A MAN--MY WILL IS STRONGER THAN ANY MUTANT WITCH'S.
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HIT FULL POWER ON THE THRUSTERS...
OH, NO! THE CONTROLS ARE JAMMED--I CAN'T TURN--!
HELP ME, SOMEBODY--X-MEN, HELP ME! I'M HEADING RIGHT FOR THE SCREEN!
I'M GOING TO--

CRASH!

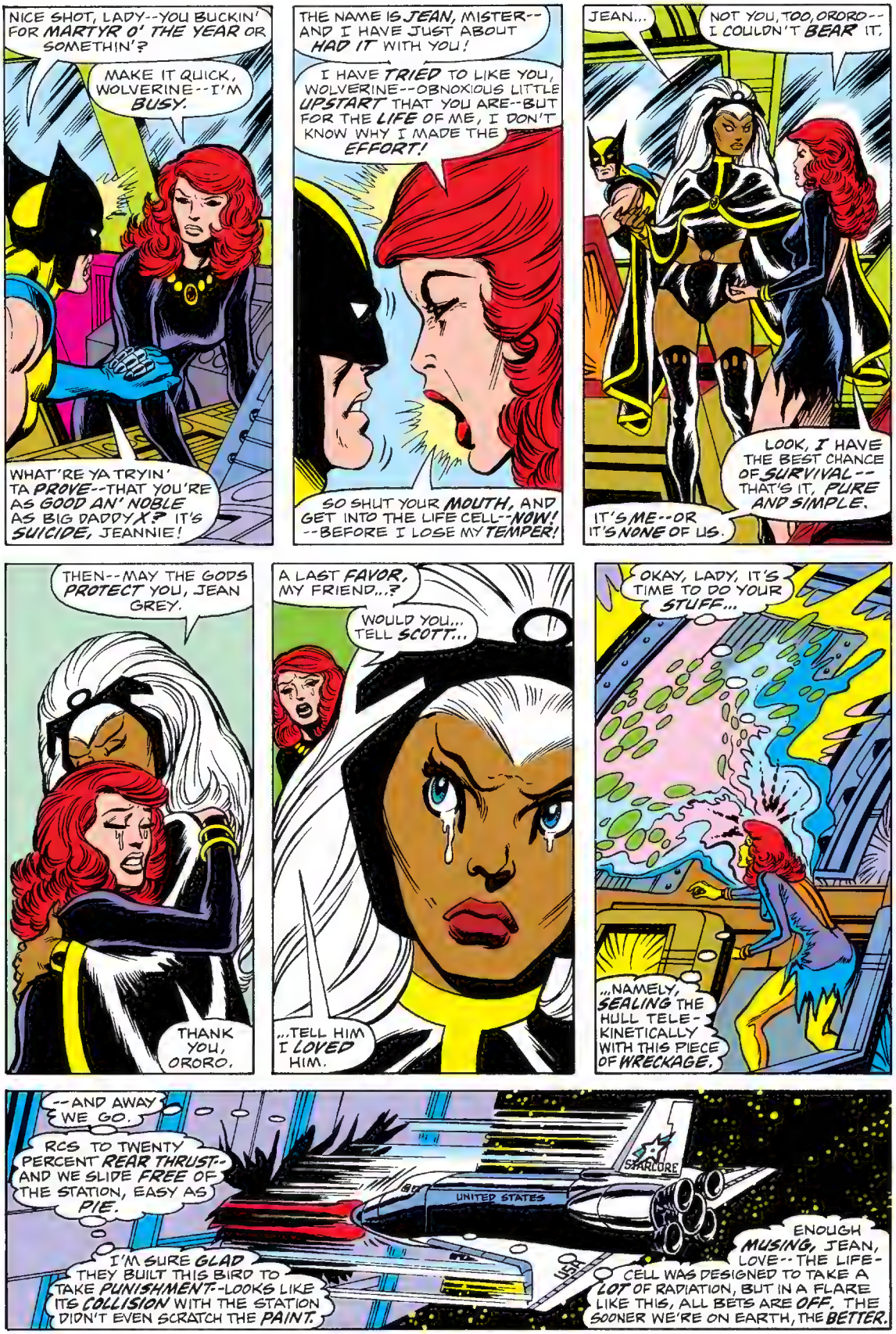
COMRADES, I'VE FOUND THEM! AND THEY STILL LIVE!
THEN QUIT JABBERIN', COLOSSUS, AN' LET'S GET 'EM OUTTA HERE. THIS WHOLE SECTION O' THE SPACE PLATFORM'S ABLAZE, AN' THE FIRE'S SPREADIN'.
LANG'S FREEBOOTIN' GOONS HAVE ALREADY EVACUATED IN RE-ENTRY LIFEBOATS--WE'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE LEFT.
AN' WE'RE ABOARD A STATION THAT COULD BLOW ITSELF T'BITS ANY MINUTE NOW!

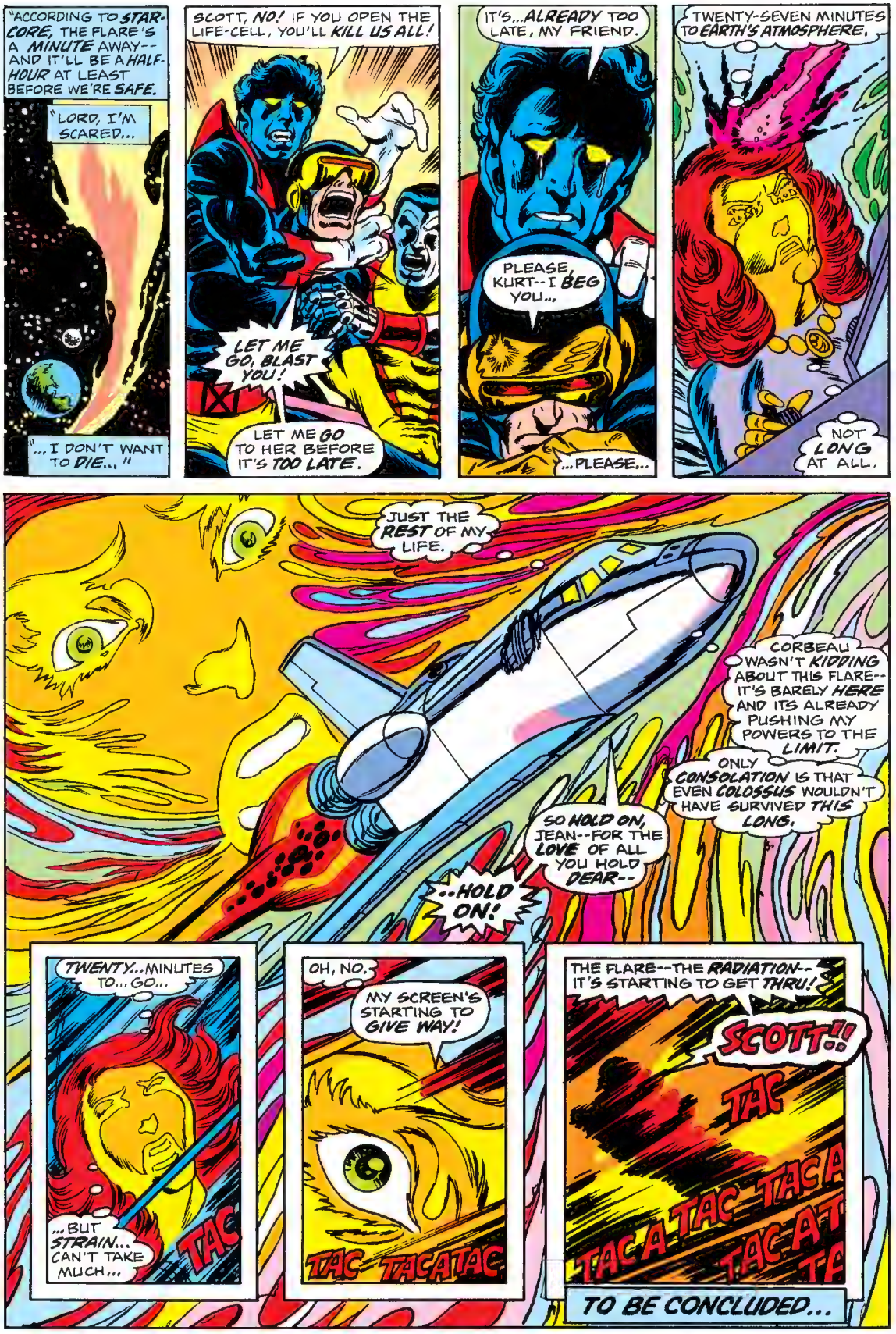
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THE FIRE'S ALMOST REACHED THE HYPERGOLIC FUEL CELLS, DR. CORBEAU--
--WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.
WRONG, CYCLOPS. WE HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD.

'CAUSE WE'RE SURE NOT GOING ANYWHERE--AT LEAST IN THIS CRATE.
THE FLIGHT CONTROL COMPUTER MUST'VE GOTTEN SLAGGED DURING OUR LITTLE FRACAS WITH THE SENTINELS*--AND WITHOUT IT, WE'RE AS GOOD AS FINISHED.
WHAT ABOUT A MANUAL RE-ENTRY?
*LAST ISH. --MARV.

WHAT ABOUT IT, WOLVERINE?
IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED...
...WE'VE GOT A THUMPING GREAT HOLE IN THE SHUTTLE'S HULL, AND--THANKS AGAIN TO THE SENTINELS--NO FUNCTIONAL PRESSURE SUITS.
BUT THAT'S THE LEAST OF OUR PROBLEMS.

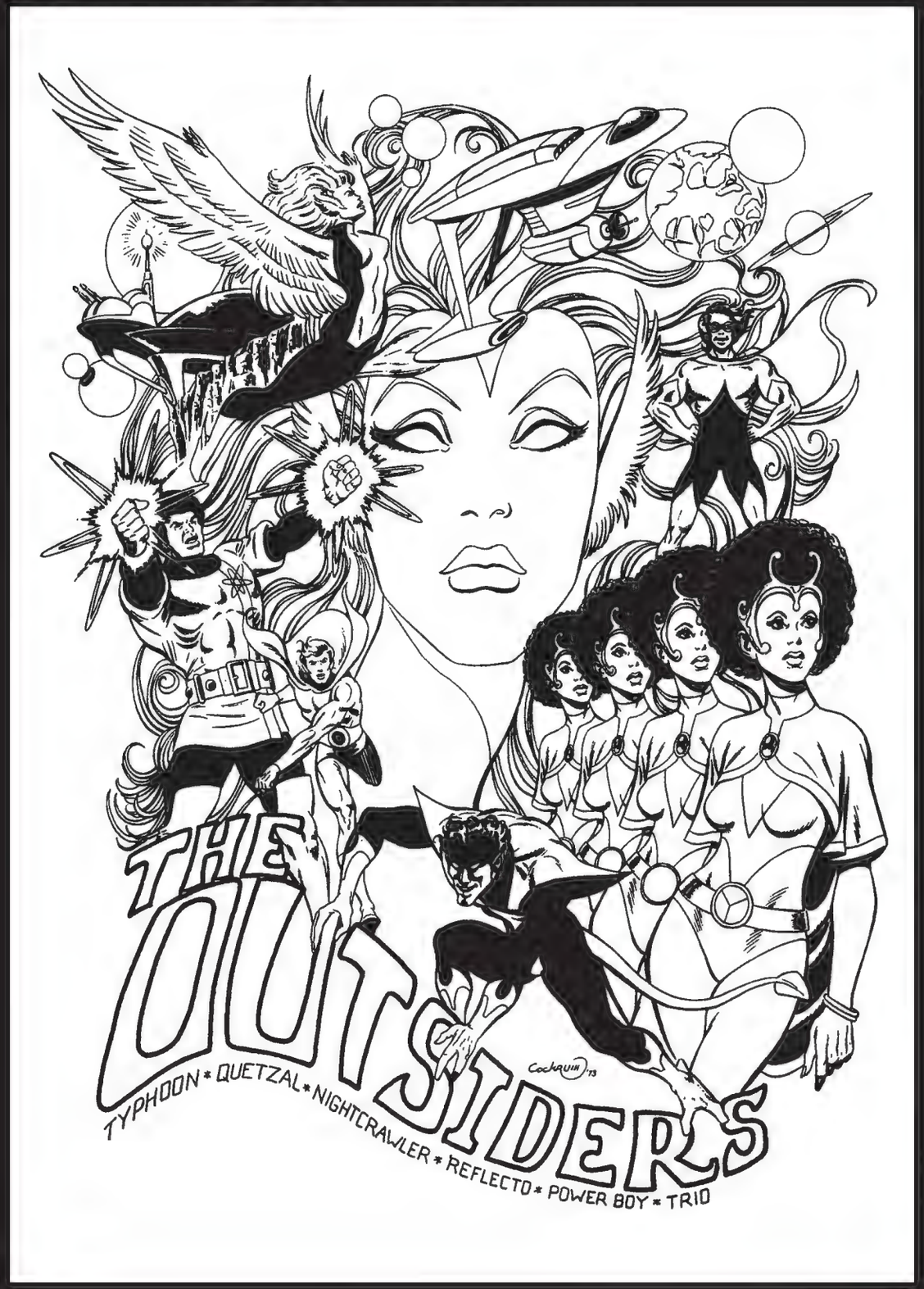
ICH... VERST 'HEN, HERR DOKTOR...
...THE SOLAR FLARE.
SURE, I CAN FLY A RE-ENTRY, NO SWEAT, BUT I WOULDN'T LAST THIRTY SECONDS IN THAT FLARE.
YOU GOT IT, NIGHTCRAWLER. THE WORST FLARE IN YEARS. THE COMPUTER WAS SUPPOSED TO FLY US THROUGH IT WHILE WE SAT SAFE-AND-SOUND IN THE SHUTTLE'S SHIELDED 'LIFE-CELL.'
ONLY WE HAVE NO COMPUTER.
ONE OF YOU MIGHT SURVIVE THE FLARE, BUT YOU CAN'T PILOT THE SHUTTLE WE NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN DO BOTH, AND THERE'S NO SUCH ANIMAL.
WRONG, DR. CORBEAU...
...I CAN DO BOTH.
ARE YOU CRAZY, JEAN--?
SINCE WHEN ARE YOU A QUALIFIED ASTRONAUT?
SINCE NOW.
HOLD STILL, DOCTOR, THIS WILL ONLY HURT A LITTLE.
I'M A TELEPATH, SCOTT, REMEMBER? I CAN ABSORB ALL DR. CORBEAU KNOWS ABOUT FLYING THE SPACE SHUTTLE. I WON'T BE A GREAT PILOT, BUT I'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GET US DOWN.
AND HOW WILL YOU SURVIVE THE SOLAR FLARE, YOU LITTLE--!
MY TELE-KINETIC POWERS WILL SCREEN OUT THE HARMFUL RADIATION-- I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
FOR HOW LONG--?! EVEN YOUR POWER CAN'T HANDLE THAT MUCH--
UNNNGNH!
PERHAPS NOT--
--BUT IT CAN DO THIS.
TAKE HIM AFT TO THE LIFE-CELL, BANSHEE.
YE HIT HIM PRETTY HARD, LASSIE.
I MEANT TO.
BY THE TIME HE WAKES UP, WE'LL BE COMMITTED.


NICE SHOT, LADY--YOU BUCKIN' FOR MARTYR O' THE YEAR OR SOMETHIN'?
MAKE IT QUICK, WOLVERINE--I'M BUSY.
WHAT'RE YA TRYIN' TA PROVE--THAT YOU'RE AS GOOD AN' NOBLE AS BIG DADDY X? IT'S SUICIDE, JEANNIE!
THE NAME IS JEAN, MISTER--AND I HAVE JUST ABOUT HAD IT WITH YOU!
I HAVE TRIED TO LIKE YOU, WOLVERINE--OBNOXIOUS LITTLE UPSTART THAT YOU ARE--BUT FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I DON'T KNOW WHY I MADE THE EFFORT!
SO SHUT YOUR MOUTH, AND GET INTO THE LIFE CELL--NOW! --BEFORE I LOSE MY TEMPER!
JEAN...
NOT YOU, TOO, ORORO--I COULDN'T BEAR IT,
LOOK, I HAVE THE BEST CHANCE OF SURVIVAL--THAT'S IT, PURE AND SIMPLE.
IT'S ME--OR IT'S NONE OF US.
THEN--MAY THE GODS PROTECT YOU, JEAN GREY.
THANK YOU, ORORO.
A LAST FAVOR, MY FRIEND...?
WOULD YOU... TELL SCOTT...
...TELL HIM I LOVED HIM.
OKAY, LADY, IT'S TIME TO DO YOUR STUFF...
...NAMELY, SEALING THE HULL TELE-KINETICALLY WITH THIS PIECE OF WRECKAGE.
--AND AWAY WE GO.
RCS TO TWENTY PERCENT REAR THRUST--AND WE SLIDE FREE OF THE STATION, EASY AS PIE.
I'M SURE GLAD THEY BUILT THIS BIRD TO TAKE PUNISHMENT--LOOKS LIKE ITS COLLISION WITH THE STATION DIDN'T EVEN SCRATCH THE PAINT.
SHARCORE
UNITED STATES
ENOUGH MUSING, JEAN, LOVE--THE LIFE-CELL WAS DESIGNED TO TAKE A LOT OF RADIATION, BUT IN A FLARE LIKE THIS, ALL BETS ARE OFF. THE SOONER WE'RE ON EARTH, THE BETTER.


"ACCORDING TO STAR-CORE, THE FLARE'S A MINUTE AWAY--AND IT'LL BE A HALF-HOUR AT LEAST BEFORE WE'RE SAFE.
"LORD, I'M SCARED...
"...I DON'T WANT TO DIE..."
SCOTT, NO! IF YOU OPEN THE LIFE-CELL, YOU'LL KILL US ALL!
LET ME GO, BLAST YOU!
LET ME GO TO HER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
IT'S...ALREADY TOO LATE, MY FRIEND.
PLEASE, KURT--I BEG YOU...
...PLEASE...
TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES TO EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.
NOT LONG AT ALL.
JUST THE REST OF MY LIFE.
CORBEAU WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT THIS FLARE--IT'S BARELY HERE AND ITS ALREADY PUSHING MY POWERS TO THE LIMIT.
ONLY CONSOLATION IS THAT EVEN COLOSSUS WOULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED THIS LONG.
SO HOLD ON, JEAN--FOR THE LOVE OF ALL YOU HOLD DEAR--
..HOLD ON!
TWENTY...MINUTES TO...GO...
...BUT STRAIN... CAN'T TAKE MUCH...
TAC
OH, NO.
MY SCREEN'S STARTING TO GIVE WAY!
TAC TACATAC
THE FLARE--THE RADIATION--IT'S STARTING TO GET THRU!
SCOTT!!
TAC
TAC A TAC TAC A
TAC AT
TA
TO BE CONCLUDED...

Cover to *Giant-Size X-Men* #2 (1975)
reprinting issues #57-59

Conceived by Dave Cockrum in 1973 as a spin-off of DC's *Legion of Super Heroes* and rejected by then-*Legion* editor Murray Boltinoff, the Outsiders counted the prototypic Nightcrawler among their number. Undaunted, Dave suggested the character as a member of the New X-Men during the initial development conferences.

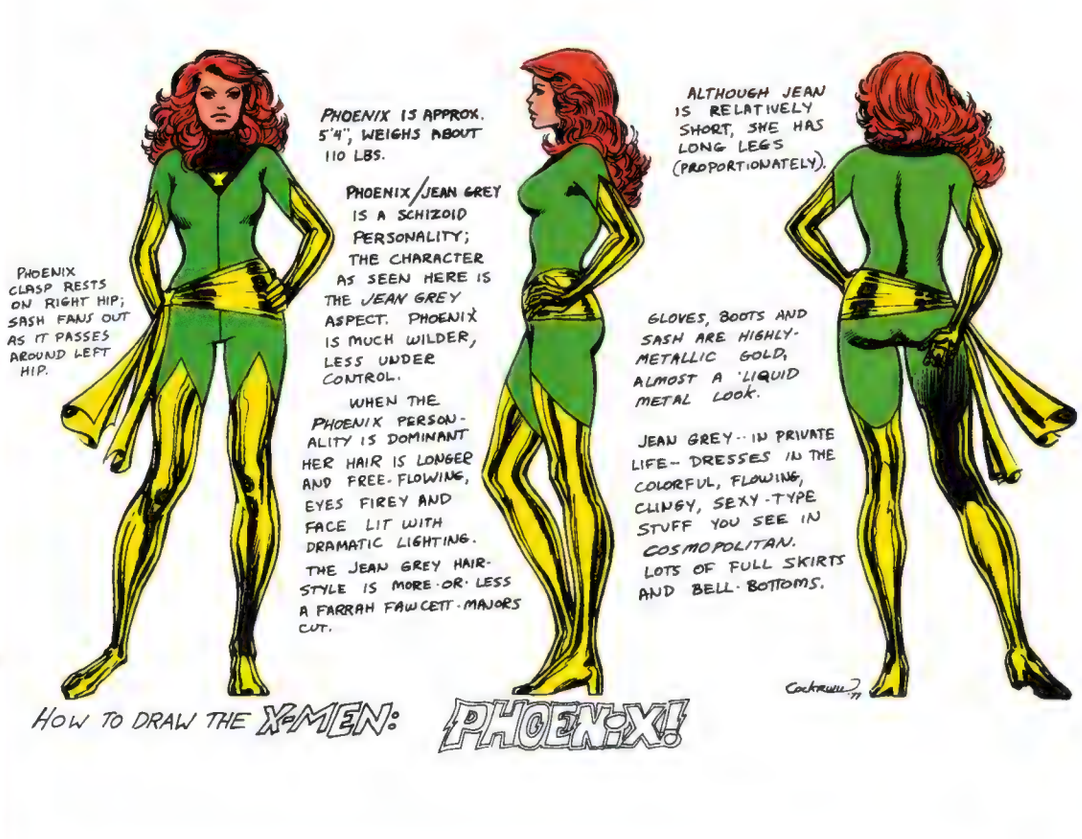


Original design for the Black Cat by Dave Cockrum, a proposed member of the New X-Men that didn't make the final cut. At the suggestion of Len Wein and Roy Thomas, her costume was combined with the powers of another character (alternately named Tempest and Typhoon) to create Storm.

Character design for Vampyre by Dave Cockrum, another almost-X-Man who didn't make the grade. She was discarded for being too similar to Wolverine and Nightcrawler in look and concept. The original take on the doomed X-Man, Thunderbird, was set aside when it was decided to stress the character's Native American roots.

Unused costume redesign for Marvel Girl. The look was ultimately rejected, although the cloak idea was incorporated into Storm. Jean Grey was instead transformed into Phoenix as seen in the accompanying costume designs by Dave Cockrum.

While penciling *X-Men* in the '70s, Dave Cockrum worked up model sheets for each of the characters, both for his own use and for other artists who might be called on to draw the team. Four of these model sheets are reproduced on the following pages, with Dave's border notes intact.

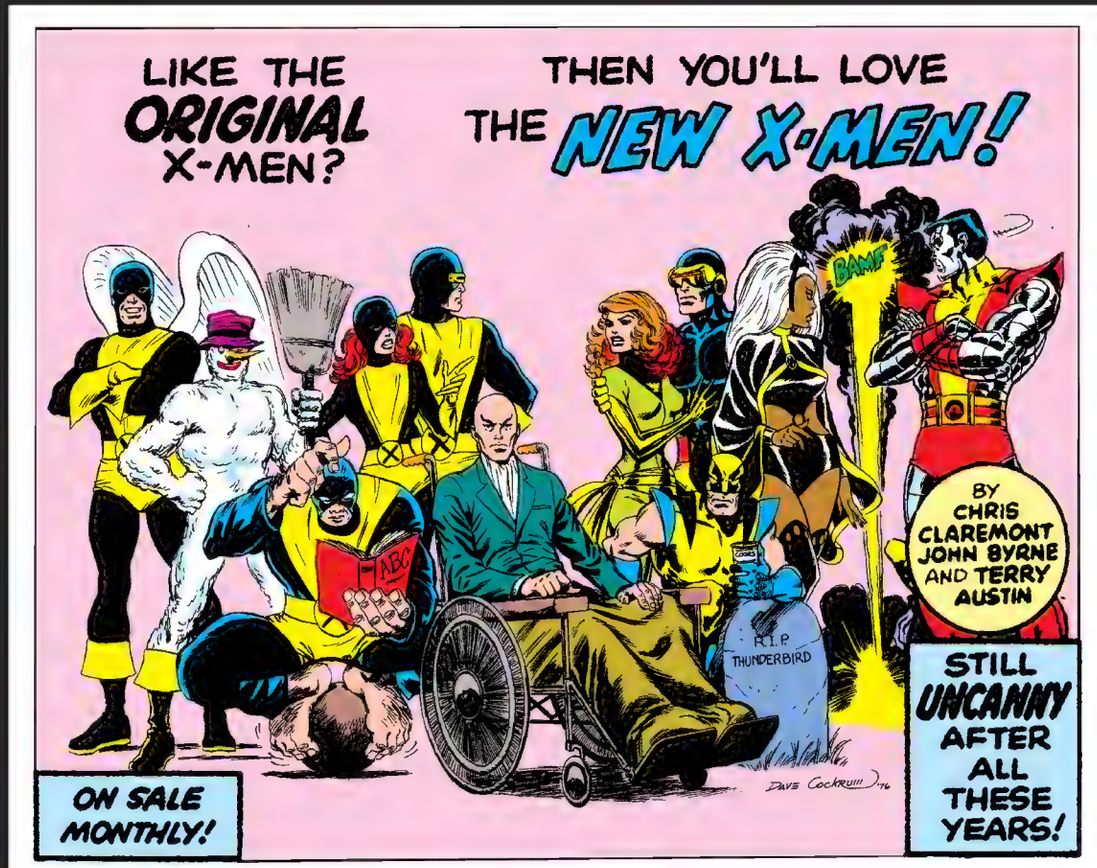


COLOSSUS IS VERY BIG: APPROX. 6'7"- WEIGHT UNARMORED IS APPROX. 275-300 LBS. MASS CHANGES WHEN HE TRANSFORMS, & ARMORED HE WEIGHS DOUBLE HIS NORMAL WEIGHT.
WHEN HE IS ARMORED HIS FACE AND HAIR ARE METALLIC AS WELL! HIS SKIN IS ARMORED!
COLOSSUS' SKIN TRANSFORMS TO A STEEL-LIKE ARMOR; BUT, NOTE: MUSCLE STRUCTURE IS STILL VISIBLE! DO NOT GIVE HIM 'STOVEPIPE' ARMS AND LEGS!
HOW TO DRAW THE X-MEN: COLOSSUS!
THE HALTER AND PANTS OF THIS OUTFIT ARE CONNECTED BY A METAL RING!
STORM IS APPROXIMATELY 5'10" — BUT WITH HEELS AND HAIR MAY SOMETIMES APPEAR MUCH TALLER.
THE 'ΛΛΛ' DESIGN IN BACK IS WHERE THE CAPE CONNECTS TO THE REST OF THE COSTUME.
STORM'S CAPE IS MORE OF A PONCHO THAN A CAPE: IT'S CONNECTED TO HER AT FOUR POINTS! AT THE GEM IN FRONT, THE TWO WRIST-BANDS, AND IN BACK.
HOW TO DRAW THE X-MEN: STORM!

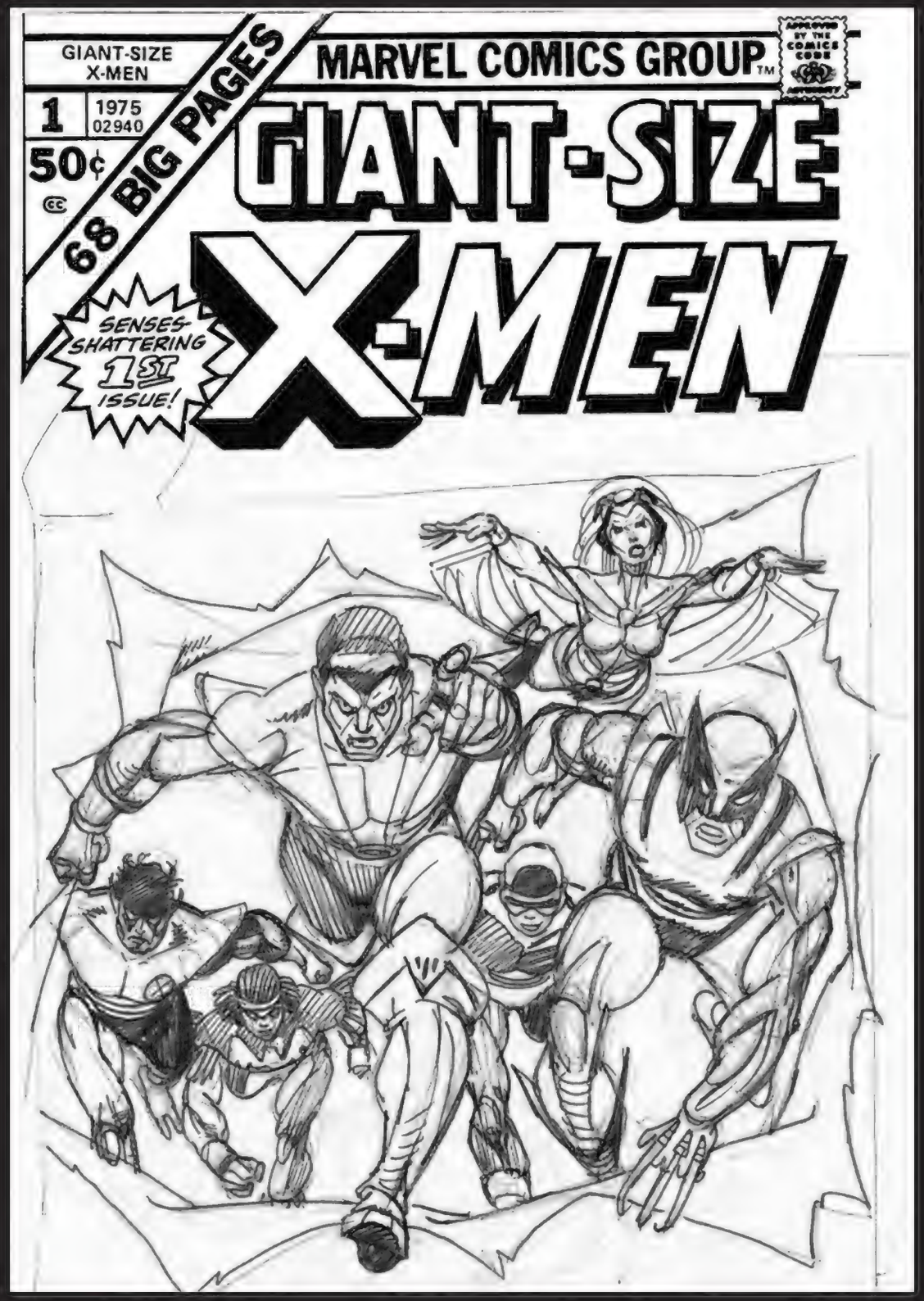
HOW TO DRAW THE X-MEN: NIGHTCRAWLER!
NIGHTIE'S FACE IS ALWAYS IN SHADOW. IT'S AN EFFECT HE CREATES HIMSELF: DO IT LIKE WALLY WOOD DRAMATIC LIGHTING, BUT FROM THE FRONT VIEW THE WHOLE FOREHEAD IS DARK.
NIGHTIE HAS FANGS, UPPER AND LOWER: BE SUBTLE, JUST LEAVE WHITE 'BREAKS' OR 'GAPS'... BIG, BLATANT TEETH MAKE HIM LOOK RIDICULOUS!
NIGHTCRAWLER STANDS ABOUT 5'10", BUT MAY LOOK A BIT SHORTER BECAUSE HE DOESN'T STAND UP STRAIGHT.
NIGHTIE'S HANDS ARE THE SAME SIZE AND PROPORTIONS AS NORMAL HUMAN HANDS. THE FINGERS ARE THICK, & SPACED WIDE APART.
THE TAIL IS CONNECTED TO THE BASE OF THE SPINE... IT DOES NOT GROW OUT OF HIS ASS!
THE TAIL IS PREHENSILE, BY THE WAY...
WHEN DRAWING NIGHTIE FROM THE FRONT: DO NOT CONNECT THE TAIL DIRECTLY TO HIS CROTCH -- YOU'LL GIVE THE CODE FITS, & JOHN ROMITA ULCERS!!

Cover to *F.O.O.M.* #10, the All-New, All-Different X-Men preview issue by Dave Cockrum

Marie Severin lampoons fan reaction to the All-New, All-Different X-Men in a cartoon from *F.O.O.M.* #10; 1976 X-Men house ad with art by Dave Cockrum



Giant-Size X-Men #1 cover layout
by Gil Kane



Giant-Size X-Men #1 cover original art
by Gil Kane & Dave Cockrum

Giant-Size X-Men #1, page 18 original art
by Dave Cockrum

Courtesy Heritage Auctions

Giant-Size X-Men #1, page 22 original art
by Dave Cockrum

Courtesy Heritage Auctions

BIOGRAPHIES

CHRIS CLAREMONT

It is hard to remember a time when the word "mutant" didn't correspond with the largest and most ardently followed franchise in comics, but in the mid-'70s the X-Men were naught but a forgotten team of misfits. Chris Claremont and his collaborators took this moribund property and issue by issue transformed it into a phenomenon now known the world over.

Claremont began his career in comics in the early '70s pitching in on issues of *Avengers*, *Daredevil* and *Incredible Hulk*, while also delivering several text stories to Marvel's black-and-white magazines. His first regular writing gig was *War Is Hell*, a "weird war" title that came to a close just as his run on *X-Men* and *Iron Fist* began. *Iron Fist*, which rolled out of the pages of *Marvel Premiere*, was done in concert with artist John Byrne, forming a key partnership that would pay big dividends later. Other high-profile projects from Claremont's first full decade in comics included *Marvel Preview*'s Starlord, *Ms. Marvel*, *Marvel Team-Up* (again with Byrne) and *John Carter: Warlord of Mars*.

But it was in the pages of *X-Men* where Claremont would change comics history. In tandem with artists Dave Cockrum and John Byrne, Claremont helped build a cornerstone franchise for Marvel. After writer Len Wein launched the newly updated series in 1975 with *Giant-Size X-Men* #1, Claremont was tasked with guiding the new adventures of the mutant misfits, and he did so by crafting layered stories that balanced crisp dialogue with high-octane action. Claremont placed a premium on characterization, a lofty goal in a team book with many players, but he did so deftly enough to spin a wide-ranging tapestry of characters, each of whom became fan favorites.

Leading breathless fans down the path of classics including "The Dark Phoenix Saga," "Days of Future Past," and *God Loves, Man Kills*, he helped build such an intense loyalty that it only made sense to spin-off the X-Men's success into new books. The first such spin-off was *The New Mutants*. Later in the decade, Claremont launched *Excalibur* with Alan Davis and established a regular series for Wolverine with John Buscema.

In 1990, he launched a new sister title for the main team of mutants with Jim Lee; *X-Men* #1 premiered to numbers that made it the highest-selling comic ever. After a long break from the company, Claremont returned to Marvel in 2000, and over the next ten years wrote the novelization of Bryan Singer's X-Men film, took on the Fantastic Four, and charted the adventures of Marvel's mutants across a variety of titles.

DAVE COCKRUM

The late Dave Cockrum's legacy as an artist with a vibrant and creative handle on character design is best shown in his indelible influence on the casts of *Legion of Super-Heroes* and *The X-Men*. Born an Air Force brat in Pendleton, Oregon, Dave Cockrum moved from town to town in the early years of his life. Comics were an abiding preoccupation for the itinerant lad, proven by his earliest published work: a fan letter to Stan Lee printed in *Fantastic Four* #36.

His first *real* job in comics was for Warren Publishing, where he proved adept enough to be hired as a background inker for the legendary Murphy Anderson. This position was key for him, as he not only learned the ropes of comic art with one of its hardest workers, but was put in a position to lobby for a job on Legion of Super-Heroes, a strip that backed up the monthly *Superboy*. Cockrum on the Legion was a defining time for both the book and its artist: It allowed Cockrum to blossom behind the boards of a super-hero adventure strip with a large and varied cast, and his style helped reinvigorate the teenage super heroes.

After his departure from DC Comics, his standing on Legion was put to good use on *Giant-Size X-Men* #1. By keying the revival of the X-Men to the debut of several new, international mutants, Cockrum and writers Len Wein and Chris Claremont developed a tense and unpredictable team whose popularity would slowly build to fever pitch. Cockrum's inventive designs included the stunningly beautiful Kenyan, Storm; the Russian dynamo, Colossus; the powerful Apache, Thunderbird; and the swashbuckling German, Nightcrawler. Together with the rebirth of Jean Grey as the Phoenix, Cockrum's designs had a flash that made sure the X-Men's new direction would be an eye-grabber.

After handing the book over to John Byrne with issue #108, Cockrum worked on his own concepts with *The Futurians*, first published as a Marvel Graphic Novel and then as a regular series for Lodestone. A return to *The Uncanny X-Men* in the early '80s reunited Cockrum and Claremont, and after that, Cockrum lent his imagination to projects for indie companies including Valiant and Claypool. Cockrum passed away in 2006 from complications due to diabetes.

LEN WEIN

Len Wein's career is highlighted by successes from Swamp Thing to the "All-New, All-Different" X-Men, but few fans know that the award-winning writer and editor started out as a comic-book artist.

As a teenager, Wein was tied to the hip with fellow fanzine writer Marv Wolfman, regularly skipping school to tour the DC Comics offices. After building a rapport with artists and execs like Dick Giordano, Carmine Infantino and Joe Orlando, Wein was able to credibly pitch to the editors. Though his artwork was politely passed upon, a script for *House of Mystery* was accepted and a career as a writer was born. Len attacked his new occupation with gusto, writing for DC, Marvel, Gold Key and Skywald, on everything from Western to horror, and licensed properties from Hot Wheels to Star Trek.

Although his desired career as an artist didn't quite pan out, it did give Wein insight into his collaborator's creative process and helped him garner acclaim as a writer that was "easy to draw." After super-hero work in the early '70s (Daredevil, Superman, Flash), he and artist Bernie Wrightson launched horror mainstay Swamp Thing in the pages of *House of Secrets* #92. Other notable achievements from his tenure at DC include a run on *Justice League of America* and the debut of the Human Target.

Hopping over to Marvel in 1974, where he followed Roy Thomas as editor in chief, Wein scripted several series, including *Incredible Hulk*, where he and artist Herb Trimpe introduced one of comics' most famous characters—Wolverine. That wasn't the end of his mutant milestones, as with artist Dave Cockrum he revived the dormant X-Men property with a new international cast. Its cadre of characters, including Storm, Nightcrawler and Colossus would shortly turn into comics' biggest phenomenon.

Returning to DC, Wein helped spur a creative revival at the company, editing *New Teen Titans*, *Camelot 3000* and *Swamp Thing*, which gave writer Alan Moore his American debut; shortly thereafter, Wein would preside over Moore and Dave Gibbon's groundbreaking *Watchmen*. Since then, Wein's credits in comics, animation and television writing have been numerous and well received as witnessed by his 2008 induction into the Eisner Hall of Fame.

BILL MANTLO

From the mid-'70s through the late-'80s, Bill Mantlo established himself as one of the most dedicated writers in the comics industry, writing hundreds of stories across dozens of titles, primarily for Marvel Comics.

Mantlo broke into comics as a colorist, but it wasn't long before he was given a crack at writing a fill-in story, a "Sons of the Tiger" story in the black-and-white *Deadly Hands of Kung Fu* magazine, and his true comics talent began to emerge. The quality of his work led to his installation as that book's regular writer, a tenure that included the notable achievement of introducing comics' first Puerto Rican hero, the White Tiger.

After achieving notoriety within the Marvel offices as a guy who could knock out credible fill-in scripts at a moment's notice, Mantlo was given more regular work. One early highlight was his 20-issue tenure on *Iron Man* that began the Golden Avenger's return to prominence. As one might expect from someone with such a volume of work, Mantlo was game to take on projects others dismissed, and he did it with an unfeigned aplomb that elevated the work.

It was on two licensed titles that Mantlo built his legacy. Inspired by a toy given to his son at Christmas, Mantlo lobbied Marvel to adapt Micronauts into an ongoing series. The award-winning epic he spun with artistic luminaries like Michael Golden and Pat Broderick is still highly revered by comics fandom as is his even longer run on *Rom*, wherein he developed a universe filled with Spaceknights, Dire Wraith monsters and outer space intrigue. Other notable credits in Mantlo's career include *Incredible Hulk*, *Alpha Flight* and *Spectacular Spider-Man.*

Just as Mantlo had begun a new career as a public defender with the New York City Legal Aid Society, he was struck by a hit-and-run driver and went into a weeks-long coma from severe head trauma. He has since been under constant medical care. The comics community has led multiple fundraisers to aid in the continuing care of a talented writer who is missed by his many fans.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

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THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-8

THE MARVEL AGE

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

The *Marvel Masterworks* series was created to give comic-book readers everywhere the chance to experience the greatest comics the world has known as they were originally presented.

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-5
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
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